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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS OF ROBERT GREENE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED HIS POEMS.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B. A.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING.

1831.

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C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
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TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT MARK OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,

AND RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ALEXANDER DYCE.

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PREFACE.

So excessive is the rarity of some of the pieces now reprinted, that the bibliographer alone can properly estimate the difficulty of procuring the materials of which the following volumes are composed. Indeed, they could not have been put together, had I been so unfortunate as to encounter that illiberal spirit, by which the possessors of scarce and curious books are said to be influenced.

I beg leave to return my thanks to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for the loan of *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, 1599, and the first edition of the *Looking Glass for London*, 1594, from his magnificent dramatic library.

The kindness of Sir Francis Freeling, who placed in my hands his whole collection of Greene's Prose Tracts, demands my grateful acknowledgments.

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My transcript of *James the Fourth*, 1598, was made from a copy of that play belonging to the Rev. J. Mitford, who is ever ready either to oblige his friends with the use of his books, or to assist them by his accurate and various learning.

A. D.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF ROBERT GREENE AND HIS WRITINGS.

ROBERT GREENE was a native of Norwich.* His birth has been fixed by some writers about 1550, by others about 1560.

* In 1592 was printed a piece by Lodge, entitled *Euphues Shadow, the Battaile of the Sences:* it was edited by Greene, who prefixed to it the following Address:—

"To the Right Honourable Robert Ratcliffe, Viscount Fitzwaters; Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and vertue.

"Ever desirous (right honorable) to shew my affectionate duty to your Lordship, as well for the generall report of your vertue vniuersally conceipted in the opinion of all men, as for the natiue place of my birth, whereby I am bounde to affect your honourable father, and you for him aboue others, in suspence of this dutifull desire, it fortuned that one M. Thomas Lodge, who nowe is gone to sea with Mayster Candish, had bestowed some serious labour in penning of a booke, called *Euphues Shadowe:* and by his last letters gaue straight charge, that I should not onely haue the care for his sake of the impression thereof, but also in his absence to bestowe it on some man of Honor, whose worthye vertues might bee a patronage to his worke, where vpon taking aduice with my selfe, I thought none more fit then your Honour, seeing your Lordships disposition was wholy giuen to the studie of good letters, to be a Mecenas to the well imployed laboures of the absent Gentleman: may therefore your Lordship fauourably censure of my good meaning, in presenting your honour with this Pamphlet, and courteouslye graunt acceptance of his workes and my good will, his labour hath his end, and my desire in dutie rests satisfied, and so humbly praying for your Lordships health and welfare, I take my leaue.

"Your honors, humbly to commaund,

"ROB. GREENE, Norfolciensis."

Euphues Shadow is not mentioned in any list of Lodge's works.

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He was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of A. B. at St. John's College in 1578, and that of A. M. at

"I neede not make long discourse of my parentes, who for their grauitie and honest life is well knowne and esteemed amongst their neighbors; namely in the Cittie of Norwitch, where I was bred and borne."—*The Repentance of Robert Greene*, 1592. sig. C.

The full title of the very rare piece last quoted is, *The Repentance of Robert Greene, Maister of Artes. Wherein by himselfe is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death. At London, Printed for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at the middle shop in the Poultry, under Saint Mildreds Church*, 1592. 4to. It opens with the following address:—

"The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

"Gentlemen, I know you ar not unacquainted with the death of Robert Greene, whose pen in his life-time pleased you as well on the Stage, as in the Stationers shops: And, to speake truth, although his loose life was odious to God and offensiue to men, yet forasmuch as at his last end he found it most grievous to himselfe (as appeareth by this his repentant discourse), I doubt not but he shall for the same deserue fauour both of God and men. And considering, Gentlemen, that Venus hath her charmes to inchaunt; that Fancie is a Sorceresse betwitching the Senses, and follie the only enemie to all vertuous actions. And forasmuch as the purest glasse is the most brickle, the finest Lawne the soonest staind, the highest Oake most subiect to the wind, and the quickest wit the more easily woone to folly: I doubt not but you will with regarde forget his follies, and, like to the Bee, gather hony out of the good counsels of him, who was wise, learned and polliticke, had not his lasciuious life withdrawen him from those studies which had been far more profitable to him.

"For herein appeareth that he was a man given ouer to the lust of his owne heart, forsaking all godlines, and one that daily delighted in all manner of wickednes. Since other therefore haue forerun him in the like faults, and haue been forgiuen both of God and men, I trust hee shall bee the better accepted, that by the working of Gods holy spirit, returnes with such a resolued Repentance, being a thing acceptable both to God and men.

"To conclude, forasmuch as I found this discourse very passionate, and of woonderful effect to withdraw the wicked from their ungodly waies, I thought good to publish the same: and the rather, for that by his repentance they may as in a glasse see their owne follie, and thereby in time resolue, that it is better to die repentant, than to live dishonest.

"Yours, C. B."

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Clarehall,* in 1583: in July 1588, he was incorporated at Oxford; † and on the title-pages of some of his works he ostentatiously terms himself "*Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister.*"

During the time that elapsed between his taking the degree of A. B. and that of A. M. Greene visited Italy, Spain, and other parts of the continent; ‡ and from the laxity of manners prevalent in some of those countries, he seems to

The rest of the tract professes to proceed from the pen of Greene, with the exception of a few pages, headed "The manner of the death and last end of Robert Greene, Maister of Artes."

When *The Repentance* first fell into my hands, I imagined it to be the forgery of some needy writer who had taken advantage of the public curiosity concerning so notorious a person as Greene, but I now incline to believe that it is genuine: its inferiority as a composition to our author's other pieces may be accounted for by supposing that his death took place before it had received his revision. The translator of the *French Academy*, T. B. (most probably Thomas Beard), noticing Englishmen of atheistical opinions, mentions "the testimonie which one of that crew gaue lately of himselfe, when the heavy hand of God by sicknesse summoned him to giue an accompt of his dessolute life," and then relates an anecdote of his impiety, not speaking of him, however, by name: now, the anecdote is nothing more than a quotation from *The Repentance of Robert Greene*. And Chettle, in the address "To the Gentlemen Readers," prefixed to *Kind-Harts Dreame*, says; "About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leauing *many papers in sundry Booke-sellers hands*, among others his Groatsworth of Wit," &c.

* "I find Rob. Greene, A. M., Clare Hall, 1583."—MS. note by Dr. Farmer.

The dedication of the Second Part of *Mamillia*, 1593, is dated "From my Studie in Clarehall the vii of Iulie:" the tract in question was probably written by Greene before he came to the metropolis as an author, though not printed till 1593.

In Cole's MS. Collections relative to Cambridge (in the British Museum), I could find no mention of Greene.

† "1588, July —, Robert Green, M.A., of Cambridge, was also then incorporated."—Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* Part First, p. 245, ed. Bliss.

‡ "For being at the Universitie of Cambridge, I light amongst wags as lewd as my selfe, with whome I consumed the flower of

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have acquired a taste for the dissolute habits in which he aftewards indulged.

It has been supposed that he took holy orders. In the Lansdowne Manuscripts, 982, art. 102, fol. 187, under the head of "Additions to Mr. Wood's Report of Mr. Robert Green, an eminent poet, who died about 1592," is a reference to a document in Rymer's *Fœdera*, from which it appears that a "Robert Grene" was, in 1576, one of the Queen's chaplains, and that he was presented by her Majesty to the rectory of Walkington, in the diocese of York.* If this document relates to the poet, his birth must be fixed

my youth, who drew mee to trauell into Italy, and Spaine, in which places I sawe and practizde such villainie as is abhominable to declare. Thus by their counsaile I sought to furnishe myselfe with coine, which I procured by cunning sleights from my Father and my friends, and my Mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped mee to the oyle of Angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischiefe: so that beeing then conuersant with notable Braggarts, boon companions and ordinary spend-thrifts, that practized sundry superficiall studies, I became as a Sien grafted into the same stocke, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffeled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent, that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay myselfe in: but after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts," &c.—*The Repentance of Robert Greene.* Sig. C.

"To be briefe, Gentlemen, I haue seen the world and rounded it, though not with trauell, yet with experience, and I crie out with Salomon, *Omnia sub sole vanitas.* I haue smyled with the Italian, and worn the vipers head in my hand, and yet stopt his venome. I haue eaten Spanishe Mirabolanes, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed. Fraunce, Germanie, Poland, Denmarke, I know them all, yet not affected to any in the fourme of my life; onelie I am English borne, and I haue English thoughts, not a deuill incarnate because I am Italianate, but hating the pride of Italie, because I knowe their peeuishnes: yet in all these Countreyes where I haue trauelled, I haue not seene more excesse of vanitie then wee Englishe men practise through vain glory."—*A Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 2.

* "Anno 1576. Regina, delectis Nobis in Christo, Decano et Capitulo Ecclesiæ nostræ Cathedralis et Metropoliticæ Eboracensis, aut Vicario suo in Spiritualibus Generali et Officiali Prin-

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earlier than 1560. The late Octavius Gilchrist* states that our author was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, the 19th June, 1584, which he resigned the next year. And a copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield* exists, on the title-page of which are the following notes, in hand-writing of about the time when the play was printed:

"Written by . . . . . *a minister* who acted the piner's pt in it himselfe Teste. W. Shakespeare.
Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro. Greene." †

cipali, aut alii cuicunque in hac parte Potestatem habenti, Salutem.

"Ad Rectoriam sive Ecclesiam Parochialem de Walkington Eboracen. Diæces. per mortem Johannis Newcome ultimi Incumbentis ibidem, jam vacantem et ad nostram Donatinem et Præsentationem pleno jure spectantem, Dilectum nobis in Christo, Robertum Grene, unum Capellanorum nostrorum Capellæ nostræ Regiæ, vobis Tenore Præsentium præsentamus, Mandantes et Requirentes quatenus eundem Robertum Grene ad Rectoriam sive Ecclesiam Parochialem de Walkington prædictam admittere, ipsumque Rectorem ejusdem ac in et de eadem cum suis Juribus et Pertinentiis universis instituere et investire, cæteraque omnia et singula peragere facere et perimplere, quæ vestro in hac parte incumbunt Officio Pastorali, velitis cum favore. In cujus rei, &c.

"Teste Regina apud Gorhambury tricesimo primo die Augusti.
"*Per breve de Privato Sigillo.*"

Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. xv. p. 765.

See a sketch of Greene's life by Mr. N. H. Nicolas, in his carefully edited reprint of Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*.

* *Examination of Ben Jonson's Enmity towards Shakespeare*, p. 22.

† Of *The Pinner of Wakefield* and this MS. note more will be said hereafter.

The following passage of *Never too Late*, even if it be allowed that Greene meant Francisco for a picture of himself, must not be adduced to shew that he had ever been in orders: his "hauing tasted of the sweet fruits of Theology" is to be referred merely to the divinity which (as well as philosophy) Francisco, "who had been nursed up at the Universities," had acquired during his academical career:—

"Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou not in his Philosophie, this sentence set downe? *Omne animal irrationale ad sui similem diligendum natura dirigitur.* And wilt thou that art a

From the title-page of his *Planetomachia*, 1585, where he is styled "Student in Phisicke," we may gather that, at one period of his life, he had intended to pursue the medical profession.

That Greene has described some of his own adventures under those of Francesco in his *Never too Late*, must be, I think, sufficiently evident to every one who has perused it with attention: and that he intended Roberto, in his *Groats-worth of Wit*, for a picture of himself, he has not left us to doubt; "heere (Gentlemen) breake I off Roberto's speech, whose life in most part agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with that he promised: Greene will send you now his Groats-worth of Wit," &c. But, as I imagine, in both narratives, he has exaggerated the incidents and heightened the colouring much beyond the truth, it is very difficult to determine what portions of them are to be received as facts. These two pieces may be regarded as among the best of Greene's pamphlets; and the ample extracts which I am about to make from them, will serve not only as illustrations of his life, but as specimens of his style in prose.

The Palmer's story in *Never too Late*,* opens thus: "In those dayes when Palmerin reigned King of great Britaine, famoused for his deedes of Chiualrie, there dwelled in the

creature indued with reason as thou art, excelling them in wisedome, exceede them in vanities? Hast thou turnd ouer the liberall sciences as a scholler, and amongst them all hast not found this general principle, that vnitie is the essence of amitie, and yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest simpathie of all loues? Nay, Francisco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruites of Theologie, and hast not read this in holy writt, pend downe by that miracle of wisedome Salomon, that he which is wise should reiect the strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of hir flattrie. . . . . If then, Francesco, Theologie tells thee such axiomes, wilt thou striue against the streame?"

Part First, p. 48. ed. 1590.

* I print from the edition of 1590: see the full title in the list of Greene's prose works appended to this essay. On the present occasion I have not quoted any of the verses with which this tract abounds, as they are all given in the second volume of this collection.

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Citie of Caerbranck; a Gentleman of an ancient house, called Francesco, a man whose parentage though it were worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth; in somuch that his learning was better than his reuenewes, and his wit more beneficiall than his substance. This Signor Francesco desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Port, spread no more cloath in the winde than might make easie saile, least hoysting vp too hastely aboue the maine yeard, some sodaine gust might make him founder in the deep. Though he were yong yet he was not rash with Icarus to soare into the skie, but to crie out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere tutissimum:* treading his shooe without anie slip. He was so generally loued of the Citizens, that the richest Marchant or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in marriage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, than of his present substance. At last, casting his eye on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and prosecuted his sute with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might be at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cocksure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Citie might carrie away more than a country Gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunitie, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters marriage. The olde churle that listened with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vtramuis aurem dormire:* but leaning on his elbow, made present aunswere, that hir dowrie required a greater feoffment than his lands were able to affoord." The old gentleman, who was called Signor Fregoso, now goes home, and rates his daughter, whose name was Isabel, for having thought of marrying a man who was unable to maintain her. "And with that, he carried her in, and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leave to depart but when his key gaue her license: yet at last she so cunningly dissembled, that she gat thus farre libertie, not to bee close prisoner, but to walke about the house; yet euerie night hee shut vp her cloathes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers." Francesco is for some time unable to gain access to his mistress, or to communicate with her in writing. At

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last a poor woman, for a bribe, conveys a letter from him to Isabel, who, in her answer to it, desires him to "be vpon Thursday next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oake, where expect my comming, and prouide for our safe passage: for stood all the worlde on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide to direct me whither hee pleased. Faile not then, vnlesse thou bee false to her that would haue life faile, ere she falsifie faith to thee." On the appointed Thursday, at midnight, Isabel "rose vp and finding her apparell shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her petticoate with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night geere, she marcheth do-ie softly, where she found Francesco readie with a priuate and familiar frend of his to watch her comming forth, who casting his eye aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treacherie drew his sword." He of course, soon recognizes his mistress, and professes his devotion to her. "Sir, (quoth she) these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to be briefe, thus (and with that the teares trickled downe the vermilion of her cheeks, and she blubbred out this passion) O Francesco, thou maist see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes maist thou noate the rechlesnesse of my fortunes, that for thy loue have straind a note too high in loue. I offend nature as repugnant to my father, whose displeasure I have purchast to please thee: I have giuen a finall farewell to my friends, to be thy familiar; I have lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the sunpathie of both our desires: Ah Francesco, see I come thus poore in apparell, to make thee rich in content. Now if hereafter (oh let me sigh at that, least I be forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glutted with my beautie, and thy hotte loue proued soone colde, thou beginst to hate hir that thus loueth thee, and prove as Demophon did to Phillis, or as Aeneas did to Dido: what then may I doo reiected, but accurse mine owne folly, that hath brought mee to such hard fortunes. Giue me leave Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practises. She could not fully discourse what she was about to vtter; but he broke off with this protestation. Ah Isabel, although the windes of Lepanthos are euer inconstant, the Chriseroll euer brittle,

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the Polype euer changeable; yet measure not my minde by others motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of others fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yeeld to euerie stamp, so there is an Emerald that will yeeld to no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Aeneas that was fickle, so it had a Troylus that was constant. Greece had a Piramus, as it had a Demophon; and though some haue been ingrateful, yet accuse not al to be vnthankful: for when Francesco shall let his eye slip from thy beautie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his heart from thy vertues, or his whole selfe from euer honouring thee: then shal heauen cease to haue starres, the earth trees, the world Elements, and euerie thing reuersed shall fall to their former Chaos. Why then (quoth Isabel) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Louers be impeached by my fathers wakefull iealouzie. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was, she mounted, and as fast as horse would pace away they post towards a towne in the said Countrey of Britaine called Dunecastrum." Fregoso, rising early in the morning, is half distracted at Isabel's escape. "Whereupon in a despayring furie he caused all his men and his tenaunts to mount them, and to disperse themselues euerie one with hue and crie for the recouerie of his daughter, he himself being horst, and riding the readie way to Dunecastrum. Where he no sooner came, but fortune meaning to dally with the olde doteard, and to present him a boane to gnaw on, brought it so to passe that as he came riding downe the towne, he met Francesco and his daughter comming from the Church, which although it piercte him to the quicke, and strainde euerie string of his heart to the highest noate of sorrow, yet he concealed it till he tooke his Inne; and then stumbling as fast as he could to the Mayors house of the towne, he reuealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping vp of this vnruly Gentleman, and to make the matter the more hainous, hee accused him of felonie, that he had not onely contrarie to the custome bereft him of his daughter against his wil, but with his daughter had taken away certaine plate. This euidence caused the Mayor straight garded with his Officers to march downe with Fregoso to the place where Isabel and her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinking poore soules such a sharp storme should follow

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so quiet a calme." Francesco is conveyed to prison, and Isabel to the mayors house; and Fregoso "as a man carelesse what should become of them in a straunge Countrey," rides back to his home. After many days the mayor perceiving that the charge of felony was groundless, procures the consent of his brethren to set Francesco free. Taking Isabel with him, he goes to the jail, and tells his prisoner, that "he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally Francesco should giue his hand to be answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be obiected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at libertie, and he and Isabell, ioyntly together taking themselves to a little cottage, began to be as Cyceronicall as they were amorous; with their hands thrift coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherein they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very myrrours of a Democraticall methode: for hee being a Scholler, and nurst vp in the Uniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his wit, than any way to be pinched with want, thinking this olde sentence to be true, that wishers and woulders were neuer good housholders, therefore he applied himselfe to teaching of a Schoole, where by his industry he had not onelie great fauour, but gote wealth to withstand fortune. Isabel, that she might seeme no lesse profitable than her husband careful, fel to her needle, and with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to mainetaine their loues, being as busie as bees, and as true as Turtles, as desirous to satisfie the worlde with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a sonne answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and Loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget the stormes that had nipped the blossomes of their former yeers, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the tearme of fiue yeares Seigneur Fregoso hearing by sundry reports the fame of their forwardnesse, howe Francesco coveted to be most louing to his daughter, and she most dutifull to him, and

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both striue to exceede one an other in loyalty, glad at this mutuall agreement hee fell from the fury of his former melancholic passions, and satisfied him selfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his sonne in lawe, that he should make repayre to his house with his daughter. Which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple; but prouiding for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage they posted as fast as they coulde towards Caerbrancke, where speedily arriuing at their fathers house they found such friendly intertainement at the olde mans hand, that they counted this smile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie stormes, that the aduerse planets had inflicted vpon them." . . . . . "It so chanced that Francesco had necessarie businesse to dispatch certaine his vrgent affaires at the chiefe city of that Iland called Troynouant; thither with leaue of his father, and farewell to his wife, the [he] departed after they were married seuen yeeres: where after he was arriued, knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weeks, he solde his horse and hired him a chamber, earnestlie endeuouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabel: for did he see any woman beautiful, he viewed her with a sigh, thinking howe farre his wife did surpasse her in excellence: were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities it greeued him, hee was not at home with his Isabel, who did excell them all in vertues." . . . . . "As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businesse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber windowe hee espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who fixed her eies vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glaunces, as she shewed in them a chaste disdaine, and yet a modest desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say this much, that our curtizans of Troynouant are far superiour in artificiall allurement to them of all the world, for although they haue not the painting of Italie, nor the charms of France, nor the iewelles of Spaine, yet they haue in their eies adamants that wil drawe youth as the Jet the strawe, or the sight of the Panther the Ermly: their looks are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions, that can represent in them all

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motions: they containe modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonnes, and what not, and she that holdeth in her eie most ciuility, hath oft in hir heart most dishonestie, being like the pyrit stone, that is fier without and frost within." . . . . . "This courtesan seeing this countrey Francesco was no other but a meere nouice, and that so newly, that to vse the old prouerb, he had scarce seene the lions. She thought to intrap him and so arrest him with her amorous glances that shee would wring him by the pursse: wherevpon euery day shee would out at hir casement stand, and there discouer her beauties." . . . . Francesco "when his leisure serued him, woulde to make proofe of his constancie interchange amorous glaunces with this faire curtisan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabel, that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes are soonest nipt with frost, the best fruite soonest touched with Caterpillers, and the ripest wittes most apt to be ouerthrowen by loue. Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this, that the eie of the Basiliske pierceth with preiudice; that the iuice of Celidonie is sweete, but it fretteth deadly; that Cyrces cuppes were too strong for all antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for she so snared him in the fauours of her face, that his eie beganne to censure partially of her perfection, insomuch, that he thought her second to Isabel, if not superiour. Dallying thus with beautie as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to shewe how forceable her influence was, so tempred with opportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine hir companions, who like blazing starres shewed the markes of inconstant minions, for she no sooner drew neere Francesco, but dying her face with a Vermillion blush, and in a wanton eie hiding a fained modesty, shee saluted him with a lowe courtesie. Seigneur Francesco that coulde well skill to court all kinde of degrees, least he might then be thought to have little manners, returned not only her courtesies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand beganne thus. Faire mistresse, and if mine eie be not deceiued in so bright an obiect, mine ouerthwart neighbour: hauing

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often seene with delight, and coueted with desire to be acquainted with your sweete selfe; I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes that hath offered such fit opportunitie to bring me to your presence, hoping I shall finde you so friendly, as to craue that wee may be more familiar. She that knewe howe to entertaine such a young nouice made him this cunning replie. Indeede sir, neighborhoode craues charitie, and such affable Gentlemen as your selfe deserues rather to be entertained with courtesie than reiected with disdaine. Therfore sir, what priuate friendship mine honour or honestie may affoord, you aboue all (that hither to I have knowne) shall commaund. Then Mistres (quoth hee) for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a meere straunger in this Citie: let mee finde such favour, that all my actions may be shrowded vnder your excellence, and carrie the name of your seruant, ready for requitall of such gratious countenaunce to unsheath my sworde in the defence of my patronesse for euer. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answered thus, with a looke that had beene able to haue forced Troylus to haue beene trothlesse to his Cressida: How kindly I take it Seigneur Francesco, for so I vnderstand your name, that you proffer your seruice to so meane a Mistresse, the effectual fauours that shall to my poore abilitie gratifie your curtesie, shall manifest how I accompt of such a friend. Therefore from henceforth Infida intertains Francesco for her seruant: and I (quoth he) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistresse. Upon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroad while it was dinner time. Francesco stil hauing his eie vpon his new mistresse whose beauties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceede all that yet his eie had made suruey of. Doating thus on this newe face with a new fancie, hee often wroong her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighes, that she perceiued by the Weathercocke where the winde blewe: returning such amorous passions, as she seemed as much intangled, as he was enamoured. Well, thinking now that she had bayted her hooke, she woulde not cease while she had fully caught the fish, she beganne thus to lay the traine. When they were come neere to the City gates, she stayed on a sodaine, and straining him hard

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by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eies, as if she would both shew fauour, and craue affection, she began thus smilinglie to assault him. Seruant, the Lawyers say the *assumpsit* is neuer good, where the partie giues not somewhat in consideration; that seruice is voide, where it is not made fast by some fee. Least therefore your eie should make your minde variable as mens thoughts follow their sights, and their lookes wauer at the excellence of new obiects, and so I loose such a seruant: to tie you to the stake with an earnest, you shall this day be my guest at dinner. Then if heereafter you forget your mistresse, I shal appeale at the barre of Loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnes. Francesco that was tied by the eies, and had his hart on his halfpeny, could not deny her, but with many thanks accepted of hir motion, so that agreed they went all to Infidaes house to dinner; where they had such cheere as could vpon the sodaine be prouided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar intertainement at his repast, aswel with sweet prattle, as with amorous glances, that he rested captiue within the laborinth of hir flatteries." In no long time, he is completely caught by the lures of this fascinating courtesan, "who so plied Francesco with her flattering fawnes, that as the yron follows the adamant, the straw the Iet, and the Helitropion the beames of the sunne, so his actions were directed after her eie, and what she saide stoode for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely readie in all submisse humours to please her fancies, but willing for the least worde of offence to draw his weapon against the stoutest champion in al Troynouant. Thus seated in her beauty hee liued a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbrancke." . . . .

"Wel his affaires were done, his horse solde, and no other businesse now rested to hinder him from hying home, but his Mistresse, which was such a violent deteyner of his person and thoughts, that there is no heauen but Infidaes house, where although hee pleasantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he slipt away with repentance. Well, leauing him to his new loues, at last to Isabell, who daily expected the comming home of her best beloued Francesco, thinking euery houre a yeare, till she might see him, in whome rested all her content. But when (poore soule) she coulde neither feede her sight with his presence, nor her eares with his letters, she beganne to lower and grew so discontent,

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that she fell into a feuer. Fortune that meant to trie hir patience thought to prooue hir with these tragicall newes: It was tolde her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he meant to soiorne most part of the yeere in Troynouant: one blunt fellowe amongest the rest that was playne and wythout falshoode, tolde her the whole cause of his residence, howe hee was in loue wyth a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deepely, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring curtizan. At this Isabell made no accompt, but tooke it as a friuolous tale, and thought the woorse of such as buzzed such fantasticall follies into her eares, but when the generall report of his misdemeanours were bruted abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, then with blushing cheekes, she hid her head, and greeuing at his follies and her owne fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorrows with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such in satyricall tearmes as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that she wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancie, yet when she was gotten secret by hir selfe, hir heart full of sorrowfull passions, and her eies full of teares, she beganne to meditate with her selfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how she forsooke father, friendes, and Countrey to bee paramour vnto her hearts paragon. The vowes hee made, when he carried her away in the night, the solempne promises and protestations that were vttered." She then writes the following letter. "Isabel to Francesco, health. If Penelope longde for her Vlysses, thinke Isabel wisheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thee as she was constant to the wily Greeke, and no lesse desirous to see thee in Caerbranck, than she to enioy his presence in Ithaca, watering my cheekes with as manie teares, as she her face with plaints, yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as she to increase hir cares: for I haue such resolution in thy constancie, that no Circes with all her inchantments, no Calipso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all their melodies could peruert thee from thinking on thine Isabel, I know Francesco so deeply hath the faithful promise and loyall vowes made and interchanged betweene vs taken place in thy thoughtes, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I

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inferre this needlesse insinuation to him, that no vanitie can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco perswade thee with other circumstances. First my Sweete, thinke how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighes, and thine absence with passions; counting the day dismall, and the night full of sorrowes; being euerie way discontent, because shee is not content with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But when the boy sayes: Mam, where is my dad, when will hee come home: Then the calme of my content turneth to a present storme of piercing sorrowe, that I am forced sometime to say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabell. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults, that procureth this long delay. For if I knewe my follies did any way offend thee, to rest thus long absent, I woulde punish myselfe both with outward and inward penaunce. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy speedie returne, and so Francesco farewell. Thine more than her owne Isabell." This letter awakened some feeling of remorse in the breast of Francesco; "but when he went foorth of his Chamber, and spied but his Mistresse looking out of her windowe all this geare chaungde, and the case was altered: shee calde, and in hee must, and there in a iest scofft at his Wiues Letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leaue this Troy for the chastest Penelope in the world." . . . . "After these two Louers had by the space of three yeares securely slumbred in the sweetnesse of their pleasures, and drunke with the surfet of Content, thought no other heauen, but their owne supposed happinesse; as euerie storme hath his calme, and the greatest Spring-tide the deadest ebbe, so fared it with Francesco: for so long went the pot to the water, that at last it came broken home; and so long put he his hand into his pursse, that at last the emptie bottome returned him a Writt of *Non est inuentus;* for well might the Diuell dance there, for euer a crosse to keepe him backe. Well, this Louer fuller of passions than of pence, began (when hee entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne of the chyne, and to hang the lippe as one that for want of sounding had stroke himselfe vppon the Sands; yet he couered his inward sorrowe with outward smiles, and like Janus presented his

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Mistresse with a merrie looke, when the other side of his visage was full of sorrowes. But she that was as good as a touchstone to trye metalls could straight spie by the laste where the shooe wringde him: and seeing her Francesco was almost foundred, thought to see if a skilfull Farrier might mend him; if not, like an vnthankefull Hackneyman shee meant to tourne him into the bare leas, and set him as a tyrde iade to picke a sallet. Uppon which determination, that shee might doo nothing rashly, shee made enquirie into his estate, what Liuings he had, what Landes to sell, howe they were eyther tyed by Statute, or Intailde? At last, thorough her secret and subtill inquisition, she found that all his corne was on the floore, that his sheepe were clipt, and the Wooll solde; to be short, that what he had by his Wife coulde neither be solde nor morgaged, and what he had of his owne was spent vppon her, that nothing was lefte for him to liue vppon but his wits. This newes was such a cooling Card to this Curtezan, that the extreame heate of her loue was alreadie growen to bee luke warme: which Francesco might easely perceiue; for at his arriuall, his welcome was more straunge, her lookes more coy, his fare more slender, her glaunces lesse amorous: and she seemed to bee Infida in proportion, but not in wonted passions." The simple Francesco attributes the change in the behaviour of his mistress "to the distemperature of her bodie." In a short time his hostess becomes clamorous for money, his creditors threaten to arrest him, and his clothes wax thread bare. Whereupon one day, as he was sitting beside his fair courtesan, he said "Knowe then Infida that Troynouant is a place of great expence, like the Serpent Hidaspis, that the more it suckes, the more it is athirst, eating men aliue as the Crocodile, and being a place of as daungerous allurement, as the seate where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preiudiciall melodie. It is to young Gentlemen, like the Laborynth, whereout Theseus could not get without a threed, but here be such monstrous Minotaures as first deuour the threed, and then the person. The Innes are like hotehouses, which by little and little sweate a man into a consumption; the hoste he carries a pint of wine in the one hand to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab; and the hostesse she hath smiles in her forhead, and prouides good meate for her guests, but the sauce is costly, for it far

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exceeds the cates. If coyne want, then either to Limbo, or els clap vp a commoditie (if so much credite be left) where he shall finde such knots, as he will neuer be able without his vtter preiudice to vntie. Brokers, I leaue them of, as too course ware to be mouthde with an honest mans tongue. These Minotaures faire Infida, haue so eaten mee vp in this Laborinth, as to bee plaine with thee that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Mercer and mine Hostesse, as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much money for me, or els I must depart from Troynouant, and so from thy sight, which how precious it is to mee, I referre to thine owne conscience; or for an *Vltimum vale* take vp my lodging in the counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, so it would bee greeuefull to thee; and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy wil. How loath I was to vtter vnto thee my want and sorrowe, measure by my loue; who wish rather death than thy discontent. Infida could scarce suffer him in so long a Periode, and therefore with her forehead full of furrowes, shee made him this answere. And would you haue me (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure with a tunne of mishappes, or reach after repentaunce with so hie a rate: haue I lent thee the blossoms of my youth, and delighted thee with the prime of my yeares? hast thou had the spoile of my virginitie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substaunce: when thou hast withered my person, aymest thou at my wealth: No, sir, no; knowe, that for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credite, that neuer before was stained. I cannot looke abroad without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou, and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to picke a quarrell, and hereafter, when thine owne base fortunes haue brought thee to beggarie wilt say, that Infida cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrowe: auaunt nouice, home to thine owne wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits and wants what thou consumest at Tauerns. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my bellie the token of too much loue I ought thee. Yet content with this discredite, rather than to runne into further extremitie: get thee out of my doores, for from hencefoorth thou shalt neuer be welcome to Infida. And with that shee flung vp, and went into her Chamber: Fran-

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cesco would haue made a replie, but shee woulde not heare him, nor holde him any more chat." The discarded louer goes to his lodging; and leaning his head on his hand, "with teares in his eies, he beganne to be thus extremely passionate." The greater part of his soliloquy is a tirade against courtesans: its conclusion is; "What nowe rests for thee poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to ende all these miseries, and that is this, Drawe thy rapier and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayest preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou arte Anathema, yet proue not an Atheist, the mercie of God is aboue all his workes, and repentaunce is a pretious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth, Francesco, to Isabell, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* Thus hee ended, and with verie griefe fell in a slumber." On awaking, "hee arose vp and raunged about the Citie, despayring of his estate as a man pennylesse, and therefore impatient because he knewe not how to redresse his miseries: to relie vppon the helpe of a Curtizan, he sawe by experience was to hang hope in the ayre: to stand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bootelesse; for he had fewe in the Citie, as being but a straunger there, and such as he had were wonne with an Apple, trencher friends, and therefore to bee left with the puffe of the least blast of aduersities. To goe home to his wife to faire Isabel, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death; for shame of his follies made him ashamed to shewe his face to a woman of so high desarts. In this perplexitie he passed ouer three or foure daies till his purse was cleane emptie, his score great, and his hostesse would trust him for no more money, but threatned him, if present payment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard to Francesco, that knewe not how to auoyd the preiudice, only his refuge was to preuent such a misfortune to carrie his apparell to the Brokers, and with great losse to make money to pay for his diet: which once discharged, he walkt vp and downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coyne nor credite. Necessitie that stingeth vnto the quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, and to stretch his braines as high as Ela, to see how he could recouer pence to defray his charges by any sinister meanes to saine his

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sorrowes: the care of his parents and of his owne honor perswaded him from making gaine by labour: he had neuer been brought vp to any mechanicall course of life. Thus euery way destitute of meanes to liue, he sight out this olde sayd sawe, *Miserrimum est fuisse beatum:* yet at last, as extremities search very farre, he calde to minde that he was a scholler, and that although in these daies Arte wanted honor, and learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to so lowe an ebbe, but that there might some profite arise by them to procure his maintenance. In this humour he fell in amongst a companie of Players, who perswaded him to trie his wit in writing of Comedies, Tragedies, or Pastorals, and if he could performe any thing worth the stage, then they would largelie reward him for his paines. Francesco glad of this motion, seeing a meanes to mitigate the extremitie of his want, thought it no dishonor to make gaine of his wit, or to get profite by his pen: and therefore getting him home to his chamber writ a Comedie, which so generally pleased all the audience, that happie were those Actors in short time that could get any of his workes, he grewe so exquisite in that facultie. By this meanes his want was releeued, his credit in his hosts house recouered, his apparell in greater brauerie then it was, and his purse well lined with Crownes." Infida, hearing of this change in his fortunes, "thought to cast foorth her lure to reclaime him, though by her vnkindnesse he was proued haggard; for she thought that Francesco was such a tame foole that he would be brought to strike at any stale, decking her selfe therefore as gorgiously as she could, painting her face with the choyce of all her drugges, she walkt abroade where shee thought Francesco vsed to take the ayre; Loue and Fortune ioyning in league so fauoured her, that according to her desire she met him. At which incounter I gesse, more for shame than loue she blusht; and fild her countenaunce with such repentant remorse (yet hauing her lookes full of amorous glaunces) that she seemed like Venus reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The sight of Infida was pleasing in the eyes of Francesco, and almost as deadly as the basilisk: that had hee not had about him Moly as Vlisses, he had been inchaunted by the charmes of that wylie Circes; but the abuse so stucke in his stomack that she had profered him in his extremitie, that he returned all her glaunces with a

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frowne, and so parted." Infida makes another attempt to win back Francesco to her love, by writing to him a soothing letter full of penitence; but he is not to be entrapped a second time, and returns an answer shewing that he understands her character and is proof against all her allurements. The courtesan, now, perceiving "that wrought she neuer so subtillie, yet her traines were discouered, that her painted luers could not make him stoop, so had he with reason refeiled his former follie: when she perceiued (I say) that all her sweet potions were found to bee poysons, though she couered them neuer so clarkly: she fel not in dispaire with ouermuch loue, but swore in her selfe to intend him some secrete preiudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it." Meantime "Isabel liuing thus pensiue in that shee wanted the presence of her Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue grew so famous, that all Caerbranck talked of her perfections: her beautie was admired of euerie eye, her qualities applauded in euerie mans eare, that she was esteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellence throughout the whole Citie. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious fauours, there was one Signor Bernardo a Bourgomaster of the Citie, who chauncing on a time to passe by the doore where Isabel soiourned; seeing so sweete a Saint, began to fall enamoured of so faire an obiect: and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes and so inflamed his heart, that with a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renowme of her chastitie was such, that it almost quatted those sparkes that heated him on to such lawlesse affection. But yet when he calde to minde that want was a great stumbling blocke, and sawe the necessitie that Isabel was in by the absence of Francesco, he thought gold would bee a readie meanes to gaine a womans good will, and therefore despayred not of obtaining his purpose." . . . . . "Being the chiefe Bourgomaster in all the citie, he determined to make a priuie search for some suspected person; and being master of the watch himselfe, to goe vp into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire, so he thought to ioyne loue and opportunitie in one union, and with his office and his age to wipe out all suspition." One night, accordingly, he puts this plan into execution, gains admittance into Isabel's chamber, and endeavours to overcome her chastity: his fortune, he

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tells her, shall be at her command if she consent to his wishes; but, if not, he threatens to accuse her publicly of incontinence, and throw an indelible stain upon her character. Isabel's virtue is not to be shaken: she spits in his face and bids him do his worst. Immediately she is hurried to prison. Bernardo then assembles the other burgomasters in the town hall, sends for Isabel, and producing a youth of the city whom he had suborned as a false witness, says; "This young man here present, for a certaine summe of money, compounded to lie with Isabel, and for pence had his pleasure on her; she alluring him with such wylie amorettes of a Curtizan, that in her companie he hath consumed all his substance: The young mans friends seeing his follie, and that no perswasions could disswade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me: whereupon I examined him, and found him not onely guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his follie: seeing then Citizens of Caerbranck, such a Curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines shrowd much preiudice, and allure many of our youth to mischiefes, I thought it my duety to bring her into open infamie that she may be punished for her fault, knowen for a harlot, and from hencefoorth liue dispised and hated of all. For proofe that shee hath liued long in this leawd kinde of life, this young man shall here before you all make present deposition; and with that he reacht him a bible: whereon he swore that hee had long time conuerst dishonestly with Isabel, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were Iurours in the cause, beleeuing the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition of the youth, presently found hir guiltie: and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that she should presently haue some open and seuere punishment, and after be banished out of the town." She now prays aloud, calling for succour on the deity who knows her innocence; and almost immediately after, "hee which had accused Isabel start vp as a man lunaticke, and cried out vnto the people: ThusI haue sinned, men of Caerbranck, I haue sinned; the thought of my present periurie is a hell to my conscience; for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without cause: and with that hee discourst at the barre how Signor Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and

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how in all his life before he neuer was in her companie." Isabel, of course, is set free, while Bernardo is punished by a great fine, to be paid to her, and declared incapable of ever bearing any office in the city.

"This strange euent spread abroad through all the countrey, and as fame flies swift and far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: for he sitting in Troynouant at an ordinarie amongst other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the table for straunge newes, by a Gentleman of Caerbranck, who brought in Isabel for a myrrour of chastitie, and added this more, that she was married to a Gentleman of a ripe witte, good parentage, and well skild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an unthrift; and one that hath not beene with his wife this sixe yeares. At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence: He was silent and blusht, feeling the worme of his conscience to wring him; and that with such a sharpe sting, that assoone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellence of her exteriour perfection, her beautie, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature presented themselues into his thoughts, that he began not onely to be passing passionate, but deepely penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in his ensuing good fortunes." Soon after this, taking farewell of his friends in Troynovant, he sets out on his journey homewards. "Within fiue daies hee arriued at Caerbrancke, where assoone as he was lighted he went to the house where his wife soiourned, and one of the maides espying Francesco, yet knewe him for all his long absence, and ranne in and tolde it to Isabel that her husband was at the doore: she being at worke in her chamber, sat at this newes as one in an extasie, vntill Francesco came vp, who at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellencie of her beautie, her vertues, chastitie, and other perfections, and measuring her constancie with his disloyaltie, stoode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. Ah Isabel, what shal I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what exordium shall I vse to shewe my penance, or discouer my sorrowes, or expresse my present ioyes? For I tell thee I conceiue as great pleasure to see thee well, as griefe in that I haue wronged thee with my

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absence. Might sighes, (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exteriour passions pourtray out my inward repentance, I would shewe thee the Anatomie of a most distressed man: but amongst many sorrowing thoughts there is such a confusion, that superfluitie of griefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies or the extremitie of my fancies, wére but to manifest the bad course of my life; and to rub the scarre by setting out mine owne scathe: and therefore let it suffice, I repent heartelie, I sorrowe deeplie, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantlie. At this Francesco stoode and wept, which Isabel seeing, conceiued by his outward griefes his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the necke, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fell from her eyes, she made him this womanlie and wise answere. What Francesco, comest thou home ful of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe? Hast thou been long absent, and now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent? I see thou art penitent, and therefore I like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel that hencefoorth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition without any more wordes welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, and in doing both together sealed vp all her contrarie passions in a kisse." So end the adventures of Francesco and Isabel.

Let us now turn to the *Groats-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance.** "In an Iland bound with the Ocean, there was sometime a Citie situated, made rich by Marchandize, and populous by long space, the name is not mentioned in the Antiquary, or else worne out by times Antiquitie, what it was it greatly skils not: but therein thus it happened. An olde new made Gentleman herein dwelt of no small credite, exceeding wealth, and large conscience: hee had gathered from many to bestow vpon one, for though hee had two sonnes, he esteemed but one, that beeing as himselfe, brought vp to bee Golds bondman, was therefore helde Heyre apparent of his ill gathered

* I quote from the edition of 1617. A reprint of the *Groats-worth of Wit*, appeared in 1813, from the private press of Sir Egerton Brydges, to whose unceasing and disinterested labours in the cause of our early literature posterity will do ample justice.

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goods. The other was a Scholler, and married to a proper Gentlewoman, and therefore least regarded, for tis an olde sayde Saw: To Learning and Law, theres no greater foe, then they that nothing know: Yet was not the Father altogether vnlettered, for hee had good experience in a Nouerint, and by the vniuersall tearmes therein contained, had driuen many Gentlewomen to seeke vnknowne countries: wise he was, for hee bare office in his Parish, and sate as formally in his foxe-furde Gowne, as if he had beene a very vpright dealing Burges, hee was religious too, neuer without a booke at his belt, and a bolt in his mouth, ready to shoote through his sinnefull neighbour." This old usurer, called Gorinius, "after many a goutie pang that had pincht his exterior partes, many a curse of the people that mounted into Heauens presence," is struck by a mortal disease. "At this instant," says he, when on his death bed, "(O griefe to part with it) I haue in ready coyne threescore thousand pound, in Plate and Jewels, xv thousand, in bonds and specialities as much, in land nine hundred pound by yeare: all which, Lucanio, I bequeath to thee, onely I reserue for Roberto, thy well read brother, an old Groate (being the stock I first began with) wherewith I wish him to buy a groatsworth of wit: for hee in my life hath reproued my manner of life, and therefore at my death shall not be contaminated with corrupt gaine." Gorinius dies. Lucanio "was of condition simple, shamefast and flexible to any counsell, which Roberto perceiuing and pondering how little was left to him, grew into an inward contempt of his Fathers vnequall Legacy, and determinate resolution to worke Lucanio all possible iniurie: hereupon thus conuerting the sweetnesse of his study to the sharpe thirst of reuenge, he (as Enuie is seldome idle) sought out fit companions to effect his vnbrotherly resolution. Neyther in such a case is ill company farre to seeke, for the Sea hath scarce so many ieoperdies, as populous Cities haue deceyuing Syrens, whose eyes are Adamants, whose wordes are Witchcrafts, whose dores leade downe to death. With one of these female Serpents Roberto consorts, and they conclude what euer they compassed, equally to share to their contents. This match made, Lucanio was by his brother brought to the bush, where hee had scarce pruned his wings, but he was fast limed, and Roberto had what he expected." Lucanio is lured to the house of the

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fair courtesan, Lamilia, "which was in the Suburbes of the Citie pleasantly seated, and made more delectable by a pleasaunt Garden, wherein it was scituate." He presents her with a diamond of great value, and is cheated out of his money at dice. "Lamilia beeing the winner, prepared a banquet, which finished, Roberto aduised his brother to depart home, and to furnish himselfe with more crownes, least hee were outcrackt with new commers. Lucanio loath to be outcountenanst, followed his aduise, desiring [him] to attend his returne, which he before had determined vnrequested: for as soon as his brothers backe was turned, Roberto begins to reckon with Lamilia, to be a sharer as well in the money deceitfully wonne, as in the Diamond so wilfully giuen. But shee *secundum mores meretricis*, iested thus with the Scholler. Why, Roberto, are you so well read, and yet shew yourselfe so shallowe witted, to deeme Women so weake of conceit, that they see not into mens demerites. Suppose (to make you my stale to catch the Woodcocke your brother) that my tongue ouerrunning mine intent, I speake of liberall reward: but what I promised, there is the point: at least what I part with, I wil bee well aduised. It may bee you will thus reason: Had not Roberto trained Lucanio unto Lamilias lure, Lucanio had not now beene Lamilias prey, therefore, sith by Roberto she possesseth her prize, Roberto merites an equall part. Monstrous absurd if so you reason, as well you may reason thus: Lamilias dogge hath kilde her a Deere, therefore his Mistris must make him a pastie. No more, pennilesse Poet, thou art beguilde in me, and yet I wonder how thou couldest, thou hast beene so often beguilde. But it fareth with licentious men, as with the chased Bore in the streame, who being greatly refreshed with swimming, neuer feeleth any smart vntill he perish, recurelesly wounded with his own weapons. Reasonlesse Roberto, that hauing but a Brokers place, asked a Lenders reward. Faithles Roberto, that hast attempted to betray thy brother, irreligiously forsaking thy wife, deseruedly beene in thy fathers eye an abiect: thinkest thou Lamilia so loose, to consort with one so lewde. No hypocrite, the sweet Gentleman thy brother, I will till death loue, and thee while I liue loath. This share Lamilia giues thee, other gettest thou none. As Roberto would haue replyed, Lucanio approched: to whom Lamilia discourst

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the whole deceit of his brother, and neuer rested intimating malitious arguments, till Lucanio vtterly refused Roberto for his brother, and for euer forbad him of his house. And when he would haue yeelded reasons, and formed excuse, Lucanio's impatience (vrged by her importunat malice) forbad all reasoning with them that were reasonlesse, and so giuing him Jacke Drums entertainement, shut him out of dores: whom we will follow, and leaue Lucanio to the mercy of Lamilia. Roberto in an extreme extasie, rent his hayre, curst his destinie, blamed his trecherie, but most of all exclaimed against Lamilia: and in her against all enticing Curtizans. . . . . With this he laid his head on his hand, and leant his elbow on the ground, sighing out sadly

Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis.

On the other side of the hedge sate one that heard his sorrow, who getting ouer, came towards him, and brake off his passion. When he approached, he saluted Roberto in this sort. Gentleman quoth he (for so you seeme) I haue by chaunce heard you discourse some part of your griefe, which appeareth to be more then you will discouer, or I can conceit. But if you vouchsafe such simple comfort as my ability will yeeld, assure yourselfe, that I will endeuor to doe the best, that eyther may procure your profit, or bring you pleasure: the rather, for that I suppose you are a Scholler, and pittie it is men of learning should liue in lacke. Roberto wondring to heare such good words, for that this yron age affoordes few that esteeme of vertue, returned him thankefull gratulations, and vrged by necessitie vttered his present griefe, beseeching his aduise how he might be imployed. Why, easily quoth he, and greatly to your benefit: for men of my profession get by schollers their whole liuing. What is your profession, sayde Roberto? Truly sir, sayde he, I am a player. A Player, quoth Roberto, I tooke you rather for a Gentleman of great liuing, for if by outward habite men should be censured, I tell you, you would bee taken for a substantiall man. So am I where I dwell (quoth the Player) reputed able at my proper cost, to build a Windmill. What though the world once went hard with me, when I was fayne to carry my playing Fardle a foot-backe: *Tempora mutantur*, I know you know the meaning of it better then I, but I thus conster it, it is otherwise now: for

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my very share in playing apparell will not bee solde for two hundred pounds: truely (sayde Roberto) it is strange, that you should so prosper in that vaine practise, for that it seemes to me your voyce is nothing gracious. Nay then, sayd the Player, I mislike your iudgement: Why, I am as famous for Delphrygus, and the king of Fairies, as euer was any of my time. The twelue Labours of Hercules haue I terribly thundered on the Stage, and played three Scenes of the Diuell in the highway to heauen. Haue ye so (said Roberto) then I pray you pardon me. Nay more (quoth the player) I can serue to make a pretty speech, for I was a country Author, passing at a morall, for it was I that pend the Morall of mans wit, the Dialogue of Diues, and for seuen yeeres space was absolute interpreter of the Puppets. But now my Almanacke is out of date.

The people make no estimation
Of Morals, teaching Education.

Was not this prety for a plaine rime extempore? if ye will yee shall haue more. Nay, it is enough, said Roberto, but how mean you to vse me? Why sir, in making Playes, sayde the other, for which you shall bee well paied, if you will take the pains. Roberto perceiuing no remedie, thought it best to respect his present necessitie, to trye his witte, went with him willinglie: who lodged him at the townes end in a house of retayle, where what happened our Poet, you shall hereafter heare. There by conuersing with bad company, hee grew *A malo in peius*, falling from one vice to another, and so hauing found a veine to finger crownes, hee grew cranker then Lucanio, who by this time began to droope, being thus dealt withall by Lamilia. Shee hauing bewitched him with her enticing wiles, caused him to consume in lesse then two yeares that infinite treasure gathered by his Father with so many a poore mans curse. His lands solde, his Iewels pawnde, his money wasted, hee was casseered by Lamilia that had coosened him of all. Then walked he like one of D. Humfreyes Squires, in a threed-bare cloake, his hose drawne out with his heeles, his hose [qy. shoes] vnseamed lest his feete should sweate with heate: now (as witlesse as he was) he remembred his fathers wordes, his kindnes to his brother, his carelesnesse of himselfe. In this sorrow hee sate downe on pennilesse bench, where when Opus and Vsus

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tolde him by the chimes in his stomacke, it was time to fall vnto meate, he was faine with the Camelion to feed vpon the ayre and make patience his repast. While he was at his feast, Lamilia came flaunting by, garnished with the iewels whereof shee beguiled him, which sight serued to close his stomacke after his cold cheare. Roberto hearing of his brothers beggerie, albeit he had little remorse of his miserable state, yet did hee seeke him out, to vse him as a property, whereby Lucanio was somewhat prouided for. But being of simple nature, he serued but for a blocke to whet Robertoes wit on: which the poore foole perceiuing, he forsooke all other hopes of life, and fell to be a notorious Pandar, in which detested course he continued till death. But Roberto now famoused for an Arch-playmaking Poet, his purse like the sea, sometime sweld, anon like the same sea fell to a low ebbe, yet seldome he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed. Marry this rule hee kept, whatsoeuer he fingered aforehand, was the certaine meanes to vnbinde a bargaine, and being asked why he so sleightly dealt with them that did him good? It becomes me, sayth he, to be contrarie to the world, for commonly when vulgar men receiue earnest, they doe performe, when I am payd any thing afore hand, I breake my promise. He had shifte of lodgings, where in euery place his hostesse writte vp the wofull remembrance of him, his Laundresse and his boy, for they were euer his inhoushold, besides retayners in sundrie other places. His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilferie, periurie, forgerie, or any villanie. Of these he knew the caste to cogge at cardes, coosin at Dice, by these he learned the legerdemaines of nips, foysts, conicatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high Lawyers, and all the rabble of that vncleane generation of vipers: and pithelie could hee paint out their whole courses of craft: So cunning he was in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftinesse. How often the Gentlewoman his wife laboured vainely to recall him, is lamentable to note: but as one giuen ouer to all lewdnes, he communicated her sorrowfull lines among his loose sculs, that iested at her bootlesse laments. If he could any way get credit on scores, hee would then brag his Creditors carried stones, comparing euery round circle to a groning O, procured by a painfull burthen. The shameful end of sundry his con-

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sorts, deseruedly punished for their amisse, wrought no compunction in his heart: of which one, brother to a brothell he kept, was trust vnder a tree, as round as a ball."

Here I must interrupt the narrative, and call the reader's attention to the concluding part of the sentence last quoted, which has not been noticed by any of Greene's biographers. The person who "was trust under a tree as round as a *ball*," undoubtedly means an infamous character named Ball* (commonly called Cutting Ball), who was hanged at Tyburn: this worthy, when Greene was "driven to extreme shifts," used to gather together a band of ruffianly companions, to guard him from arrests. By "the brothell he kept," we are as certainly to understand the said Ball's sister, who bore a son to Greene, and who (as we shall afterwards see) was one of the few persons who visited the poet when on his death-bed.

Roberto, the tale goes on, was "nothing bettered, but rather hardened in wickednes. At last was that place iustified, God warneth men by dreames and visions in the night, and by knowne examples in the day: but if he returne not, he comes vpon him with iudgement that shall be felt. For now when the number of deceites caused Roberto bee hatefull almost to all men, his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect image of the dropsie, and the loathsom scourge of Lust tyrannized in his bones: Liuing in extreme pouerty, and hauing nothing to pay but chalk, which now his Host accepted not for currant, this miserable man lay comfortlessly languishing, hauing but one groat left (the iust proportion of his Fathers Legacie) which looking on, he cryed, O now it is too late, too late to buy wit with

* "His [Greene's] imploying of Ball (surnamed cuttinge Ball) till he was intercepted at Tiborne, to leauy a crew of his trustiest companions, to guarde him in daunger of Arrestes: his keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whom he had his base sonne Infortunatus Greene."—Gabriel Harvey's *Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene*, &c. 1592, p. 10.

Nash alludes to this blackguard: "and more, (to plague you for your apostata conceipts) ballets shalbee made of your base deaths, euen as there was of *Cutting Ball*."—*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, Sig. I.

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thee: and therefore will I see, if I can sell to carelesse youth what I negligently forgot to buy.

"Heere (Gentlemen) breake I off Roberto's speech, whose life in most part agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I haue done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with that he promised: Greene will send you now his groatsworth of witte, that neuer shewed a mites worth in his life: and though no man now be by, to doe mee good, yet ere I die, I will by my repentance indeuor to do all men good."

The author's striking Address to his brother Poets, at the end of this tract, I reserve for a later part of the present Essay.

As the reader has now been made intimately acquainted with the *Never too Late* and *The Groats-worth of Wit*, he is left to set down as auto-biographical whatever portions of those pieces he may think proper.

There is no doubt that Greene became the husband of an amiable woman, whom after she had borne him a child, he abandoned. His profligacy seems to have been the cause of their separation: but that they had once been strongly attached to each other is evident from the letter (hereafter to be given) which he wrote to her with his dying hand, wherein he affectingly conjures her to perform his last request by "by the loue of our youth." It was, I apprehend, immediately after this rupture of his domestic ties that he repaired to the metropolis, determined to rely solely on the labours of his pen for the means of subsistence.* From the following interesting but somewhat confused account of his carreer in *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, it would seem that, even before his unfortunate marriage, he was well known as a writer:—

"At my return into England [from travelling on the continent] I ruffeled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent, that no place would please

* Wood's assertion that he used his pen for the support of his wife, I am unwillingly obliged to regard as one of worthy Anthony's many mistakes: "Other trifles he hath extant, which he wrote to maintain his wife, and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow."—*Fasti Oxon.* Part I. p. 246. ed. Bliss.

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me to abide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay myselfe in: but after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts, I left the Vniuersitie and away to London, where (after I had continued some short time, and driuen my self out of credit with sundry of my frends) I became an Author of Playes, and a penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene. Yong yet in yeares, though olde in wickednes, I began to resolue that there was nothing bad that was profitable: whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischiefe, that I had as great a delight in wickednesse, as sundrie hath in godlinesse: and as much felicitie I tooke in villainy as others had in honestie." Sig. C.

"Yet let me confesse a trueth, that euen once, and yet but once, I felt a feare and horrour in my conscience, and then the terrour of Gods iudgementes did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sinne I deserued damnation, and that such was the greatnes of my sinne, that I deserued no redemption. And this inward motion I receiued in Saint Andrews Church in the Cittie of Norwich, at a Lecture or Sermon then preached by a godly learned man, whose doctrine, and the maner of whose teaching I liked wonderfull well: yea (in my conscience) such was his singlenes of hart and zeale in his doctrine, that hee might have conuerted the most [qy. worst] monster of the world.

"Well, at that time, whosoeuer was worst, I knewe myselfe as bad as he: for being new come from Italy (where I learned all the villainies vnder the heauens) I was drownd in pride, whoredome was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkennes was my onely delight.

"At this Sermon the terrour of Gods iudgementes did manifestly teach me that my exercises were damnable, and that I should bee wipte out of the booke of life, if I did not speedily repent my loosenes of life, and reforme my misdemeanors.

"At this Sermon the said learned man (who doubtles was the child of God) did beate downe sinne in such pithie and perswasiue manner, that I began to call vnto mind the daunger of my soule, and the preiudice that at length would befall mee for those grosse sinnes which with greediness I daily committed: in so much as sighing I said to myselfe, Lord have mercie vpon mee, and send me grace to amend

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and become a new man. But this good motion lasted not long in mee: for no sooner had I met with my copesmates, but seeing me in such a solemne humour, they demaunded the cause of my sadnes: to whom when I had discouered that I sorrowed for my wickednesse of life, and that the Preachers wordes had taken a deepe impression in my conscience, they fell vpon me in ieasting manner, calling me Puritane and Presizian, and wished I might have a Pulpit, with such other scoffing tearmes, that by their foolish perswasion the good and wholesome lesson I had learned went quite out of my remembrance: so that I fel againe with the Dog to my olde vomit, and put my wicked life in practise, and that so throughly as euer I did before.

"Thus although God sent his holy spirit to call mee, and though I heard him, yet I regarded it no longer than the present time, when sodainly forsaking it, I went forward obstinately in my misse. Neuerthelesse soone after I married a Gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom I liued for a while: but forasmuch as she would perswade me from my wilfull wickednes, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, hauing spent vp the marriage money which I obtained by her.

"Then left I her at six or seuen, who went into Lincolneshire, and I to London: where in shorte space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling. But heere note, that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keepe a friend: for hee that was my dearest friend, I would bee sure so to behaue my selfe towards him, that he shoulde euer after professe to bee my vtter enemie, or else vowe neuer after to come in my company.

"Thus my misdemeanors (too many to be recited) caused the most part of those so much to despise me, that in the end I became friendles, except it were in a fewe Alehouses, who commonly for my inordinate expences would make much of me, vntil I were on the score, far more than euer I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick. After I had wholy betaken me to the penning of plaies (which was my continuall exercise) I was so far from calling vpon God, that I sildome thought on God, but tooke such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God, that none could thinke otherwise of mee, than that I was the child of perdition. These vanities and other trifling Pam-

phlets I penned of Loue and vaine fantasies was my chiefest stay of liuing, and for those my vaine discourses, I was beloued of the more vainer sort of people, who beeing my continuall companions, came still to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carowsing, and surfeting with me all the day long."—Sig. C 2.

Greene chiefly claims our notice as a poet; for though his prose writings greatly exceed in number his poetical works, yet the former are almost all interspersed with verses, and are composed in that ornamental and figurative style which is akin to poetry. The date of the earliest of his publications yet discovered is 1584. At that time the most distinguished poets alive in England were these. Thomas Churchyard; an indefatigable manufacturer of coarse-spun rhyme, who had been plying his trade for many years, and who continued to ply it for many more. Barnaby Googe; whose *Zodiake of Life* (a translation from Pallingenius) was greatly admired. Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst; whose *Gorboduc* (composed in conjunction with Thomas Norton) is the earliest specimen in our language of a regular tragedy, and whose very picturesque "Induction" in the *Mirror for Magistrates* still shines with a lustre that throws the rest of that bulky Chronicle into the shade. Arthur Golding; who rendered Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into spirited and flowing lines. Nicholas Breton; who persevered in employing his fertile pen till a late period in the succeeding reign; a man of no ordinary genius, writing in his more inspired moments with tenderness and delicacy. George Whetstone; whose *Promos and Cassandra* having afforded hints to Shakespeare for *Measure for Measure*, will prevent his name from being forgotten by posterity. Edmund Spenser; celebrated only as the author of *The Shepherds Calendar*. Sir Philip Sidney; whose songs and sonnets were then undoubtedly familiar to his countrymen, though they were not committed to the press till after an heroic death had set the seal upon his glory. Sir Edward Dyer;* of whose productions none have descended to our times that seem to justify the contemporary applause which he received.

* In the *Paradice of Daintie Deuices*, 1576, there are verses signed M. D. attributed to Dyer.

"Tell me in good sooth, doth it not too euidently appeare, that this English Poet wanted but a good patterne before his eyes, as it might be some delicate and choyce elegant Poesie of good M.

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John Lyly; who, though none of his plays were printed before 1584, was then in all probability a well known dramatist, and who in 1580 had put forth his far-famed *Euphues*, which gave a tone to the prose works of Greene. Thomas Watson; who had published a collection of elaborate and scholar-like sonnets, entitled Εκατομπαθια or, *The Passionate Centurie of Love*, and who wrote Latin verses with considerable skill and elegance: and Richard Stanyhurst; who went mad in English hexameters, seriously intending his monstrous absurdities for a translation of the first four books of the Æneid.*

Sidneys, or *M. Dyers* (ouer very Castor and Pollux for such and many greater matters) when this trimme geere was in hatching."
G. Harvey's *Three Proper and Wittie familiar Letters*, &c. 1580, p. 36.

" Hic quoque seu subeas Sydnæi, siue *Dyeri*
Scrinia, qua Musis area bina patet," &c.
Authoris ad libellum suum Protrepticon.
Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love*, n. d. [1581, or 2.]

" Come, diuine Poets, and sweet Oratours, the siluer streaming fountaines of flowingest witt, and shiningest Art: come Chawcer, and Spencer, More and Cheeke; Ascham and Astely; Sidney, and *Dier*."—G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 173.

" Spencer and Shakespeare did in Art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, *Greene*, Nash, Daniel."
Praise of Hempseed.—Taylor's *Works*, p. 72, 1630.

I suppose the greater (perhaps the best) part of Dyer's poetry has perished. Some of his pieces which have not been printed are among Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

* As Stanyhurst's strange volume is now lying before me, and as very few of my readers can ever have seen it, I subjoin a short specimen of its style from the second Æneid—(" Primus ibi ante omnes magna comitante caterva," &c. v. 40)—;

" First then among oothers, with no smal coompanie garded
Laocoon storming from Princelie castel is hastning,
And a far of beloing: what fond phantastical harebraine
Madnes hath enchaunted your wits, you townsmen vnhappie?
Weene you (blind hodipecks) thee Greekish nauie returned;
Or that their presents want craft? Is subtil Vlisses
So soone forgotten? My lief for an haulfpennie (Troians)
Either heere ar couching soom troups of Greekish asemblie,
Or to crush our bulwarcks this woorck is forged, al houses
For to prie surmounting thee towne: soom practis or oother
Heere lurcks of coonning: trust not this treacherus ensigne:
And for a ful reckning, I like not barrel or herring.

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The following writers, some of whom started about the same time with him on the race for fame, were added to the Catalogue of English Poets, during Greene's years of authorship. Christopher Marlowe; whose dramas in delineation of character and bursts of passion were immeasurably superior to any that had been before presented on our stage, and whose fine ear enabled him to give his fervid lines a modulation unknown to earlier writers. George Peele;* who, certainly may be regarded as the next best play-wright of his day, and who attempted various sorts of poetry with success. William Warner; the tediousness of whose long and homely *Albion's England* is relieved by passages of sweet simplicity. Abraham Fraunce;† who cultivated the unmanageable English Hexameter. Thomas Nash;‡ more noto-

Thee Greeks bestowing their presents Greekish I feare mee.
Thus said: he stout rested, with his chaapt staffe speedily running
Strong the steed he chargeth, thee planck ribs manfully riuing.
Then the iade, hit shiuered, thee vauts haulf shrillie rebounded
With clush clash buzzing, with droomming clattered humming."
The First Fovre Bookes of Virgils Æneis, &c. 1583, p. 22.

Justly did Nash characterize the English Hexameter as "that drunken staggering kinde of verse, which is all vp hill and downe hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfeeld, and goes like a horse plunging through the myre in the deep of winter, now soust vp to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tiptoes."—*Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596. Sig A 3.

* There are eleven lines of blank verse by Peele, prefixed to Watson's Εκατομπαθια, which was published in 1581, or early in 1582; (see my life of Peele, his *Works*, vol. i. p. xii. ed. 1829.) but we must not on account of so trifling an effusion set him down as a writer anteriour to Greene.

† Fraunce is sometimes ridiculous enough. Appended to the Second Part of his *Countesse of Pembrokes Iuychurch*, 1591, is a translation into English hexameters of part of the first book of the *Æthiopica* of Heliodorus; and the words Ἤδη δὲ ἠλιὸς πρὸς δυσμὰς ἴοντος (Cap. vii.) he chuses to render thus:

"Now had fyery Phlegon his dayes reuolution ended,
And his snoring snowt with salt waues all to beewashed."
Sig. M 3.

Compare the following lines by Thomas Hudson, quoted in *Englands Parnassus*, 1600:

"The *snoring snout* of restlesse *Phlegon* blew
Hot on the Indes, which did the day renew
With scarlet skie"—p. 330.

‡ I have not hesitated to include Nash in this list, believing

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rious as a satirist in prose, and as the merciless antagonist of Gabriel Harvey. Thomas Lodge, the coadjutor of our author in the *Looking-Glass for London;* whose lyric pieces are sometimes highly graceful and imaginative; whose tale of *Rosalynde* furnished to Shakespeare the materials of *As you like it;* and whose *Fig for Momus* (published after Greene's death) entitles him to no mean rank as a satirical poet. Sir Walter Raleigh;* whose verses were in high repute, though probably that illustrious man prided himself little on such compositions. Henry Constable;† a sonneteer of considerable elegance. Michael Drayton and Samuel Daniel, both afterwards so illustrious; who, when Greene had nearly run his race, were beginning to court the notice of the public: and, far greater than all, William Shakespeare;‡ who was then enlivening the rude dramas of his predecessors by the touches of his magic pencil. It may be right to add, that while Greene flourished as an author, Spenser (who has been already mentioned as preceding him,) embodied in verse a portion of his divine vision.§

that as his livelihood depended on his pen, he must have produced about this time, several plays which have not come down to us, and which, perhaps, were never given to the press: bibliographers seem to have agreed that his *Isle of Dogs* was never printed. In 1587 he wrote the address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to our author's *Menaphon;* and it is extremely unlikely that he should not have tried his powers as a dramatist till after Greene's death in 1592. Marlowe, who assisted him in the composition of *Dido* died in 1593.

* He is praised, and quoted, by Puttenham in *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

† Mr. I. P. Collier possesses a thin 4to. ed. (perhaps unique) of Constable's *Diana*, 1592. I am not certain in what year the duod. ed. of that work appeared: Ritson says in 1594; the date is cut off from the copy in the Bodleian Library, that formerly belonged to Malone, who has written on it "1592 or 94." The title-page of the reprint of the duod. ed. is dated 1584: but how can that be right, when the last sonnet in the volume is "a calculation on the birth of a lady's daughter, born in 1588?"

‡ Shakespeare's earliest works were undoubtedly rifacimenti of the plays of his predecessors; and Greene, as we shall afterwards see, alludes, with a feeling of bitterness, to those successful attempts of the great dramatist.

§ The three first books of the *Faerie Queene* were printed in

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Four of the writers just mentioned,—Marlowe, Peele, Nash,* and Lodge,†—were the chief friends and associates of our author. Lodge has never been taxed with debauchery: but Greene and the former three appear to have rushed eagerly

1590, but they appear to have been handed about in MS. some years before: Abraham Fraunce in his *Arcadian Rhetoricke*, 1588, quotes some lines from the fourth canto of the second book. See my Life of Peele, p. xxxiv. his *Works*, ed. 1829.

* Wood calls Nash Greene's "contemporary in Cambridge," (*Fasti. Oxon.* Part 1st. p. 246. ed. Bliss) he was of St. John's College, and took his Batchelor's Degree in 1585. After Greene's death Nash seems to have been a good deal annoyed at his intimacy with him being so much dwelt on by Gabriel Harvey.

† That Greene was the friend to whom Lodge entrusted the publication of his *Euphues Shadow*, has been shown at p. I., where the address to Viscount Fitzwaters, which the former prefixed to it, has been given: another address, immediately preceding the same tract, may be exhibited here;

"To the Gentlemen Readers, Health.

Gentlemen, after many of mine owne labours that you haue courteouslie accepted, I present you with *Euphues shadowe*, in the behalfe of my absent friend M. Thomas Lodge, who at his departure to sea vpon a long voyage, was willing, as a generall farewell to all courteous Gentlemen, to leaue this his worke to the view, which if you grace with your fauours eyther as his affected meaning, or the worthe of the worke requires, not onely I for him shall rest yours, but what labours his sea studies affords, shall be I dare promise, offered to your sight, to gratifie your courtesies, and his pen as himselfe, euery waye yours for euer. Farewell

Yours to command,

ROB. GREENE."

Before our author's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589, is the following Sonnet;

"Le doux Babil de ma lire d'iuoire
Serra son front d'un laurier verdisant:
Dont a bon droit ie te voy iouissant,
(Mon doux ami) eternisant ta gloire.
Ton nom (mon Greene) anime par mes vers
Abaisse l'œil de gens seditieux,
Tu de mortel es compagnon de Dieux:
N'est ce point grand loyer dans l'uniuers'.

Ignoti nulla cupido.

Thomas Lodge."

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into the dissipations of London, encouraging each other in their course of folly. The money which they quickly earned by the labour of their ever ready pens, they seem as quickly to have squandered; being lovers of good eating and drinking;* frequenters of ordinaries and taverns, to which the youths of fashion then resorted daily.† Mar-

* "A good fellowe hee [Greene] was; and would haue drunke with thee [Gabriel Harvey] for more angels then the Lord thou libeldst on [Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford] gaue thee in Christ's College." ..... "In a night and a day would he haue yarkt vp a Pamphlet as well as in seauen yeare, and glad was that Printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit.

"Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne worthines, his only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times." Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592. E 4.

Greene used to be called familiarly *Robin*;

"Our moderne Poets to that passe are driuen,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had giuen;
And, as we wisht to haue their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.
Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
Degree of Master, yet could neuer gaine
To be call'd more than *Robin*: who had he
Profest ought saue the Muse, Seru'd, and been Free
After a seuen yeares Prentiseship; might haue
(With credit too) gone *Robert* to his graue."

Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, p. 206.

"With *Robin* Greene it passes Kindharts capacity to deale."

Chettle's *Kind-Harts Dreame*, n. d. [1592] Sig. G 4.

Dekker in *A Knights Conjuring*, 1607, introduces our author and his friends together in the Elysian fields; "whilst Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got under the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere upon earth," &c. Sig K 4. See the passage quoted at full length in my Life of Peele, p. v. his *Works*, ed. 1829.

† Vide, in Dekker's *Guls Horne Booke*, 1609, "Chap. V. How a yong Gallant should behaue himselfe in an Ordinary," p. 22, and "Chap. viii. How a gallant should behaue himselfe in a Tauerne," p. 30. He was to dine at an Ordinary during the forenoon, then go to the play, and, after it, sup at a Tavern.

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lowe has been accused of atheism; nor has Greene been free from the same charge.* What the latter says to the former in the Address to his brother poets at the end of the *Groats Worth of Wit*—(to be quoted hereafter)—and the whole tenor of *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, are unquestionable proofs that they were at least careless about religion. In opposition to what puritanic writers have advanced on the subject, it must be observed, that they regarded the theatre with abhorrence, and in their zeal against such an abomination, were not unlikely to magnify

* See a paper among the Harleian MS. No. 6853 (printed by Ritson in his *Observations on Warton's Hist. of E. P.* p. 40), Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, *Vaughan's Golden Grove*, and *The French Academy*. I subjoin from the *Repentance of Robert Greene* the passage cited by T. B. the translator of the *French Academy*; see note at page iii. of this Essay: it is but fair to mention that Mr. J. P. Collier, without having ever seen *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, expressed his conviction, in the *Poetical Decameron*, that our author was the person to whom T. B. alluded:

"Comming one day into Aldersgate street to a welwillers house of mine, hee with other of his friendes perswaded mee to leaue my bad course of life, which at length would bring mee to vtter destruction, whereupon I scoffingly made them this answer: Tush, what better is he that dies in his bed than he that endes his life at Tyburne, all owe God a death: if I may haue my desire while I liue, I am satisfied, let me shift after death as I may. My friends hearing these words, greatly greeued at my gracelesse resolution, made this reply: If you feare not death in this world, nor the paines of the body in this life, yet doubt the second death, and the losse of your soule, which without hearty repentance must rest in hell-fire for euer and euer. Hell, (quoth I) what talke you of hell to me? I know if I once come there, I shal haue the company of better men than myselfe, I shal also meete with some madde knaues in that place, and so long as I shall not sit there alone, my care is the lesse. But you are mad folks (quoth I) for if I feared the Iudges of the bench no more than I dread the iudgements of God, I would before I slept diue into one Carles bagges or other, and make merrie with the shelles I found in them so long as they would last. And though some in this company were Fryers of mine owne fraternitie to whom I spake the wordes: yet were they so amazed at my prophane-speeches, that they wisht themselues foorth of my company." Sig. B 2.

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without scruple the offences and indiscretions of dramatic poets. Though we are forced to allow that Marlowe and Greene were guilty of uttering sentiments which the pious were shocked to hear, let us charitably suppose that they did so only during their hours of revelry, and in the thoughtless gaiety of their hearts.

No more than five dramas,* the undoubted works of Greene, have come down to posterity. Writing for bread, and with a pen whose readiness was notorious, he undoubtedly produced during the series of years when he was a professed author a much greater number of plays: in all probability many of them were never published, and perhaps of some which were really printed not a single copy has escaped destruction.

We must notice his dramatic pieces one by one: none of them were given to the press till after his death.

The History of Orlando Furioso, 1594 and 1599, appears to be deficient in several scenes, and perhaps was printed from an imperfect manuscript. It is in vain to enquire when this, or any other of his plays, was first written or performed. In Henslowe's Memoranda (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 297) it is mentioned as having been acted by the Lord Strange's servants, 1591;

" Orlando, the 21 of febreary *l. s. d.*
[1]..... o. xvi. vi."

In *The Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, Greene is accused of selling it twice: " Master R. G, would it not make you blush—if you sold *Orlando Furioso* to the queenes players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to Lord Admiral's men, for as much more? Was not this plain coney-catching, M. G." If the reader is acquainted with Ariosto and the romance-poets of Italy, he will be startled to find that in this drama Angelica is made the daughter of Marsilius.

A Looking-Glass for London and England, 1594, 1598, 1602, and 1617, is the joint-production of Greene and Lodge. It is noticed by Henslowe (Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 298) as played by the Lord Strange's servants;

* The extreme scarcity of Greene's plays (as also of his pamphlets) is to be attributed, among other causes, to the fire of London in 1666: see my Life of Peele, p. xxxvii., his *Works*, ed. 1829.

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" the looking glass, the 8th of l. s. d.
marche 1591 [4] . . . . . o. vii. o."

As it partakes of the nature of the ancient English Mysteries, one is surprised to find the following opinion expressed by Lodge in his *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse, Discouering the Deuils Incarnat of this Age*, 1596; " Againe in stage plaies to make use of Hystoricall Scripture, I hold it with the Legists odious, and as the Councill of Trent did, Sess. § 4. Fin. I condemne it." Sig. F 4. Jonah and the Whale, who figure conspicuously in the *Looking Glass*, were personages once very familiar to the populace of the metropolis: no Puppet-show (or Motion, as it used to be termed,) was so attractive to the citizens as that of *Nineveh*.*

The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, 1594, 1599, 1630, and 1655. We learn from Henslowe, (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 297.) that it was acted by the Lord Strange's servants, 1591;

" at fryer bacone, the 19 of fe- l. s. d.
breary, (saterday [4] o. xvii. iii."

Our old dramatists hardly ever invented the stories of their

* " *Wife*. . . . . But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child, &c. was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.

Citizen. Nay, by your leave, Nell, *Ninevie* was better.

Wife. *Ninevie*? Oh, that was the story of *Joan and the wall*, was it not, George?

Citizen. Yes, lamb."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act. iii.

" They say, there's *a new motion of the city of Ninevah, with Jonas and the whale*, to be seen at Fleet bridge."—Ben Jonson's *Every man out of his humour*, act ii. sc. 1.

" O the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead haue given light to, in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was *Nineveh*, and the city of Norwich, &c.

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, act V. sc. I.

" I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented us not with Platoes Idea, or *the sight of Niniue*, Babylon, London, or some Stur-bridge-faire-monsters."—*Lingua*, ed. 1617, Sig. F.

" I pray yee what showe will be heere to night? I haue seen the Babones already, *the Cittie of new Niniuie*, and Julius Cæsar acted by the Mammets."

Euerie Woman in her Humor, 1609, Sig. H.

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pieces; and in this, the most pleasing of his plays, Greene has closely followed the well-known prose tract, entitled *The famous History of Friar Bacon*. The beautifully drawn character of Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield is not, however, borrowed from the prose pamphlet.

The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon, 1597, 1599. The latter date is on the title page of the only copy of this most rare play which I have ever seen,—that in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; the former date is given here from the List of Greene's works in the *Censura Literaria*. It appears from the conclusion of *Alphonsus* that the author intended to have written a second Part.

The Scottish History of James the Fourth, 1598, 1599. The copy of this very scarce drama, (the only one I have ever met with) which belongs to the Rev. J. Mitford, was printed in 1598. The edition of 1599 I know to exist only from the mention of it in the List of Greene's works in the *Censura Literaria*. From what source our author derived the materials of this strange fiction, I have not been able to discover; nor could Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who is so profoundly versed in the ancient literature of his country, point out to me any Scottish Chronicle or Tract which might have afforded hints to the poet for its composition.

Besides the five dramas just enumerated, it has been thought right to include in the present Collection *George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, in consequence of the following M. S. notes having been found on the title page of a copy of that piece which was formerly in the library of Mr. Rhodes;

"Written by . . . . . a minister who acted the piners pt in it himselfe. Teste, W. Shakespeare."

"Ed. Juby * saith it was made by Ro. Greene."

These two memoranda are by different persons, and in handwriting of about the time when the play was printed. The probability of Greene's having been "a minister" we have noticed before: see p. iv. In the *Pinner of Wakefield*, George a Greene compells Sir Nicholas Mannering to eat the seals of the earl of Kendal's commission; and Nash informs us that Greene once forced an apparitor to undergo

* Juby was an actor, and wrote a play called *Sampson* in conjunction with Samuel Rowley.

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a similar humiliation: "Had hee liu'd Gabriel, and thou shouldst vnartificially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke buttered, as I sawe him make an Apparriter once in a Tauern eate his Citation waxe and all, very handsomly seru'd twixt two dishes." *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. C 3. The incident in the drama bearing so strong a resemblance to an adventure in the life of Greene would strengthen the probability of its having proceeded from his pen, were it not that in the old prose *History of George-a Greene*, on which the play is undoubtedly founded,* the valiant Pinner obliges Mannering to swallow the seals.†

In Henslowe's list of plays acted by the Earl of Sussex's men (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 300.) are these two entries;

* Ritson, after observing that the drama of *George a Greene*, the *Pinner of Wakefield* "has been erroneously ascribed to Heywood the epigrammatist, and is reprinted, *with other trash*, in the late edition of Dodsley's Old Plays," says that it "(at least that part of it which we have any concern with) is founded on the ballad of Robin Hood and the pinder of Wakefield, which it directly quotes, *and is in fact a most despicable performance;*" and a little after he tells us "The [prose] History of George a Greene, pindar of the town of Wakefield 4to, no date, is a modern production, chiefly founded on the old play just mentioned, of neither authority nor merit" *Robin Hood*, vol. 1. p. xxix. The ballad in question I have subjoined to the play; and the reader will see how slight a foundation the former afforded for the latter. That the prose history was taken from the play I cannot believe: it was the constant custom of our old dramatists to borrow their plots and characters from popular story-books, and I have no doubt that the author of the play of *George a Greene* was indebted for its materials to the prose tale on the same subject, which (though perhaps somewhat modernized) will be found in Mr. Thoms's *Early Prose Romances*, vol. ii. The following piece was sold by auction a few years ago: *The Pinder of Wakefield, being the History of George a Greene, the lusty Pinder of the north, briefly shewing his manhood, and his brave merriment amongst his boon companions: full of pretty histories, songs, catches, jests, and riddles*, 4to. b. l. 1632.

† In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, the Sumner is in like manner made to gulp down his citation.

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" george a-green, the 28 of *l.* *s.* *d.*
Desember 1593, [4] ..... iii. x. o."
" the piner of wakefield, the *l.* *s.* *d.*
8 of Ianewary 1593 (i. e. 1593-4) [1] . . . o. xxiii. o."

Among the old M. S. dramas, which the detestable carelessness of John Warburton allowed to perish, was the *Hist. of Jobe by Rob. Green.*

When Malone wrote his *Dissertation on the three parts of Henry the sixth* he fancied either that Greene and Peele were the joint authors of the two old dramas entitled *The First Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, 1594, and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke* 1595, or that Greene was the author of the one, and Peele of the other: and this opinion he founded on a passage (which will be particularly noticed hereafter) of the dying Greene's Address to his brother play-wrights. But in his *Life of Shakespeare** (p. 313. ed. Boswell), having reconsidered the passage, he inclines to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not both, of the old dramas in question. It is, indeed, much more likely that they were the work of Marlowe than of Greene and Peele, the two last writers being scarcely equal to the production of such pieces.

Edward Phillips (a writer of no authority) in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, informs us that Greene was the author of *Fair Emm*, 1631, and that he was associated with Lodge in composing *The Laws of Nature, Lady Alimony*, 1659, *The Contention betweene Liberalitie and Prodigalitie*, 1602, and *Luminalia*, 1627. It is possible that Greene might have written *Fair Emm*. I know no such play as *The Laws of Nature;* but a piece entitled *The Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ*, &c. was first printed in 1558. *Lady Alimony* is composed in a style so different from Greene's, that I may venture positively to affirm that no portion of it proceeded from his pen. Of *The Contention betweene Liberalitie and Prodigalitie* (which is an alteration of *Liberalitie and Prodigalitie*, 1559) it is not impossible that he might have been the joint-author. *Luminalia* was not produced till long after his death.

* In this his latest work, among other strange blunders and oversights, Malone tells us that Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*, though not published till 1595, " must have been written some years before, as it is referred to by Sir John Harrington, in 1591." p. 300. Sir Philip Sidney died in 1586!!!

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Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, were the leading dramatists of the day. In Greene we find as much fustian and meanness as in either of the others, while he has infinitely less poetry and passion than Marlowe, and perhaps less than Peele, to redeem his faults. In many scenes, however, he writes with elegance and force, and in some he makes a near approach to simplicity and nature.*

Prefixed to our author's *Perimedes*, 1588, is an Address to the Gentlemen Readers, part of which is as follows: "I keepe my old course, to palter vp something in Prose, vsing mine old poesie still, *Omne tulit punctum*, although latelye two Gentlemen Poets made two mad men of Rome beate it out of their paper bucklers: and had it in derision, for that I could not make my verses iet vpon the stage in tragicall buskins, euerie worde filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo-Bell, daring God out of heauen with that Atheist *Tamburlan*, or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne: but let me rather openly pocket vp the Asse at Diogenes hand: then wantonlye set out such impious instances of intollerable poetrie, such mad and scoffing poets, that haue propheticall spirits as bred of Merlins race, if there be anye in England that set the end of scollarisme in an English blanck verse, I thinke either it is the humor of a nouice that tickles them with selfe loue, or to much frequenting the hot house (to vse the Germaine prouerbe) hath swet out all the greatest part of their wits, which wasts *Gradatim*, as the Italians say *Poco à poco*. If I speake darkely, Gentlemen, and offend with this digression, I craue pardon, in that I but answere in print, what they

* "He was of singuler pleasaunce, the verye supporter, and to no mans disgrace bee this intended, the only Comedian of a vulgar writer in thiscountry."

Chettle's *Kind-Harts Dreame*, n.d. [1592.] Sig. B. 3.

"The best Poets for Comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, &c., and among the Latines, Plautus, &c., so the best for Comedy amongst vs bee, Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley once a rare Scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes one of her Maiesties Chappell, eloquent and wittie John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, *Greene*, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway and Henry Chettle."

Meres's *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasvry*, 1598, fol. 283.

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haue offered on the Stage." As I do not clearly understand this passage, I shall not detain the reader by conjectures on the meaning of Greene's angry allusions. *Tamburlain* was the famous tragedy of Marlowe.

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, are several quotations from our author's dramatic works.

There is reason to believe that Greene not only composed for the stage, but also occasionally appeared on it as an actor. "I was suddainely certified" says Gabriel Harvey, "that the king of the paper stage (so the Gentleman tearmed Greene) had played his last part, and was gone to Tarleton."* *Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets*, &c. 1592, p. 9: a little after he speaks of "his piperly Extemporizing and Tarletonizing;" and in one place expressly calls him "a Player," p. 25. The first of the MS. notes, already mentioned, found on a copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield*, strengthens the supposition that our author tried his histrionic talents: I suspect his performances were not very successful, and therefore that they were few. Marlowe, it has been conjectured, had trod the boards, and there is evidence to show that Peele had "strutted his hour."

Of Greene's numerous prose tracts, most of which are interspersed with poetry, a complete list will be found at

* From the following lines in a volume of great rarity it seems that Tarlton was celebrated for his tragic as well as his comic acting:

"Rich. Tarltono, Comœdorum principi. Epit.
Cujus (viator) sit sepulchrum hoc scire vis,
Inscriptionem non habens?
Asta, gradumque siste paulisper tuum:
Incognitum nomen scies.
Princeps Comœdorum tulit quos Angliæ
Tellus, in hoc busto cubat.
Quo mortuo, spretæ silent Comediæ,
Tragediæque turbidæ.
Scenæ decus desiderant mutæ suum,
Risusque abest Sardonius.
Hic Roscius Britannicus sepultus est,
Quo notior nemo fuit.
Abi, viator: Sin te adhuc nomen latet,
Edicet hoc quivis puer."
Joannis Stradlingi Epigrammatum Libri Quatuor Londini, 1607, duod. p. 13.

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the end of this Essay. Their popularity is sufficiently testified by the repeated editions through which many of them passed. On their first appearance, doubtless, they were perused with avidity by the courtly gallants and fair ones of the metropolis, and by the youthful students of our Universities; and, long after Greene was in his grave, they were sold on ballad-mongers' stalls and hawked about the country by chapmen, constituting the favourite reading of the vulgar.* In some of them he exhibits no mean invention, and no slight skill in the conduct of the fable; but I cannot take upon me to determine how much he

* *The Myrrour of Modestie* is dedicated to the Countess of Darbie, *Planetomachia* to the Earl of Leacester, *Euphues his censure to Philautus* to the Earl of Essex, *Morando* to the Earl of Arundel, *Menaphon* to Lady Hales, *Tullies Loue* to Lord Strange, the *Mourning Garment* to the Earl of Cumberland, *Alcida* to Sir Charles Blount, *Arbasto* to Lady Mary Talbot, *Philomela* to Lady Fitzwaters, *Penelope's Web* to the Countess of Cumberland and the Countess of Warwick, *Card of Fancy* to the Earl of Oxford, &c. &c.: the dedication of *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier* is addressed to the Right Worshipful Thomas Barnabie Esquier, and is signed "Your duetifull adopted sonne Robert Greene."

"Euen Guicciardines siluer Historie, and Ariostos golden Cantoes, grow out of request: and the Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia is not greene inough for queasie stomackes, but they must haue Greenes Arcadia: and I belleeue, most eagerlie longed for Greenes Faerie Queene." G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets*, &c. 1592, p. 26.

Ben Jonson, in *Every man out of his humour*, insinuates that Greene was beginning to go out of fashion;

"*Fast.* She does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the Arcadia.

Car. Or rather in Greene's works, whence she may steal with more security." Act. ii. sc. 1.

But certainly for many years after this play was produced (in 1599,) Greene continued to be very popular.

Sir Thomas Overbury, in his *Characters*, describing a Chambermaid, tells us "She reads Greene's works, ouer and ouer."

Greene, says Anthony Wood, "was author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time. They made much sport, and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold on ballad-mongers' stalls." *Fasti Oxon.* Part. 1st, p. 245. ed. Bliss.

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borrowed from the obscurer writers of France and Italy. His fancy was exuberant, and supplied him with an endless variety of images; his facility of diction was very great; and though he does not display any depth of thought, he abounds in just and pleasing reflexions. He frequently delights us with passages of real pathos and genuine beauty; again, he is devoted to conceits and alliteration, or becomes insufferably tedious and diffuse. His love of similies drawn from the imaginary properties of herbs, stones,* &c. he caught from Lyly; and contemporary panegyrists imagined that they were bestowing the highest encomium on Greene when they ranked him with the fantastical author of *Euphues*. † Of the verses scattered through these tracts the merit is very unequal; some of them have a tenderness, a pastoral

* "Nash, the Ape of Greene, Greene the Ape of Euphues, Euphues the Ape of Enuie, the three famous mammets of the presse."—G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, Sig. S 4.

"Did I," exclaims Nash, indignant at being accused of imitating Greene, "euer write of Cony-Catching? stufft my stile with hearbs and stones? or apprentisd myselfe to running of the letter? If not, how then doo I imitate him?" *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, Sig. V. 3.

"If any man bee of a dainty and curious eare," says the author of *Martine Mar-sixtus*, 1592, undoubtedly alluding to Greene, "I shall desire him to repayre to those authors; euery man hath not a Perle mint, a Fish mint, nor a Bird mint in his braine, all are not licensed to create new stones, new Fowles, new Serpents, to coyne new creatures," &c.—*Preface*.

† "Marot et de-Mornay pour le langage Francois:
Pour L'Espaignol Gueuare, Boccace pour le Toscan;
Et le gentil Sleidan refait l'Allemand:
Greene et Lylli tous deux raffineurs de l'Anglois."
Sonnet by I. Eliote, prefixed to *Perimedes*, 1588.

"Multis post annis, conjungens carmina prosis,
Floruit Ascamus, Chekus, Gascoynus, et alter
Tullius Anglorum nunc vivens Lillius, illum
Consequitur Grenus, præclarus vterque Poeta,"
Anon. Verses prefixed to *Alcida*. 1617.

"Of all the flowers a Lillie once I lou'd,
Whose labouring beautie brancht itselfe abroade;
But now old age his glorie hath remoud,
And Greener obiectes are my eyes aboade."
Verses by Henrie Vpchear, prefixed to *Menaphon or Arcadia*, 1587.

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simplicity, and a lyric flow, which are truly fascinating, while some scarcely rise above mediocrity, and some fall considerably below it.*

England's Helicon 1600, and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* 1602, are enriched with some of Greene's verses, selected from his prose tracts.†

In the *Biographia Dramatica* and in other publications, it is positively stated that Greene occasionally prostituted his talents for the amusement of the rakes of the day, and that some of his pieces were polluted by gross obscenity. I am much deceived if this be not one of those falsehoods which creep into literary history, and are transferred from book to book through the ignorance and carelessness of biographers and editors; few of the persons perhaps who made the assertion, having ever read one quarter of his works. It originated, I presume, partly in a misconception of the author's meaning, when he speaks with regret of the lighter productions of his pen; and partly in the misrepresentations of puritanic writers. Greene, in an Address to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, before his *Mourning Garment*, 1590, says, "having myself ouer-weaned with them of Nineuie in publishing sundry wanton Pamphlets, and setting forth Axiomes of amorous Philosophy, *Tandem Aliquando* taught with a feeling of my palpable follies, and hearing with the eares of my heart Jonas crying, Except thou repent, as I haue changed the inward affects of my minde, so I haue turned my wanton workes to effectuall labours. . . . . I hope your Lordship will be glad with Augustus Cæsar, to read the reformation of a second Ouid: pardon my lord, inferiour by a thousand degrees to him in wit or learning, but I feare halfe as fond in publishing amorous fancies."‡ All, I believe, that we are to gather from these expressions is, that he had written pieces,

* "As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, and Ariosto: so England had Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid, *Robert Greene* and George Peele."—Meres's *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasvry*, 1598, fol. 282.

† The former contains five pieces from *Menaphon* or *Arcadia*, and two from *Never too Late*; the latter, one from *Orpharion*.

‡ In Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* are these words; "only I must needes say to him that some of his trade will print lewd bookes and bawdy pamphlets, but *auri sacra fames quid non?*" I remember perfectly to have seen an edition of this tract

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which, being on the subject of love, were light and trivial, —that (as one of his panegyrists, Roger Portington, tells him, in verses prefixed to *Mamillia*, 1583,) he had

" paynted out dan Cupids craft,
And set at large the doubtfull chance of fancies drafte."

" I promised, Gentlemen," says Greene in an address to the Gentleman Readers before *Philomela*, 1592, " both in my Mourning Garment, and Farewell to Follie, neuer to busie my selfe about any wanton pamphlets againe, nor to haue my brayne counted so addle, as to set out any matter that were amorous: but yet am I come, contrary to vow and promise, once againe to the Presse with a labour of Loue, which I hatched long agoe, though now brought forth to light:" now, let it be observed, that *Philomela* (which is inscribed to Lady Fitzwaters) is a moral tale of great beauty. The author of a pamphlet called *Martine Mar-sixtus. A second replie against the defensory and apology of Sixtus the fifth*, &c. 1592, has the following passages in his preface, which were undoubtedly pointed at Greene: "What publishing of friuolous and scurrilous Prognostications? as if Will Sommers were againe reuiued: what counterfeiting and cogging of prodigious and fabulous monsters? as if they labored to exceede the Poet in his Metamorphosis; what lasciuious, vnhonest, and amorous discourses, such as Augustus in a heathen common-wealth could neuer tolerate? and yet they shame not to subscribe, By a graduate in Cambridge; In Artibus Magister; as if men should iudge of the fruites of Art by the ragges and parings of wit, and endite the Vniuersities, as not onely accessary to their vanitie, but nurses of bawdry; we would the world should know, that howsoeuer those places haue power to create a Master of Artes, yet the art of loue is none of the seauen ..... thus affecting to bee famous, they become notorious, that it may be saide of them as of the Sophisters at Athens: *dum volunt haberi celebriter docti, innotescunt insigniter asinini*, and when with shame they see their folly, they are faine to put on a mourning garment, and crie, Farewell."*

with the date 1592 (during which year it seems to have been several times printed) wherein after the words " bawdy pamphlets," was inserted, between brackets, " by R. G.": but in the edition of 1592 in the King's Library, the passage stands as just given.

* There is an allusion here to Greene's *Mourning Garment* and *Farewell to Folly*.

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Is not this merely the language of some canting individual, who held in utter loathing any writer whose pen had been employed on tales of love? In that very curious poetical tract, *Greene's Funerals* by R. B. *, Gent., 1594, the purity of his amorous pieces is particularly dwelt upon;

"He, he is dead, that wrote of your delights:
That wrote of Ladies and of Parramours:
Of budding beautie, and hir branched leaues,
Of sweet content in royall Nuptialls.
. . . . . .
His gadding Muse, although it ran of loue,
Yet did hee sweetly morralize his songs:
Ne euer gaue the looser cause to laugh,
Ne men of Iudgement, for to be offended."—Sig. B.

In the *Repentance of Robert Greene*, where all the misde-

* It has been supposed that R. B. meant Richard Barnfield, but it is scarcely possible that he could have been the author of so mean a composition. It contains the following

"Catalogue of certaine of
his Bookes.

Camilla for the first and second part.
The *Card of Fancie*, and his *Tullies loue*.
His *Nunquam sera*, and his *Nightingale*.
His *Spanish Masquerado*, and his *Change*.
His *Menaphon*, and *Metamorphosis*.
His *Orpharion*, and the *Denmarke King*.
His *Censure*, and his *Loues Tritameron*.
His *Disputation*, and the *Death of him*,
That makes all England shed so many teares:
And many more that I haue neuer seene
May witnes well vnto the world his wit,
Had he so well, as well applied it."
Sig. C 2.

I cannot agree with Mr. Haslewood who ingeniously conjectures that in the 8th and 9th lines there is an allusion to some piece which Greene had written on the death of Sir Philip Sidney: I think that "the *Death of him*," refers to the tract called *The Repentance of Robert Greene, &c. with the manner of his DEATH*, with which R. B. naturally concludes the Catalogue; and if it be objected that the line "That makes all England shed so many tears" contains too strong an expression to be applied to the decease of Greene, I have to reply that the whole of the *Funerals* is composed in an exaggerated style. In the last line of the Catalogue a word seems wanting.

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meanours of the author seem studiously magnified, his love-pamphlets are noticed in no stronger terms of reprobation than these: "These vanities and other trifling pamphlets I penned of Loue, and vaine fantasies was my chiefest stay of liuing, and for those my vaine discourses, I was beloued of the more vainer sort of people," &c. Sig. C 3. And let it be particularly remembered that Greene was in the habit of inscribing his productions to high-born personages, both male and female: would the notorious author of grossly licentious works, ever have presumed to aspire to the patronage of such illustrious names as are to be found in note * p. xlviii?

Pandosto or the triumph of Time, 1588, called in some later editions *Dorastus and Fawnia*, is perhaps the most memorable of the prose works of Greene, because on it our great dramatist founded his *Winter's Tale*. To those who may read the novel for the first time, having a previous acquaintance with the play of Shakespeare,—and to what reader is *it* altogether unknown?—the former will appear cold and uninteresting on a recollection of the marvellous truth and reality of the latter. But *Pandosto* is far from a contemptible production: if portions of it are disfigured by bad taste and coarseness of feeling, there are also portions composed in a very pleasing and affecting manner. The story, there is every reason to believe, was the invention of Greene: how far Shakespeare has deviated from it the following pages will shew." † "In the country of Bohemia, there reigned a King called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towards his friendes in peace, made him to bee greatly feared and loued of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a Ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by virtues famous: so that it was hard to iudge, whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue, wan the greatest commendations. These two linked together in perfect loue, led their liues with such fortunate content, that their subiects greatly reioyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not bin married long, but fortune (willing to increase their happinesse) lent them a Sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the Childe greatly augmented

† I quote from the edition of 1614.

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the loue of the Parents, and the ioy of their Commons." . . . . . "Fortune enuious of such happy successe willing to shew some signe of her inconstancy, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sun of prosperitie with the mistie clouds of mishap and miserie. For it so happened that Egistus king of Sycilia, who in his youth had been brought vp with Pandosto, desirous to shew that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, prouided a Nauy of ships and sailed into Bohemia, to visit his old friend and companion: who hearing of his arriuall went himselfe in person and his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great traine of Lords and Ladies, to meet Egistus: and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very louingly, protesting, that nothing in the world could haue hapned more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shew how she liked him whom her husband loued) entertayned him with such familiar curtesie, as Egistus perceiued himselfe to be very well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced each other, they mounted againe on horse backe, and rode toward the Citie, deuising and recounting, how being children they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes: where, by the meanes of the Citizens, Egistus was receiued with triumphes and shewes, in such sorte, that he marueilled how on so small a warning, they could make such preparation. Passing the streetes thus with such rare sights, they rode on to the Pallace: where Pandosto entertayned Egistus and his Sycilians with such banquetting and sumptuous cheare, so royally, as they had all cause to commend his Princely liberalitie: yea, the very basest slaue that was knowne to come from Sycilia was vsed with such curtesie, that Egistus might easily perceiue, how both he and his were honoured for his friends sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie) willing to shew how vnfainedly she loued her husband, by his friends entertainment, vsed him likewise so familiarly, that her countenance bewrayed how her minde was affected towards him: oftentimes comming herselfe into his bed-chamber, to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiaritie increased daily more and more betwixt them: for Bellaria noting in Egistus a Princely and bountifull minde, adorned with

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sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus finding in her a vertuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret vniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: insomuch that when Pandosto was busied with such vrgent affaires, that hee could not be present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him in the garden, and there they two in priuate pleasant deuises, would passe away their time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of Pandosto, droue him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beautie of his wife Bellaria, the comlinesse and brauerie of his friend Egistus, thinking that loue was aboue all Lawes, and therefore to bee stayed with no law: that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning, that their open pleasures might breede his secret displeasures. He considered with himselfe, that Egistus was a man, and must needes loue: that his wife was a woman, and therefore subiect to loue: and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtful thoughts a long time smothering in his stomacke, began at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which increased by suspition, grew at last to flaming iealousie, that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and misconstrue of their too priuate familiaritie, iudging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancie: so as he began to watch them more narrowly, to see if he could get any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted her lookes and gestures, and suspected their thoughts and meanings, they two silly soules, who doubted nothing of this his trecherous intent, frequented daily each others company: which draue him into such a frantick passion, that he began to beare a secret hate to Egistus, and a lowring countenance to Bellaria: who maruailing at such vnaccustomed frownes, began to cast beyond the moone, and to enter into a 1000 sundry thoughts, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in herselfe a cleare conscience, ceased to muse, till such time as shee might finde fit opportunitie to demand the cause of his dumpes. In the meane time, Pandostoes minde was so far charged with iealousie that he no longer doubt-

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ed, but was assured (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong point in his tables, and so had plaid him false play. Whereupon desirous to reuenge so great an iniurie, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance: and so vnder the shape of a friend, to shew him the tricke of a foe. Deuising with himselfe a long time, how he might best put away Egistus, without suspition of trecherous murther, concluded at last to poyson him." Pandosto endeavours to accomplish his purpose by means of Franion his cup-bearer, offering him preferment or death according as he should consent or refuse to become the instrument of his vengeance. Franion promises to dispatch Egistus; but soon after informs that monarch of his danger, and flies with him from Bohemia. Pandosto now "commaunded that his wife should be carried straight to prison, vntill they heard further of his pleasure. The Guarde vnwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous Princesse, and yet fearing the Kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge: comming to the Queenes lodging, they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter: vnto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her cleare conscience a sure aduocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly: where with sighes and teares, shee past away the time, till she might come to her triall." Pandosto next "caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his Realme, that the Queene and Egistus had by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed most incestous adultery, but also had conspired the Kings death: whereupon the Traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most iustly imprisoned." Presently Bellaria finds herself pregnant, and laments her fate with bitter complaints. "The Jaylor pitying those her heaiue passions, thinking that if the King knew she were with childe, he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in al hast, and certified Pandosto, what the effect of Bellarias complaint was: who no sooner heard the Jaylor say she was with childe, but as one possessed with a phranzie, he rose vp in a rage, swearing that shee, and the basterd brat she was withall should die, if the Gods themselues said no: thinking that surely by computation of time, that Egistus and not he was father to

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the childe. This suspitious thought galled afresh this halfe healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest, vntill he might mittigate his choller with a iust reuenge, which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter: which no sooner Pandosto hearde, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire His Nobles, hearing of the kings cruell sentence, sought by perswasions to diuert him from his bloodie determination: laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loued and honoured him so tenderly, that without due proofe he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy, then to punish with extremity: and more kingly, to be commended of pitty, then accused of rigour: And as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to striue against nature and iustice: and that vnnaturall actions doe more offend the Gods, then men: how causelesse cruelty, nor innocent blood neuer scapes without reuenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria beeing an Adultresse, the childe was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his Noble men were importunate vpon him) he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this deuise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore he caused a little Cockboat to be prouided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the Seas, and the destenies. From this his Peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their Maisters message: Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her mercilesse husband, but she fell downe in a swound, so that all thought she had bin dead: yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise. Alas sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before enuied by fortune, would the day of thy birth had beene the terme of thy life: then shouldest thou haue made an ende to care, and preuented thy Fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot

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yet deserue such hatefull reuenge, thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy vntimely death must pay thy Mothers Debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy gastly curse. And shalt thou sweete Babe be committed to Fortune, when thou art already spited by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy harbour, and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender Mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou haue the whistling windes for thy Lullabie, and the salt Sea fome insteede of sweete Milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What Father would be so cruell? Or what Gods will not reuenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lippes (sweete Infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chayne about thy little necke: that if fortune saue thee, it may helpe to succour thee. Thus, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull Seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the Gods thou maist fare well. Such, and so great was her griefe, that her vitall spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, hauing her senses so sotted with care, that after she was reuiued, yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without moouing, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the King: who quite deuoid of pittie, commaunded that without delay it should be put into the boate, hauing neither saile nor rudder to guide it, and so to be caried into the middest of the Sea, and there left to the winde and waues, as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the King of rigour, and to pittie the childes hard fortune: but feare constrained them to that, which their nature did abhorre: so that they placed it in one of the ends of the Boate, and with a few greene bowes made a homely cabin to shrowde it, as they could from winde and weather. Hauing thus trimmed a Boate, they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the maine Sea, and then cut in sunder the corde: which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mightie tempest which tossed the little Boate so vehemently in the waues, that the Ship-men thought it could not continue long without sinking: yea, the storme grew so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shore." Bellaria being brought into open court, for her trial, "fell downe vpon her

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knees, and desired the King that for the loue he bare to his young Sonne Garinter, whom she brought into the world, that he would grant her a request, the which was this, that it would please his Maiestie to send sixe of his Noble men whom he best trusted, to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him, with Franion; and if the God Apollo, who by his diuine essence knew all secrets, gaue answere that she was guiltie, she was content to suffer any torment, were it neuer so terrible. The request was so reasonable, that Pandosto could not for shame denie it, vnlesse he would be counted of all his subiects more wilfull then wise. He therefore agreed that with as much speed as might be there should be certaine Embassadours dispatched to the Ile of Delphos: and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison. Bellaria hauing obtained this grant, was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the Seas, then sorrowfull for her owne mishap. For of that she doubted: of her selfe she was assured: knowing if Apollo should giue Oracle according to the thoughts of the heart, yet the sentence should go on her side; such was the cleerenesse of her minde in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspicious head still remained in one song) chose out sixe of his Nobilitie, whom hee knew were scarce indifferent men in the Queenes behalfe, and prouiding all things fit for their iourney, sent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfill the Kings command, and desirous to see the situation aud custome of the Iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to the voyage: which (the wind and weather seruing fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arriued at Delphos: where they were no sooner set on Land, but with great deuotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering sacrifice to the God, and giftes to the Priest, as the custome was, they humbly craued an answere of their demaund. They had not long kneeled at the Altar, but Apollo with a loud voyce said: Bohemians, what ye finde behind the Altar, take and depart. They forthwith obeying the Oracle, found a scroule of parchment wherein was written these words in letters of gold:

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THE ORACLE.

Suspition is no proofe: Iealousie is an vnequall Iudge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subiect: Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent: and the King shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not found.

"As soone as they had taken out this scroule, the Priest of the God commaunded them, that they should not presume to reade it, before they came to the presence of Pandosto, vnlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo." On their return to Bohemia, Bellaria being brought again into the judgment-hall before the assembled lords and commons, speaks thus; "If the diuine powers be priuie to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blush, and my vnspotted life shall stayne spitefull discredite. For although lying report hath sought to appeach mine honour, and suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie: yet where vertue keepeth the fort, report and suspition may assaile, but neuer sacke. How I haue led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale (Pandosto) to the Gods, and to thy conscience. What hath passed betweene him and me, the Gods onely know, and I hope will presently reueale. That I loued Egistus, I cannot denie: that I honoured him, I shame not to confesse. To the one I was forced by his vertues: to the other for his dignities. But as touching lasciuious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope myselfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him, nor excuse him: I was not priuie to his departure: and that this is true, which I haue here rehearsed, I referre myselfe vnto the diuine Oracle. Bellaria had no sooner said, but the King commaunded that one of the Dukes should reade the contents of the scroule, which after the Commons had heard, they gaue a great shoute, reioycing and clapping their hands, that the Queene was cleere of that false accusation: but the King, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse fury, and false suspected Jealousie, was so ashamed of his rash folly, that he intreated his Nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgiue, and to forget these iniuries, promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and louing husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion: reuealing then

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before them all the cause of their secrete flight, and how trecherously he thought to haue practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not preuented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him, that his yong Sonne Garinter was sodainly dead: which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame ioy, and now suppressed with heauie sorrow, her vitall spirits were stopped, that shee fell downe presently dead, and could neuer be reuiued. This sodaine sight so appalled the Kings sences, that he sunke from his seate in a swoune, so as he was faine to be carried by his Nobles to his Pallace, where he lay by the space of three dayes without speech. His Commons were as men in despaire, so diuersly distressed; there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: their young Prince dead, their vertuous Queene bereaued of her life, and their King and Soueraigne in great hazard: this tragicall discourse of Fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes not men: yet somewhat to comfort their heauie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe, and had recouered his speech: who as in fury brayed these bitter speeches. O miserable Pandosto, what surer witnesse then conscience? What thoughts more soure then suspition? What plague more bad then Iealousie? Unnaturall actions offend the Gods more then men: and causelesse crueltie neuer scapes without reuenge. I haue committed such a bloudie fact, as repent I may: but recall I cannot. Ah Iealousie, a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage: a worse passion then phrensie, a greater plague then madnesse. Are the Gods iust? Then let them reuenge such brutish crueltie: my innocent Babe I haue drowned in the Seas: my louing wife I haue slaine with slaunderous suspition: my trustie friend I haue sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slacke to plague such offences. Ah vniust Apollo, Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault; why should Garinter, seely child, abide the paine? Well sith the Gods meane to prolong my daies to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie blood a sacrifice to those guiltlesse soules, whose liues are lost by rigorous folly. And with that he reached at a rapier to haue murthered himselfe: but his Peeres being present, stayed him from such a bloody

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act: perswading him to think, that the Common wealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish, that wanted a shepheard: wishing, that if he would not liue for himselfe, yet he should haue care of his subiects, and to put such fancies out of his minde: sith in sores past helpe, salues do not heale, but hurt: and in things past cure, care is a corasiue. With these and such like perswasions the King was ouercome, and began somewhat to quiet his mind: so that so soone as he could goe abroade, hee caused his wife to be embalmed, and wrapt in leade, with her young sonne Garinter: erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein he entombed them both, making such solemne obsequies at her Funerall, as all Bohemia might perceiue he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly: causing this Epitaph to be ingrauen on her Tombe, in letters of gold.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies entombde Bellaria faire,
Falsly accused to be vnchast:
Cleered by Apollos sacred doome,
Yet slaine by Iealousie at last.

What ere thou bee that passest by,
Curse him that causde this Queene to die.

This Epitaph being ingrauen, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the Tombe, and there with watry plaints bewaile his misfortune: coueting no other companion but sorrow, nor no other harmonie, but repentance. But leauing him to his dolorous passions, at last let vs come to shew the tragicall discourse of the young Infant. Who being tossed with winde, and waues, floated two whole daies without succour, readie at euery puffe to be drowned in the Sea: till at last the tempest ceased, and the little Boate was driuen with the tide into the coast of Sycilia: where sticking vpon the Sands, it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton (willing to shew that as she hath wrincles on her browes: so she hath dimples in her cheeks) thought after so many sowre lookes, to lend a fained smile: and after a puffing storme, to bring a pretty calme: she beganne thus to dally. It fortuned a poore mercenary Shepheard, that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his liuing by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the couert that

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was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the Wolues or Eagles had vndone him (for he was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substance) wandered downe towards the sea cliffes, to see if perchance the sheepe was browzing on the Sea Iuie, whereon they doe greatly feede. But not finding her there, as he was readie to returne to his flocke, he heard a childe crie: but knowing there was no house neere, thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the Sea, he spied a little Boate: from whence (as he attentiuely listened) he might heare a crie to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the Boate, as he looked in, he sawe a little babe lying all alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, richly embrothered with gold, and hauing a Chaine about the necke. The Shepheard, who before had neuer seene so faire a babe, nor so rich Iewels, thought assuredly, that it was some little God, and beganne with great deuotion to knocke on his breast. The babe, who writhed with the head to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry afresh: whereby the poore man knew that it was a child, which by some sinister meanes was driuen thither by distresse of weather: maruailing how such a silly Infant, which by the Mantle, and the Chaine, could not but be borne of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore shepheard, perplexed thus with diuers thoughts, tooke pittie of the Child, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought vp, according to the worthinesse of birth: for his abilitie could not afforde to foster it, though his mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Childe in his armes, as he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the cold, there fel downe at his foote a verie faire and rich purse, wherein he found a great summe of gold: which sight so reuiued the shepheards spirits, as he was greatly rauished with ioy, and daunted with feare: ioyfull, to see such a summe in his power: fearefull, if it should be knowne, that it might breede his further danger. Necessitie wisht him at the least to retaine the gold, though he would not keepe the Childe: the simplicitie of his conscience feared him from such deceitfull

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briberie. Thus was the poore man perplexed with a doubtfull Dilemma, vntill at last the couetousnes of the coyne ouercame him: for what will not the greedy desire of Golde cause a man to doe? So that hee was resolued in himselfe to foster the Childe, and with the summe to relieue his want. Resting thus resolute in this poynt, he left seeking his sheepe, and as couertly and secretly as hee could, went a by-way to his house, least any of his Neighbours should perceiue his carriage." The shepherd, who is called Porrus, and his wife having no children of their own, rear the babe as their daughter, giving her the name of Fawnia. With the money which he had found in the purse, Porrus having bought the lease of a farm, and a flock of sheep, "grew in short time to be a man of some wealth and credite." When Fawnia " came to the age of sixteene yeares, shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her naturall disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage. But the people thinking she was the daughter to the Shepheard Porrus, rested onely amazed at her beautie and wit. Yea she won such fauour and commendations in euery mans eye, and her beautie was not onely praised in the countrey, but also spoken of in the Court. Yet such was her submisse modestie, that although her praise daily increased, her minde was no whit puffed vp with pride, but humbled her selfe as became a country maide, and the daughter of a poore shepheard. Euery day she went forth with her sheepe to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence, as all men thought she was very painfull, defending her face from the heate of the Sunne, with no other Vayle, but with a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers; Which attyre became her so gallantly, as shee seemed to be the Goddesse Flora her selfe for beautie." Dorastus, the only son of Egistus, and aged about twenty, of course becomes enamoured of the lovely shepherdess, who returns his passion. " Hauing thus plight their troth each to other, seeing they could not haue the full fruition of their loue in Sycilia, for that Egistus consent would neuer be granted to so meane a match, Dorastus determined assoone as time and opportunitie would giue him leaue, to prouide a great masse of money, and many rich and costly Iewels, for the easier carriage: and then to transport themselues and their Treasure into Italy, where

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they should leade a contented life, vntill such time as eyther he could be reconciled to his Father, or else by succession come to the kingdome." Soon after this, the neighbours of Porrus inform him of the meetings of the louers, fearing that the Prince meant to lure Fawnia to folly. The old shepherd, greatly distressed at the intelligence, and dreading the anger of the king, resolves to go to his majesty, give him an account of his having found Fawnia in the little boat, and shew him the chain and jewels that accompanied her: "by this meanes," says he to his wife "I hope the King will take Fawnia into his seruice, and wee whatsoeuer chaunceth, shall be blamelesse. This deuice pleased the Good-Wife very well, so that they determined as soone as they might knowe the King at leysure, to make him priuie to this case. In the meane time, Dorastus was not slacke in his affayres, but applyed his matters with such diligence, that he prouided all things fit for theyr iourney. Treasure and Iewels he had gotten great store, thinking there was no better friend then Money in a strange Countrey: Rich Attyre he had prouided for Fawnia: and because he could not bring the matter to passe without the help and aduisement of some one, hee made an olde Seruant of his called Capnio, who hadde serued him from his Child-hoode, priuie to his affayres; who, seeing no perswasions could preuaile to diuert him from his setled determination, gaue his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause, that within short space he had gotten a Shippe readie for theyr passage. The Mariners seeing a fit gale of winde for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delayes, least (if they pretermitted this good Weather) they might stay long ere they had such a faire Winde. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the iourney, in the night time conueyed the Trunckes full of Treasure into the Ship, and by secret meanes let Fawnia vnderstand, that the next morning they meant to depart. She vpon this newes slept very little that night, but got her vp very early, and went to her Sheepe, looking euery minute when she should see Dorastus; who tarryed not long, for feare Delay might breede danger: but came as fast as he could Gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke Fawnia vp behinde him, and rode to the Hauen where the Shippe lay, which was three quarters of a mile distant from that place. Hee no sooner came there, but the Mari-

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ners were readie with theyr Cock-boate to set them aboord: where being coucht together in a Cabbine, they past away the Time in recounting theyr olde Loues, till theyr man Capnio should come. Porrus, who had hearde that this Morning the King would goe abroade to take the Ayre, called in haste his Wife to bring him his Holie-day Hose, and his best Iacket, that hee might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his Tale. His Wife a good cleanly Wench, brought him all things fitte, and spunged him vp very handsomely, giuing him the Chaine and the Jewels in a little boxe: which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosome. Hauing thus his trinkets in readinesse, taking his staffe in his hand, he bad his Wife kisse him for good lucke, and so he went towards the Pallace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to shew him a little false play) preuented his purpose in this wise. He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could with a little Coffer vnder his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus, whom he knew to be Fawniaes Father going towards the Pallace: being a wily fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him the way, and asked him whither he was going so early in the morning. Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the Court) meaning simply, told him that the Kings sonne Dorastus dealt hardly with him: for he had but one Daughter who was a little beautifull, and that his neighbours told him, the young Prince had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complaine to the King how greatly he was abused. Capnio (who straight way smelt the whole matter) began to sooth him in his talke, and said, that Dorastus dealt not like a Prince to spoyle any poore mans daughter in that sort: he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth Capnio) you loose your labour in going to the Pallace: for the King meanes this day to take the ayre of the Sea, and to goe aboord of a ship that lies in the Hauen: I am going before you see, to prouide all things in a readinesse: and if you will follow my counsell, turne backe with me to the hauen, where I will set you in such a fit place as you may speake to the King at your Pleasure. Porrus giuing credit to Capnioes smooth tale, gaue him a thousand thanks for his friendly aduise, and went with him to the Hauen, making all the way his complaint on Dorastus; yet concealing

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secretly his Chaine and the Iewels. Assoone as they were come to the Sea side, the marriners seeing Capnio, came to land with their Cock-boate: who still dissembling the matter, demanded of Porrus if he would goe see the Ship? who vnwilling and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse, that he could not brooke the Sea, and therefore would not trouble him. Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes he could not get him aboord, commaunded the Marriners that by violence they should carry him into a ship, who like sturdie knaues hoysted the poore Shepheard on their backes, and bearing him to the Boate, lanched from the land. Porrus, seeing himselfe so cunningly betrayed, durst not crie out, for he saw it would not preuaile: but began to intreate Capnio and the Marriners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate, he was but a poore man that liued by his labour: they laughing to sea the Shepheard so afraid, made as much haste as they could to set him aboord. Porrus was no sooner in the ship, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia, yet he scarce knew her: for she had attyred her selfe in rich apparell, which so increased her beautie, that she resembled rather an Angell then a creature. Dorastus and Fawnia were halfe astonished to see the olde Shepheard, maruelling greatly what winde had brought him thither, till Capnio told them all the whole discourse: how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King, if by policie he had not preuented him: and therefore now sith he was aboord, for the auoiding of further danger, it were best to carry him into Italy. Dorastus praised greatly his mans deuice, and allowed of his counsaile: but Fawnia (who still feared Porrus as her Father) began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should eyther incurre danger or displeasure. The old Shepheard hearing this hard sentence: that he should on such a suddaine be carried from his wife, his Countrey and kinsfolke, into a forraine land amongst strangers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreat Dorastus, that pardoning his vnaduised folly, he would giue him leaue to go home: swearing that he would keepe all things as secret as he could wish. But these protestations could not preuaile, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly: but the Marriners hoisting their maine sailes weighed Anchors,

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(and) haled into the deepe." Egistus, greatly alarmed at the disappearance of the Prince, learns at last from a fisherman in what company he had set sail. "But his sonne Dorastus little regarded eyther Father, Countrey, or kingdome, in respect of his Ladie Fawnia: for Fortune smiling on this young nouice, sent him so luckie a gale of wind, for the space of a day and a night, that the Marriners lay and slept vpon the hatches: but on the next morning about the break of the day, the ayre began to ouercast, the windes to rise, the Seas to swell, yea presently there arose such a fearefull tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed vp with euery waue, the maine Maste with the violence of the Winde was throwne ouer-board, the Sailes were torne, the Tackling rent a sunder, the storme raging still so furiously, that poore Fawnia was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three daies, all which time, the Marriners euery minute looked for death, and the ayre was so darkened with clouds, that the Master could not tell by the compasse in what Coast they were. But vpon the fourth day about ten of the clocke, the winde began to cease, the Sea to waxe calme, and the skie to be cleare, and the Marriners discried the coast of Bohemia, shooting off their Ordinance for ioy that they had escaped such a fearefull tempest. Dorastus hearing that they were arriued at some harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bad her be of good cheere: when they told him that the Port belonged to the chiefe Citie of Bohemia where Pandosto kept his Court, Dorastus beganne to be sad: knowing that his Father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the king himselfe had sought secretly to betray Egistus: this considered, hee was halfe afraid to goe on land, but that Capnio counselled him to change his name and his Countrey, vntill such time as they could get some other Barke to transport them into Italy. Dorastus liking this deuice, made his case priuie to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to say, that he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or hee might wish: and vpon this, they landed in a Village a Mile distant from the Citie: Where, after they had rested a day, thinking to make Prouision for

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their Marriage, the Fame of Fawniaes beautie was spred throughout all the Citie: so that it came to the eare of Pandosto; who then being about the age of fiftie, had notwithstanding young and fresh Affections: So that he desired greatly to see Fawnia: and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as Spyes; and sent a douzen of his Guard to take them: Who being come to theyr Lodging, tolde them the Kings Message. Dorastus no whit dismayed, accompanyed with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the Court, (for they left Porrus to keepe the stuffe) who being admitted to the Kings presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his Maiestie." Pandosto is amazed at the loveliness of the latter; and declares, that until Dorastus, who tells a tale devised for the occasion, shall procure a certificate of the truth of what he relates, he and Fawnia must be detained in Bohemia. The young Prince answers the King with much boldness, and is committed to prison, while the rest of the shipmen are thrown into a dungeon; but Fawnia is treated with great courtesy. The King now endeavours to overcome the chastity of the beautiful stranger, but his various allurements are vain; and he swears at last that if she does not yield to his wishes, he will have recourse to violence. Meantime Egistus learns from some Bohemian merchants that his son is imprisoned by Pandosto, and sends ambassadors to that monarch with a request "that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murthered and put to death; and that his sonne Dorastus might be sent home in safety. Pandosto hauing attentiuely and with great maruell heard theyr Embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to Egistus, and to shewe him how greatly he esteemed his fauour: although Loue and Fancie forbad him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despite of Loue he determined to execute Egistus Will without mercie, and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of Pryson; who maruelling at his vnlooked for courtesie, found at his comming to the Kings presence, that which he least doubted of, his Fathers Embassadours: Who no sooner saw him, but with great reuerence they honoured him: And Pandosto embracing Dorastus, set him by him very louingly in a chayre of Estate. Dorastus ashamed that his follie was bewrayed, sate a long time as

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one in a muze, till Pandosto tolde him the summe of his Fathers Embassage; which hee had no sooner heard, but he was touched at the quicke for the cruel sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia: but neyther could his sorrow nor perswasions preuaile: For Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should be brought to his presence: Who were no sooner come, but Pandosto, hauing his former loue turned into disdainfull hate, beganne to rage against Fawnia in these tearmes. Thou disdainefull Vassal, thou currish Kite, assigned by the Destinies to base Fortune; and yet with an aspyring minde gazing after honor: How durst thou presume being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? By thy alluring lookes to Enchant the Sonne of a King, to leaue his owne Countrey to fulfill thy disordinate Lusts? O dispitefull minde! a proud heart in a Begger, is not vnlike a great fire in a smal Cottage: which warmeth not the house, but burneth it: assure thyselfe thou shalt die: And thou olde doating Foole, whose follie hath bene such, as to suffer thy Daughter to reach aboue thy Fortune: Looke for no other meede but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the King, and hast consented to the vnlawfull lust of thy Lorde and Maister, I know not how iustly I may plague thee: Death is too easie a punishment for thy Falshoode, and to liue (if not in extreame miserie) were not to show thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shalt haue thine Eyes put out, and continually till thou dyest, grinde in a Myll like a brute Beast. The feare of Death brought a most sorrowfull silence vppon Fawnia and Capnio: but Porrus, seeing no hope of life," confesses that Fawnia is not his daughter, tells how he found her in the little boat, and shews the chain and jewels that accompanied her. "Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell foorth his Tale, but that he required the time of the Yeare, the manner of the Boate, and other circumstances; Which when he found agreeing to his count: Suddenly he leapt from his seate, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his Teares, and crying, My Daughter Fawnia, Ah my sweete Fawnia, I am thy Father, Fawnia. This sudden passion of the King, draue them all into a Maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the King had breathed himselfe a while in this newe Ioy,

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hee rehearsed before the Embassadours the whole matter, and how hee had intreated his Wife Bellaria, for Iealousie, and this was the Childe whome he sent to flote in the Seas. Fawnia was not more Ioyfull that shee had found such a Father then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The Embassadours reioyced that their young Prince had made such a choyce: that those Kingdomes which through enmitie had long time beene disseuered, should now through perpetuall amitie be vnited and reconciled. The Citizens and Subiects of Bohemia (hearing that the King had found againe his Daughter which was supposed dead, ioyfull that there was an Heyre apparant to the Kingdome) made Bonefires and shewes thorough out all the Cittie: The Courtiers and Knights appoynted Iustes and Turneyes, to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the Kings hap. Eighteene dayes being past in these Princely sportes, Pandosto willing to recompence old Porrus, of a Shepheard made him a Knight: which done, prouiding a sufficient Nauie to receiue him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus and Fawnia, and the Sycilian Embassadours: he sailed towards Sycilia, where he was most princely entertayned by Egistus: who hearing this comicall euent, reioyced greatly at his Sonnes good happe, and without delay (to the perpetuall ioy of the two young Louers) celebrated the marriage. Which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto (calling to minde how first he betrayed his friend Egistus, how his Iealousie was the cause of Bellariaes death, that contrarie to the Law of Nature hee had lusted after his owne Daughter) mooued with these desperate thoughts, he fell in a melancholy fit, and to close vp the Comedie with a Tragicall stratageme, he slew himselfe: whose death beeing many dayes bewayled of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his deere friend Egistus: Dorastus taking leaue of his Father, went with his wife and the dead Corps into Bohemia: where, after it was sumptuously entoombed, Dorastus ended his dayes in contented quiet." It will be observed that the characters of Antigonus, Paulina, Autolycus, and the Young Shepherd, in the *Winter's Tale*, are the creations of Shakespeare.

Greene, during his chequered life, having sometimes "kept villainous company," turned to account his intimate acquaintance with the sharpers and rogues of the metropolis, by publishing several pamphlets, wherein he laid open all

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the mysteries of their arts.* Prefixed to the first of these pieces, *A Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, is an address "To the Young Gentlemen, Marchants, Apprentises, Farmers, and plain Countrymen," which begins thus: "Dio-"genes, Gentlemen, from a counterfait Coiner of money, "became a currant corrector of manners, as absolute in the "one, as dissolute in the other: time refineth mens affects, "and their humours grow different by the distinction of "age. Poor Ouid that amorously writ in his youth the art "of loue, complained in his exile amongst the Getes of his "wanton follies. And Socrates age was vertuous thogh his "prime was licentious. So, Gentlemen, my younger yeeres "had vncertain thoughtes, but now my ripe daies cals on "to repentant deedes, and I sorrow as much to see others "wilful, as I delighted once to be wanton. The odde "mad caps I haue beene mate too, not as a companion, but "as a spie to haue an insight into their knaueries, that "seeing their traines I might eschew their snares: those "mad fellowes I learned at last to loath, by their owne "gracelesse villenies, and what I saw in them to their con-"fusion, I can forwarne in others to my countreies commo-"dity. None could decipher Tyranisme better than Aris-"tippus, not that his nature was cruell, but that he was "nourtured with Dionisius: The simple swaine that cuts "the Lapidaries stones, can distinguish a Ruby from a "Diamond onely by his labour: though I haue not prac-"tised their deceits, yet conuersing by fortune, and talking "vppon purpose with such copes-mates, hath geuen mee "light into their conceiptes, and I can decipher their qua-"lities, though I vtterly mislike of their practises." It was not without many threats of vengeance from this blackguard crew, that our author persevered in describing their various villainies.

About the beginning of August, 1592, Greene having partaken too largely of pickled herrings and rhenish wine,

* "But I thanke God, that hee put it in my head, to lay open the most horrible coosenages of the common Conny-catchers, Cooseners, and Crosse-biters, which I haue indifferently handled in those my seuerall discourses already imprinted. And my trust is, that those discourses will doe great good, and bee very beneficiall to the Common-wealth of England."—*The Repentance of Robert Greene*, 1592. Sig. C 3.

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at an entertainment where Nash was a principal guest, was, in consequence, seized by an illness, which terminated in death.* The wretched man lay sick at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate, reduced to a state of squalid poverty. The compassionate kindness of his host and hostess furnished him, as far as their means allowed, with all the necessaries which his condition required: and in the latter, who, according to Harvey, had no ordinary

* My chief authority for the account of Greene's last illness and death is to be found in the *Fovr Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene*, &c. 1592, of Gabriel Harvey, whose enmity towards our author, and the cause of it, will be particularly noticed hereafter. Though this person has disgraced himself in the eyes of posterity by his malignant attack on the memory of Greene, the fact of his having been the friend of Spenser is alone sufficient to prove the respectability of his character; and when he tells us that his information concerning Greene's miserable end was derived from the hostess who kindly acted as nurse to the dying poet, I see no reason for questioning the truth of his statements. The small portion of Nash's *Strange Newes, Of the intercepting of certain Letters*, &c. 1592, which is occupied by remarks on Harvey's attack on Greene, is weak and unsatisfactory: it must be observed too that Nash had not seen Greene for a month before his death, and was anxious to disclaim any great intimacy having existed between them.

"My next businesse was to enquire after the famous author: who was reported to lye dangerously sicke in a shoemakers house neere Dow-gate: not of the plague, or the pockes, as a Gentleman saide, but of a surfett of pickle herringe and rennish wine." —G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters*, &c. 1592, p. 5.

"His keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whome he had his base sonne, Infortunatus Greene." —*Ibid.* p. 10.

"Truely I haue beene ashamed, to heare some ascertayned reportes of hys most woefull, and rascall estate: how the wretched fellow, or shall I say the Prince of beggars, laid all to gage for some few shillinges: and was attended by lice: and would pittifully beg a penny-pott of Malmesie: and could not gett any of his old acquaintance to comfort, or visite him in his extremity, but Mistris Appleby, and the mother of Infortunatus. Alas, euen his fellow-writer, a proper yong man, if aduised in time, that was a principall guest at that fatall banquet of pickle-herring, (I spare his name, and in some respectes wish him well) came neuer more at him: but either would not, or happily could not performe the duty of an affectionate, and faithfull frend. The

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regard and admiration for her lodger, he found an anxious and attentive nurse. He appears to have been "deserted at his utmost need" by his former gay associates: Nash, his companion at the "fatal banquet," kept aloof. Of his old acquaintances, however, two females visited the chamber of the dying poet: the one was the mother of his illegitimate son, (whom Harvey calls Infortunatus Greene,) a sister of the infamous Ball already mentioned at p. xxx.;

poore Cordwainers wife was his onely nurse: and the mother of Infortunatus hys sole companion: but when Mistresse Appleby came, as much to expostulate iniuries with her, as to visite him." —*Ibid.* p. 10.

"His hostisse Isam, with teares in her eies, and sighes from a deeper fountaine, (for she loued him derely) tould me of his lamentable begging of a penny-pott of Malmesy: and sir reuerence how lowsy he, and the mother of Infortunatus were (I would her Surgeon found her no worse then lowsy:) and how he was faine poore soule, to borrow her husbandes shirte, whiles his owne was a washing: and how his dublet, and hose, and sword were sold for three shillinges: and beside the charges of his winding sheete, which was foure shillinges; and the charges of hys buriall yesterday in the New-churchyard neere Bedlam, which was six shillinges, and foure pence; how deeply hee was indebted to her poore husbande: as appeered by hys owne bonde of tenne poundes: which the good woman kindly shewed me: and beseeched me to read the writting beneath: which was a letter to his abandoned wife, in the behalfe of his gentle host: not so short as persuasible in the beginning, and pittifull in the ending."—*Ibid.* p. 11.

"Greene surfeted not of Pickeld hearing but of an exceeding feare of his [Harvey's] Familiar Epistles."—Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592. Sig. D 4.

"For the lowsie circumstance of his pouerty before his death, and sending that miserable writte to his wife, it cannot be but thou lyest learned Gabriell.

I and one of my fellowes Will Monox (Hast thou neuer heard of him and his great dagger?) were in company with him a month before he died, at that fatal banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing, (if thou wilt needs haue it so) and then the inuentorie of his apparrell came to more than three shillings (though thou saiest the contrarie.) I know a Broker in a spruce leather ierkin with a great number of golde Rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his girdle, shall giue you thirty shillings for the doublet alone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your eare, hee had a very faire Cloake with sleeues, of a graue goose turd greene, it would serue you as fine as may bee: No more

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the other was a Mistress Appleby. In this humble dwelling, oppressed by disease and poverty and self-reproach, he languished for about a month's space. Shortly before his death, having given a bond to his host for ten pounds which he owed him, he wrote beneath it the following letter to his forsaken wife, whom he had not seen during the last six years:

"Doll, I charge thee by the loue of our youth, and by my soules rest, that thou wilte see this man paide: for if

words if you bee wise play the good husband and listen after it, you may buy it ten shillings better cheape than it cost him. By S. Siluer it is good to bee circumspect in casting for the worlde, theres a great many ropes go to ten shillings. If you want a greasy paire of silk stockings also to shew yourselfe in at the Court, they are there to be had too amongst his moueables."—*Ibid.* Sig. E 4.

"Neither was I Greenes companion any more than for a carowse or two."—*Ibid.* Sig. H.

"A thousande there bee that haue more reason to speake in his behalfe than I, who since I first knew him about town haue beene two yeares together and not seene him."—*Ibid.* Sig. L 4.

"The manner of the death and last end of Robert Greene, Maister of Artes.

After that he had pend the former discourse (then lying sore sicke of a surfet which hee had taken with drinking) hee continued most patient and penitent; yea, he did with teares forsake the world, renounced swearing, and desired forgiuenes of God and the worlde for all his offences: so that during all the time of his sicknesse (which was about a moneths space) hee was neuer heard to sweare, raue, or blaspheme the name of God as he was accustomed to do before that time, which greatly comforted his welwillers, to see how mightily the grace of God did worke in him.

He confessed himselfe that he was neuer heart sicke, but said that al his paine was in his belly. And although he continually scowred, yet still his belly sweld, and neuer left swelling vpward, vntill it sweld him at the hart and in his face.

During the whole time of his sicknes, he continually called vpon God, and recited these sentences following:

O Lord forgiue me my manifold offences.
O Lord haue mercie vpon me.
O Lord forgiue me my secret sinnes,
and in thy mercie (Lord) pardon them all.
Thy mercie (O Lord) is aboue thy works.

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hee and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streetes. Robert Greene."

He expired on the 3d of September. There have been too many of the Muses' sons whose vices have conducted them to shame and sorrow, but none, perhaps, who have sunk to deeper degradation and misery than the subject of this memoir.

From a passage in Harvey it appears that Greene's hostess

And with such like godly sentences hee passed the time, euen till he gaue vp the Ghost.

And this is to bee noted, that his sicknesse did not so greatly weaken him, but that he walked to his chaire and backe againe the night before he departed, and then (being feeble) laying him downe on his bed, about nine of the clocke at night, a friend of his tolde him, that his Wife had sent him commendations, and that shee was in good health: whereat hee greatly reioiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that hee might see her before he departed. Whereupon (feeling his time was but short) hee tooke pen and inke, and wrote her a Letter to this effect.

Sweet Wife, as euer there was any good will or friendship betweene thee and mee, see this bearer (my Host) satisfied of his debt, I owe him tenne pound, and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgiue my wronges done vnto thee, and Almighty God haue mercie on my soule. Farewell till we meet in heauen, for on earth thou shall neuer see me more. This 2. of September. 1592,

Written by thy dying Husband
Robert Greene."

The Repentance of Robert Greene, &c. 1592, Sig. D 2.

In my text I have given Greene's letter to his wife as it is found in Harvey's pamphlet. The following passage concerning her occurs in the tract last quoted: "But oh my deare Wife, whose company and sight I haue refrained these sixe yeares: I aske God and thee forgiueness for so greatly wronging thee, of whome I seldome or neuer thought vntill now: Pardon mee (I pray thee) wheresoeuer thou art, and God forgiue mee all my offences." —Sig. C 4.

"As Archesilaus Prytanæus," says Meres, "perished by wine at a drunken feast, as Hermippus testifieth in Diogenes: so Robert Greene died of a surfet taken at Pickeld Herrings and Rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nash, who was at the fatall banquet."—*Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, 1598, fol. 286.

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crowned his dead body with a garland of bays,* and that he had requested that this honour might be paid to his remains: a ceremony contrasting ludicrously and mournfully with the circumstances of his death!

* "When I begin to conflict with Ghostes, then looke for my Confutation of his fine Quippe, or quaint Dispute, whome his sweete hostisse for a tender farewell, crowned with a Garlande of Bayes: to shew, that a tenth Muse honoured him more being deade; then all the nine honoured him aliue. I know not, whether Skelton, Elderton, or some like flourishing Poet were so enterred: it was his owne request, and his Nurses deuotion: and happily some of his fauourites may imitate the example. One that wished him a better lodging, then in a poore Journeymans house, and a better graue then in that Churchyard in Bedlam, hath performed a little peece of a greater duety to a Laureat Poet.

Here lies the man, whome mistresse Isam crown'd with bayes;
Shee, shee, that ioyde to heare her Nightingales sweete layes.

Which another no sooner read, but he immediatly subscribed: as speaking to the ignorant passenger.

Heere Bedlam is: and heere a Poet garish,
Gaily bedecked, like forehorse of the parish."

G. Harvey's *Fovr Letters*, &c. p. 12.

"By this blessed cuppe of sacke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Christen soules in, (*sic*) thou art a puissant Epitapher.

Yea? thy Muses foot of the twelues; old long Meg of Westminster? Then I trowe thou wilt stride ouer Greenes graue and not stumble: If you doe, wee shall come to your taking vp.

Letter.

Here lies the man whom Mistris Isam cround with bays,
She, she that ioyd to heare her Nightingales sweete lays.

Comment.

Here Mistris Isam Gabriel floutes thy bays,
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy dispraise.

She, she will scratch, and like a scritching night owle come and make a dismal noise vnder thy chamber windowe for deriding her so dunstically. A bigge fat lusty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang thee abhominationly if euer shee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *Poet Garish and your forehorse of the parish* that shall redeeme you from her fingers, but shee will *make actuall proofe of you*, according as you desire of God in the vnder following lines."—Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592. Sig. F.

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He was buried in the New Churchyard near Bedlam on the 4th of September.*

Of his personal appearance we are enabled to form some idea. Chettle thus describes him: "With him was the fifth, a man of indifferent yeares, of face amible, of body well proportioned, his attire after the habite of a scholler-like Gentleman, onely his haire was somewhat long, whome I supposed to be Robert Greene, maister of Artes."—*Kind-harts Dreame*, n. d. [1592] Sig. B 3. Harvey notices "his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire."† —*Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets*, &c. 1592.—And Nash informs us, that "a iolly long red peake like the spire of a steeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a Iewell, it was so sharpe and pendant." —*Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. E 4.

Soon after Greene's decease, appeared his celebrated tract, *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance*, 1592; and that it is a genuine production admits of no doubt.‡ Large specimens of this interesting piece, as illustrative of our author's life, have been already given (see p. xxiv. et sq.): and I now extract the very striking and impressive Address to his brother play-wrights, with which it concludes:

* See the extract from Harvey (note p. lxxiv.) where mention is made of "hys buriall *yesterday*:" Harvey's letter is dated Sept. 5th.

† Harvey taunts Nash with wearing the same unseemly superfluity;

"Methinkes the raunging Eyes vnder that long haire, (which some would call *ruffianly haire*) should scarsely yet be bathed in the heauenly Teares of Christ, or washed in the diuine Teares of Penitence."—*A New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1593. Sig C 4.

There is an allusion in this sentence to a work by Nash entitled *Christ's Teares ouer Ierusalem*, 1593.

‡ Henry Chettle (a fertile dramatic writer, though very few of his plays have come down to us, or were perhaps ever printed) in the Address to the Gentlemen Readers, prefixed to his *Kind-Harts Dreame. Conteining fiue Apparitions, with their Inuectiues against abuses raigning. Deliuered by seuerall Ghosts vnto him to be publisht, after Piers Penilesse Post had refused the carriage.* n. d. [1592.] says;

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* "To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintaince, that spend their wits in making Playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to preuent his extremities.

"If wofull experience may mooue you (Gentlemen) to beware, or vnheard of wretchednes intreat you to take heed: I doubt not but you will look backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not, (for with thee will I first beginne) thou famous gracer † of Tragedians, that Green, who hath said with thee like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse: for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heauy vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me with a voyce of thunder, and I haue left, [felt] he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift be so blinded, that thou shouldest giue no glory to the Giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuilian policie that thou hast studied? O punish [qy. brutish] follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time, the generation of mankinde. For if *Sic volo, sic iubeo*, holde in those that are able to commaund: and if it be lawfull *Fas et Nefas*, to doo any thing that is beneficiall; onely Tyrants should possesse the Earth, and they striuing

"I had onely in the copy this share, it [the *Groatsworth of Wit*] was il written, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best, licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if it might not be read. To be briefe I writ it ouer, and as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter [— to his brother poets —] I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in, for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some uniustly haue affirmed."

Nash was very angry at the report of its being written by him: "Other Newes I am aduertised of, that a scald triuiall lying pamphlet, cald *Greens Groats-worth of wit*, is giuen out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but vtterly renounce me if the least word or sillable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way priuie to the writing or printing of it."—Epistle from the Author to the Printer, before *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, ed. 1595.

* I quote from the edition of 1617.

† Christopher Marlowe.

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to exceed in tiranny, should ech to other be a slaughter man: till the mightyest out-liuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age mans life should end. The Brother [qy. broacher] of this Dyabolicall Atheisme* is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aymed at: but as he beganne in craft, liued in feare, and ended in dispaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei iudicia!* This murderer of many Brethren, had his conscience seared like Cayne: this betrayer of him that gaue his life for him, inherited the portion of Judas: this Apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou my Friend, be his Disciple? Looke vnto mee, by him persuaded to that Libertie, and thou shalt finde it an Infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilfull striuing against knowne truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not (with mee) till this last point of extremitie: for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

"With thee I ioyne young Juuenall,† that byting Satyrist, that lastly with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweet Boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst doo it, no man better, no man so well: thou hast a libertie to reproue all, and name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended, none beeing blamed, no man is iniuried. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, tread on a worme, and it will turne: then blame not Schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter Lines, if they reprooue thy too much liberty of reproofe.

"And thou‡ no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen (as myselfe) to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men all three of you, if by my

* "Probably Francis Kett, A. M. of Wimondham in Norfolk, who was bred at Bennet College in Cambridge, and was chosen fellow 1573. In February 1589 he was burnt at Norwich for holding detestable opinions against Christ."—MS. note by Malone.

† Thomas Lodge.

‡ George Peele.

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misery yee bee not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all have bin beholding: is it not like that you, to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow * beautified with our Feathers, that with his *Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde,* supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a Blanke verse, as the best of you: and beeing an absolute Iohannes fac totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in a Countrey. Oh that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past

* By the "Crow beautified with our Feathers," and "the only *Shake-scene* in a Countrey," it is evident that Greene alludes to Shakespeare, whose earliest works, alterations of the dramas of his predecessors, were now attracting the attention of the public, and exciting the jealousy of the established play-wrights. It is well known that *The Second and Third Parts* of his *Henry VIth* are founded on two old pieces entitled *The First Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster,* &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke,* &c. and that in the *First Part of the Contention,* &c. and also in the *Third Part of Henry VIth* occurs the line

"O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,"

which Greene here parodies—"with his Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde." It has been therefore concluded that Greene or some of the friends whom he now addresses, must have had a share in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention,* &c., and *The true Tragedie,* &c. In *Greene's Funerals,* by R. B. 1594, are the following lines, which seem to have been suggested by the passage in the Address which we are now considering;

"Greene is the pleasing Obiect of an eie:
Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vppon him.
Greene is the ground of euerie Painters die
Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him.
Nay more *the men that so Eclipst his fame,*
Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same?"—
Sig. C.

It has been already shewn by a quotation from the preface to *Kind-harts Dreame* (see p. lxxix. note) that Chettle was the

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Excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred Inuentions. I knowe the best husband of you all will neuer prooue an Usurer, and the kindest of them all will neuer proove a kinde Nurse: yet whilst you may, seeke you better Maisters: for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

"In this I might insert two more, that both haue writte against these buckram Gentlemen: but let their owne worke serue to witnesse against theyr owne wickednesse, if they perseuer to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leaue them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will driue the best minded to despise them: for the rest, it skils not though they make a ieast at them.

"But now returne I again to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no newes: and let me heartilie intreate you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I haue done) in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house, a curse shall not depart: Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and making [maketh] men all equall vnto beasts: Flie

editor of the *Groats-Worth of Wit*, which, as Greene's handwriting was bad, he had copied out for the press, his only deviation from the original MS. being the omission of something in this Address. From the same preface it appears that "one or two" of the persons pointed at in the Address were offended by the allusions to them, and suspected that they were the forgeries of Greene's editor. There can be no doubt that in the following passage Chettle is speaking of Marlowe and Shakespeare. "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I neuer be: The other [Shakespeare] whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I hâd, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the Author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe haue seene his demeanour no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, diuers of worship haue reported, his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that approoues his Art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and at the perusing of Greenes Booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ: or had it beene true, yet to publish it, was intollerable: him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue."

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Lust, as the deathsman of the soule, and defile not the Temple of the holy Ghost. Abhorre those Epicures, whose loose life hath made Religion loathsome to your eares, and when they soothe you with tearms of mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whome they haue often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember Gentlemen your liues are like so many light tapers, that are with care deliuered to all of you to maintaine: these with wind puft wrath may be extinguished, which [with] drunkennesse puts [put] out, which [with] negligence let fall: for mans time of itselfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sinne. The fire of my light [life] is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not then (I beseech yee) left to such weake stayse: for they are as changeable in minde, as in many attires. Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forst to leaue where I would beginne: for a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forst to knit vp in some few lines of Words."

Such was Greene's impressive exhortation to his companions, of whom, Lodge excepted, a melancholy tale is to be told: Marlowe was stabbed in a fray, and Peele died in poverty, the victim (it is said) of his vices.

To the *Groats-Worth of Wit* is appended:

"A Letter written to his Wife, found with this Booke after his death.

"The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy vnreprooued vertues, adde greater sorrow to my miserable state then I can vtter, or thou conceiue. Neyther is it lessened by consideration of thy absence, (though shame would let mee hardly behold thy face) but exceedingly aggrauated, for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy owne selfe reconcile myselfe, that thou mightest witnesse my inward woe at this instant, that haue made thee a wofull wife for so long a time. But equal heauen hath denied that comfort, giuing at my last neede, like succour as I haue sought all my life: being in this extremitie as voyde of helpe, as thou hast beene of hope. Reason would, that after so long waste, I should not send thee a childe to bring thee greater charge: but consider hee is the fruit of thy wombe, in whose face regard not the Fathers so much, as thy owne perfections. He is yet Greene, and may grow strait, if he

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be carefully tended: otherwise apt enough (I feare me) to follow his Fathers Folly. That I haue offended thee highly, I know, that thou canst forgette my iniuries I hardly beleeue: yet persuade I my selfe, if thou saw my wretched estate, thou couldest not but lament it: nay, certainely I know thou wouldest. All my wrongs muster themselues about me, euery euill at once plagues me. For my contempt of God, I am contemned of men: for my swearing and forswearing, no man will beleeue me, for my gluttony I suffer hunger: for my drunkennes, thirst, for my adulterie, vlcerous sores. Thus God hath cast mee downe, that I might bee humbled: and punished me for example of others sinne: and although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy, by the merits of my Sauiour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soule.

Thy repentant husband
for his disloyaltie,
Robert Greene."

Greene had been but a short time in his grave, when the pen of Gabriel Harvey endeavoured to blacken his memory in a work, the fierce malignity of which has thrown an indelible stain upon the character of its author. Let us particularly enquire what excited the overboiling rage of this personage against our poet.

Gabriel Harvey, Doctor of Laws, though now only remembered in literary history as the friend of Spenser and the antagonist of Nash, was a writer of considerable celebrity during his day. He was a profound scholar, and no inelegant composer of verses: some of his productions evince great learning and research; and though it is impossible to admire his hobbling English hexameters (of which he pompously proclaimed himself the inventor,*) we cannot read his lines prefixed to the *Fairy Queen* without acknowledging their beauty. He had a tolerable share of vanity: he plumed himself on his intimacy with the great; and courting notoriety by the richness and peculiarity of his attire, he affected the

* "If I neuer deserue anye better remembraunce, let mee rather be Epitaphed, the Inuentour of the English Hexameter: whome learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his Virgill; and excellent Sir Phillip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia, and elsewhere: then be chronicled, The greene maister of the Blacke

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Venetian costume, after his return from Italy. Moving in the world's eye as the friend and associate of some of his most distinguished contemporaries, he was weak enough to be extremely anxious to conceal one vexatious fact; namely,

Arte: or the founder of vgly oathes: or the father of misbegotten Infortunatus: or the Scriuener of Crosbiters: or as one of his owne sectaries termed him the Patriarch of shifters."

G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters*, &c. 1592. p. 19.

"Imagin me to come into a goodly Kentishe Garden of your old Lords, or some other Noble man, and spying a florishing Bay Tree there, to demaunde extempore, as followeth: thinke vppon Petrarches

Arbor vittoriosa, triomfale,
Onor d'Imperadori, e di Poete:

and perhappes it will aduaunce the wynges of your Imaginations a degree higher: at the least if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceite, who gentle Mistresse Rosalinde once reported to haue all the Intelligences at commaundement, and an other time, Christend her Signior Pegaso.

Encomium Lauri.

What may I call this tree? A Laurell? O bonny Laurell:
Needes to thy bowes will I bow this knee, and vayle my bonnetto.
Who, but thou, the renowne of Prince, and Princely Poeta:
Th' one for Crowne, for Garland th' other thanketh Apollo.
Thrice happy Daphne: that turned was to the Bay Tree,
Whom such seruauntes serue, as challenge seruice of all men.
Who Chiefe Lorde, and King of Kings, but th' Emperour only?
And Poet of right stampe, ouerawith th' Emperour himselfe.
Who, but knows Aretyne, was he not halfe Prince to the Princes.
And many a one there liues, as nobly minded at all poyntes.
Now Farewell Bay Tree, very Queene, and Goddesse of all Trees,
Ritchest perle to the Crowne, and fayrest Flowre to the Garland.
Faine wod I craue, might I so presume, some farther acquaintance,
O that I might? but I may not: woe to my destinie therefore.
Trust me, not one more loyall seruaunt longes to thy Personage,
But what sayes Daphne? *Non omni dormio*, worse lucke:
Yet Farewell, Farewell, the Reward of those, that I honour:
Glory to Garden: Glory to Muses: Glory to Vertue,
Partim Ioui et Palladii,
Partim Apollini et Musis."

G. Harvey's *Three Proper and wittie familiar Letters*, &c. 1580. p. 34.

Nash thus alludes to, and parodies, the precious effusion last

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that his father, though a man of good family, had been a rope-maker at Saffron-Walden. He had two brothers, Richard a divine, and John a physician: with them he became a dabbler in astrology, and a prognosticator of earthquakes; but the course of events not agreeing with their predictions, they had to undergo much bitter ridicule. In evil hour did Richard Harvey in one of his publications, speak slightingly and insultingly of the fraternity of poets to which Greene belonged. Our author determined not to allow this impertinence to pass unpunished; and having reason to believe that Gabriel's "hand was in it," he resolved to take vengeance on the Harveys at one fell swoop.*

quoted; "tyll Greene awakte him out of his selfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe, but walke vnder the Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say:

What may I call this tree, an Ewe tree, O bonny Ewe tree,
Needes to thy boughs will bow this knee, and vaile my bonneto.

Or make verses of weathercocks on the top of steeples, as he did once of the weathercocke of Alhallows in Cambridge:

O thou weathercocke that stands on the top of the Church of Alhallows,
Come thy waies down if thou darst for thy crowne and take the wall on vs.

O Heathenish and Pagan Hexamiters, come thy waies down from thy Doctourship, and learne thy Primer of Poetry ouer again, for certainly thy pen is in state of a Reprobate with all men of iudgement and reckoning." *Strange Newes, &c.* 1592, Sig. D 2.

Peele too ridicules the *Encomium Lauri* in his *Old Wives Tale* by putting a line of it into the mouth of Huanebango: see my ed. of his *Works*, 1829, vol. i. p. 238.

* "Somewhat I am priuie to the cause of Greenes inueighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother Richard (a notable ruffian with his pen) hauing first tooke vpon him in his blundring Persiual to play the Iacke of both sides twixt Martin and vs, and snarled priuily at Pap-hatchet, Pasquill, and others, that opposde themselues against the open slaunder of that mightie platformer of Atheisme, presently after dribbed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I should say, which he christened *The Lambe of God*. . . . . Not mee alone did hee reuile and dare to the combat, but glickt at Pap-hatchet once more, and mistermed all our other Poets and writers about London, piperly make-plaies and make-bates. Hence Greene, beeing chiefe agent for the companie (for he writ more than foure other, how well I will not

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Accordingly in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier, or a Dispute between Cloth Breeches and Velvet Breeches*, published but a few weeks before his death, he inserted a stinging sarcasm of seven or eight lines against the whole generation of the rope-maker. This tract having been reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany* (vol. v.) does not now demand a particular description: the reader, however, who may turn to it, will look in vain for any thing which can be considered as at all pointed against the family of Harveys, except the following passage.* "The Rope maker replied, that honestly iourneying by the way he acquainted himselfe with the Collier, and for no other cause pretended. Honest with the Diuell, quoth the Collier, howe can he be honest, whose mother I gesse was a witch, for I haue heard them

say: but *Sat cito, si sat bene*) tooke occasion to canuaze him a little in his Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and because by some probable collections hee gest the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoake, and to fulfill the prouerbe *Tria sunt omnia* thrust in the third brother who made a perfect parriall of Pamphleters. About some seuen or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an inuectiue of so many leaues."—Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. C 2, 3.

"Mast. Lilly neuer procured Greene or mee to write against him [Gabriel Haruey], but it was his own first seeking and beginning in *The Lamb of God*, where he and his Brother (that loues dauncing so well) scummerd out betwixt them an Epistle to the Readers against all Poets and Writers, and M. Lilly and me by name he beruffianizd and berascald, compar'd to Martin, and termd vs piperly make-plaies and make-bates, yet bad vs holde our peace and not be so hardie as to answere him, for if we did, he would make a bloudie day in Poules Church-yard, and splinter our pens til they stradled again, as wide as a paire of Compasses."—Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, 1596, Sig. V 2.

* Well might the editor of the ed. of the *Harleian Miscellany*, 1810, exclaim in a note on this passage; "It seems not a little extraordinary that in this general sarcasm on professions and trades, the character of the *rope-maker*, which is one of those most leniently drawn, should have been conceived to point so spitefully and villainously at Gabriel Harvey's father," &c.—Vol. v. p. 410.

"How is he [Gabriel's father] abused? Instead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his liuing with." Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. D.

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say that witches say their praiers backwards, and so doth the Ropemaker yearne his liuing by going backward, and the knaues cheefe liuing is by making fatall instruments, as halters and ropes, which diuers desperate men hang themselues with." The truth is (—and I cannot but wonder that the fact should have escaped the notice of those biographers and critics who have written concerning Greene and Harvey—) that the lines which so mortally offended Gabriel were suppressed by our author: it should seem that the obnoxious page was cancelled; and perhaps not a single uncastrated copy of the *Quip* has descended to our times. I at first imagined that the attack on the three coxcombs had only been handed about in MS., but I have now no doubt that it formed part of the original edition of the tract: Christopher Bird expressly mentions "the *publication* of that vile Pamphlet;" see his letter in the note, where the different motives that Harvey and Nash have assigned to Greene for the suppression of the passage will also be found.* In the

* Christopher Bird writes thus from Walden, 29th August, 1592, to Emanuel Demetrius in London;

"In steed of other nouels, [i. e. news] I sende you my opinion, in a plaine, but true Sonnet, vpon the famous new worke, intituled, *A Quippe for an vpstart Courtier;* or forsooth, *A quaint Dispute betweene Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches:* as fantasticall and fond a Dialogue, as I haue seene: and for some particulars, one of the most licentious, and intollerable Inuectiues, that euer I read. Wherein the leawd fellow, and impudent rayler, in an odious and desperate moode, without any other cause, or reason; amongst sondry other persons notoriously deffamed, most spitefully and villainously abuseth an auncient neighbour of mine, one M. Haruey, a right honest man of good reckoninge; and one that aboue twenty yeres since bare the chiefest office in Walden with good credite: and hath mainetained foure sonnes in Cambridge and else where with great charges: all sufficiently able to aunsweare for themselues: and three (in spite of some few Greenes) vniuersally well reputed in both Vniuersities, and through the whole Realme. Whereof one returning sicke from Norwich to Linne, in Iuly last, was past sence of any such malicious iniury, before the publication of that vile Pamphlet."—*Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets*, 1592, p. 3.

In the same work, Gabriel Harvey says;

"In his extreamest want, he [Greene] offered ten, or rather then faile twenty shillinges to the printer (a huge som with him at that instant) to leave out the matter of the three brothers: with

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"three brothers' legend," their various foibles were no doubt most provokingly touched on. To it Nash alludes thus; "It was not for nothing, brother Richard, that *Greene told you* you kist your Parishioners wiues with holy kisses." *Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, Sig. C 4.; again, "Tubalcan alias Tuball, first founder of Farriers Hall, heere is a great complaint made, that *vtriusque Academiæ Robertus Greene* hath mockt thee, because *hee saide*, that as thou wert the first inuentor of Musicke, so Gabriell Howliglasse was the first inuentor of English Hexameter verses." Ibid. Sig. G 2.; and again; "One of the three *(whom the Quip entitles the Physition)*." Ibid. Sig. D. Greene having died soon after he had shot this shaft of ridicule at the Harveys, Gabriel, disappointed in his hopes of punishing by a legal process the calumniator of himself and family, meanly spit his venom on the poet's grave. In the *Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets*,* &c. 1592, he took his "great revenge." That the account which is there given of the last hours of Greene is authentic, I have already expressed my conviction: it was derived, Harvey tells us, from the woman who attended as nurse on the dying man; and I cannot believe that he whom Spenser thought worthy of his friendship, and honoured

confession of his great feare to be called Coram for those forged imputations."—p. 5.

To which Nash replies;

"*Haud facile credo*, I am sure the Printer beeing of that honestie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

"Marry this I must say, there was a learned Doctour of Phisicke (to whom Greene in his sickenesse sent for counsaile) that hauing read ouer the booke of Veluet breeches and Cloth breeches, and laughing merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild Green in any case either to mittigate it or leaue it out: Not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the same facultie of Phisicke hee profest, and willinglie hee would haue none of that excellent calling ill spoken off. This was the cause of the altring of it, the feare of his Phisitions displeasure, not any feare else."

Strange Newes, &c. ed. 1592, Sig. D 4.

* *Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused: But incidently of diuers excellent persons, and some matters of note. To all courteous mindes, that will vouchsafe the reading. London Imprinted by John Wolfe*, 1592. 4to.

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with a noble sonnet* would ever have stooped to falsehood. Let it not be supposed, however, that the virulence of Harvey does not fill me with disgust: every one possessed of the slightest sensibility must be shocked at his attempt to deface the monument of the dead.† Several passages from the *Fovre Letters* &c. have been cited in the course of this Essay, see p. lxxiii. (note), p. lxxiv. (note), p. lxxvii. (note), p. lxxxiv. (note), p. lxxxviii. (note); and an ampler specimen of them is now subjoined:

"Whiles I was thus, or to like effecte, resoluing with myselfe, and discoursing with some speciall frendes: not onely writing vnto you: I was suddainely certified, that the king of the paper stage (so the Gentleman tearmed Greene) had played his last part, and was gone to Tarleton: whereof I protest, I was nothing glad, as was expected, but vnfainedly sory: aswell because I could haue wished, he had taken his leaue with a more charitable farewell: as also because I was depriued of that remedy in Law, that I entended against him, in the behalfe of my Father, whose

* "To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend, M. Gabriell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

Haruey, the happy aboue happiest men
I read: that sitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes Stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition:
And as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great:
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat.
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty:
Lifting the Good vp to high Honours seat,
And the Euill damning euermore to dy.
For Life, and Death is in thy doomefull writing:
So thy renowme liues euer by endihting.

Dublin: this xviii of July: 1586.

Your deuoted frend, during life,
Edmund Spenser."

G. Harvey's *Fovre Letters*, &c. 1592, p. 75.

† "As Achilles tortured the deade bodie of Hector, and as Antonius, and his wife Fulvia tormented the liuelesse corps of Cicero: so Gabriell Harvey hath shewed the same inhumanitie to Greene that lies full low in his graue."

Meres's *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, 1598, fol. 286.

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honest reputation I was in many dueties to tender. Yet to some conceited witt, that could take delight to discouer knaueries, or were a fitte person to augment the history of Conny-catchers: O Lord, what a pregnant occasion were here presented, to display leaud vanity in his liuely collours, and to decipher the very misteries of that base Arte? Petty Cooseners are not woorth the naming: he they say, was the Monarch of Crosbiters, and the very Emperour of shifters. I was altogether vnacquainted with the man, and neuer once saluted him by name: but who in London hath not heard of his dissolute, and licentious liuing; his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire, vnseemely apparell, and more vnseemelye Company: his vaineglorious and Thrasonicall brauinge: his piperly Extemporizing, and Tarletonizing; his apishe counterfeiting of euery ridiculous, and absurd toy: his fine coosening of Iuglers, and finer iugling with cooseners: hys villainous cogging, and foisting; his monstrous swearinge, and horrible forswearing; his impious profaning of sacred Textes: his other scandalous, and blasphemous rauinge; his riotous, and outragious surfeitinge: his continuall shifting of lodginges: his plausible musteringe, and banquettinge of roysterly acquaintaunce at his first comminge; his beggarly departing in euery hostisses debt; his infamous resorting to the Banckeside, Shoreditch, Southwarke, and other filthy hauntes: his obscure lurkinge in basest corners: his pawning of his sword, cloake, and what not, when money came short; his impudent pamphletting, phantasticall interluding, and desperate libelling, when other coosening shiftes failed: his imployinge of Ball, (surnamed cuttinge Ball) till he was intercepted at Tiborne, to leauy a crew of his trustiest companions, to guarde him in daunger of Arrestes: his keping of the foresaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whome hee had his base sonne Infortunatus Greene: his forsaking of his owne wife, too honest for such a husband: particulars are infinite: his contemning of Superiours, deriding of other, and defying of all good order? Compare base fellowes, and noble men together: and what in a manner wanted he of the ruffianly and variable nature of Catiline, or Antony, but the honourable fortunes of Catiline and Antony? They that haue seene much more then I haue heard; (for so I am credibly informed) can relate straunge, and almost incredible Comedies

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of his monstrous disposition: wherewith I am not to infect the Aire, or defile this paper."—p. 9.

"How he departed, his ghostly mother Isam can truliest, and will fauourabliest report: how he liued, London remembreth. Oh, what a liuelie picture of Vanity? but oh what a deadlie Image of miserie? And oh what a terrible Caueat for such and such? I am not to extenuate or preiudice his wit, which could not any way be great, though som way not the least of our vulgar writers and manie-waies very vngracious: but who euer esteemed him either wise, or learned, or honest, or any way credible? how many Gentlemen, and other say of him? Let the paltry fellow go: Lord, what a lewde Companion was hee? What an egregious makeshift, Where should Conny-catchers haue gotten such a Secretarie: How shal cosenage do for a new Register: or Phantasticallitye for a new Autor. They wronge him much with their Epitaphes, and other solemne deuises, that entitle him not at the least, The second Toy of London; the Stale of Poules, the Ape of Euphues, the Vice of the Stage, the mocker of the simple world: the flowter of his friendes, the Foe of himselfe: and so foorth. What durst not hee vtter with his tongue: or diuulge with his Penne: or countenance with his face? Or whome cared hee for, but a carelesse crewe of his own associates? Peruse his famous bookes: and in steede of, *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci* (that forsooth was his professed Poesie) Loe a wilde head, ful of mad braine and a thousand crochets: a Scholler, a Discourser, a Courtier, a ruffian, a Gamester, a Louer, a Souldier, a Trauailer, Merchaunt, a Broker, an Artificer, a Botcher, a Petti-fogger, a Player, a Coosener, a Rayler, a beggar, an Omnigatherum, a Gay nothing: a Stoarehouse of bald and baggage stuffe, vnwoorth the aunswering, or reading: a Triuiall, and triobular Autor for knaues and fooles: an Image of Idlenes: an Epitome of fantasticalitie: a Mirrour of Vanitie: *Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.* Alasse, that anie shoulde say, as I haue heard diuers affirme: His witte was nothing, but a minte of knauerie: himselfe a deuiser of iugling feates: a forger of couetous practises: an Inuentour of monstrous oathes: a derider of all religions: a contemner of God, and man: a desperate Lucianist: an abhominable Aretinist: an Arch Atheist: and he arch-deserued to be well hanged seauen yeares agoe."—Ibid. p. 24.

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Gabriel supposes his dead brother John Harvey* to address Greene in the following very powerful

"SONNET.

"John Harueys Welcome to Robert Greene.

Come fellow Greene, come to thy gaping graue:
Bidd Vanity, and Foolery farewell:
Thou ouer-long hast plaid the madbrain'd knaue:
And ouer-lowd hast rung the bawdy bell.
Vermine to Vermine must repaire at last:
No fitter house for busy folke to dwell:
Thy Conny-catching Pageants are past:
Some other must those arrant Stories tell.
These hungry wormes thinke long for their repast:
Come on: I pardon thy offence to me:
It was thy liuing: be not so aghast:
A Foole, and [a] Phisition may agree.
And for my Brothers, neuer vex thyselfe:
They are not to disease a buried Elfe."—Ibid. p. 71.

To this torrent of abuse Nash replied somewhat weakly in the small portion of his *Strange Newes*,† &c. which is devoted to the subject of Greene. He seems to have felt that

* See the latter part of the quotation from Christopher Bird's letter, note *, p. lxxxviii.

† *Strange Newes, Of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Conuoy of Verses, as they were going Priuilie to victuall the Low Countries. Unda impellitur unda. By Tho. Nashe, Gentleman. Printed* 1592, 4to. I believe this piece was never reprinted, but was again put forth with a new title-page as *The Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, or Strange Newes, Of the intercepting certaine Letters*, &c. 1593.

Chettle imagines the dead poet to write the following letter to Nash.

"Robert Greene to Pierce Pennilesse.

"Pierce, if thy Carrier had beene as kinde to me as I expected, I could haue dispatched long since my letters to thee: but it is here as in the world, *Donum a dando deriuatur:* where there is nothing to giue, there is nothing to be got. But hauing now found meanes to send to thee, I will certifie thee a little of my disquiet after death, of which I thinke thou either hast not heard or wilt not conceiue.

"Hauing with humble penitence besought pardon for my infinite sinnes, and paid the due to death, euen in my graue was I

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little could be said in defence of the character of his companion, and is evidently anxious to shew that no particular intimacy had existed between them. The greater part of what relates to Greene in this pamphlet has been already given,—see p. xxxix. (note), p. xliv. p. lxxiv. (note), p.

scarse layde, when Enuie (no fit companion for Art) spit out her poyson, to disturbe my rest. *Aduersus mortuos bellum suscipere, inhumanum est.* There is no glory gained by breaking a deade mans skull. *Pascitur in viuis liuor, post fata quiescit.* Yet it appeares contrary in some, that inveighing against my workes, my pouertie, my life, my death, my burial, haue omitted nothing that may seeme malitious. For my Bookes, of what kind soeuer, I refer their commendation or dispraise to those that haue read them. Onely for my last labours affirming, my intent was to reproue vice, and lay open such villanies, as had beene very necessary to be made knowne, whereof my *Blacke Booke*, if euer it see light, can sufficiently witnesse.

But for my pouertie, mee thinkes wisedome would haue brideled that inuectiue; for *Cuiuis potest accidere, quod cuiquam potest.* The beginning of my dispraisers is knowne, of their end they are not sure. For my life, it was to none of them at any time hurtful: for my death, it was repentant: my buriall like a Christians.

Alas that men so hastily should run,
To write their owne dispraise as they haue done.

For my reuenge, it suffices, that euery halfe-eyd humanitian may account it, *Instar belluarum immanissimarum sæuire in cadauer.* For the iniurie offred thee, I know I need not bring oyle to thy fire. And albeit I would disswade thee from more inuectiues against such thy aduersaries (for peace is now all my plea) yet I know thou wilt returne answere, that since thou receiuedst the first wrong, thou wilt not endure the last.

My quiet Ghost (vnquietly disturbed) had once intended thus to have exclaimd.

Pierce, more witlesse, than pennilesse; more idle than thine aduersaries ill imployde; what foolish innocence hath made thee (infant like) resistlesse to beare whateuer iniurie Enuie can impose?

Once thou commendedst immediate conceit, and gauest no great praise to excellent works of twelue yeres labour: now, in the blooming of thy hopes, thou sufferest slaunder to nippe them ere they can bud: thereby approuing thy selfe to be of all other most slacke, beeing in thine owne cause so remisse.

Colour can there be none found to shadowe thy fainting, but the longer thou deferst, the more greefe thou bringst to thy frends, and giuest the greater head to thy enemies.

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lxxv. (note), p. lxxvii. (note), p. lxxviii. p. lxxxv. (note), p. lxxxvi. (note), p. lxxxvii. (note), p. lxxxix. (text and note): a few passages still remain to be quoted:

"Why should art answer for the infirmities of maners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

"Debt and deadly sinne who is not subiect to? With any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted."—Sig. E 4.

"What Greene was, let some other answere for him as much as I haue done, I had no tuition ouer him, he might haue writ another Galatæo of manners, for his manners euerie time I came in his companie, I saw no such base shifting or abhominable villanie by him. Something there was which I haue heard not seene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which [which it] had beene requisite he should."—Sig. L 4.

In one of his later works Nash observes;

"What truly might be spoken of Greene, I publisht, neither discommending him, nor too much flattering him (for I was nothing bound to him); whereas it maye be alleadgd against Gabriel, as it was against Paulus Iouius, *Quæ verissime scribere potuit noluit, et quæ voluit non potuit:* Those

What canst thou tell, if (as my selfe) thou shall bee with death preuented? and then how can it be but thou diest disgrac'd, seeing thou hast made no reply to their twofold Edition of Inuectiues?

It may bee thou thinkst they will deale well with thee in death, and so thy shame in tollerating them will be short: forge not to thyself one such conceit, but make me thy president, and remember this olde adage: *Leonem mortuum mordent Catuli.*

Awake (secure boy) reuenge thy wrongs, remember mine: thy aduersaries began the abuse, they continue it: if thou suffer it, let thy life be short in silence and obscuritie, and thy death hastie, hated, and miserable.

All this had I intended to write, but now I wil not giue way to wrath, but returne it vnto the earth from whence I tooke it: for with happie soules it hath no harbour.

Robert Greene."

Kind-Harts Dreame, n. d. [1592] Sig. E.

The "Blacke Booke" mentioned in this letter was afterwards published under the title of *The Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne*, &c.: see the list of Greene's prose pieces.

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things which hee might haue related truely hee would not, and those which he would he could not, for want of good intelligence. How he hath handled Greene and Marloe since their deaths, those that read his Bookes may iudge." —*Haue with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, Sig. V 3.

It is not the part of Greene's biographer to notice the other matters in dispute between Harvey and Nash, whose contest could be stopped only by an order from the Archbishop of Canterbury, that all their "bookes be taken wheresoever they may be found, and that none of the said bookes be ever printed hereafter." Nash must undoubtedly be regarded as the victor: he outdid his opponent in vehemency of invective; while he tortured him with a caustic irony and a coarse wit, which some writers may have equalled but which none have surpassed. I shall conclude this Essay with a few extracts from his best work, *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*,* &c. a piece of great rarity; and, I imagine, they will be perused with satisfaction by the reader, who may have felt indignant at Harvey's spiteful attack on the memory of Greene:

"*Mascula virorum*, Saint Mildred and Saint Agapite! more Letters yet from the Doctor? nay then we shall be sure to haue a whole Grauesend Barge full of Newes, and heare soundly of all matters on both eares. Out vppon it, heere's a packet of Epistling, as bigge as a Packe of Woollen cloth, or a stack of salt-fish. Carrier, didst thou bring it by wayne, or on horse-backe? By wayne sir, and it hath crackt me three axeltrees, wherefore I hope you will consider me the more. Heauie newes, heauie newes, take them againe, I will neuer open them. Ah quoth he (deepe sighing) to mee I wot they are the heauiest, whose Cart hath cryde creake vnder them fortie times euerie furlong: wherefore if you bee a good man, rather make mud walls with them, mend high wayes, or damme vp quagmires with them, than thus they shuld endammage mee to my eternall vn-

* *Haue with you to Saffron-walden. Or, Gabriell Harueys Hunt is vp. Containing a full Answere to the eldest sonne of the Halter-maker. Or, Nashe his Confutation of the sinfull Doctor. The Mott or Posie, instead of Omne tulit punctum: Pacis fiducia nunquam. As much to say, as I sayd I would speake with him. Printed at London by John Danter.* 1596. 4to.

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dooing. I hearing the fellow so forlorne and out of comfort with his luggage, gaue him his Charons Naulum or ferry three half pence, and so dismist him to go to the place from whence he came, and play at Lodum. But when I came to vnrip and vnbumbast this Gargantuan bag-pudding, and found nothing in it, but dogs-tripes, swines liuers, oxe galls, and sheepes gutts, I was in a bitterer chafe than anie Cooke at a long Sermon when his meate burnes. Doo the Philosophers (said I to myselfe) hold that letters are no burden, and the lightest and easiest houshold stuffe a man can remooue? Ile be sworne vpon Anthonie Gueuaras golden Epistles if they will, there's not so much toyle in remooving the siedge from a Towne, as in taking an inuentorie suruay of anie one of them. Letters doo you terme them? they may be Letters patents well enough for their tediousnes: for no lecture at Surgeons Hall vppon an Anatomie, may compare with them in longitude. Why they are longer than the Statutes of clothing or the Charter of London."—Sig. F. "O tis an vnconscionable vast gorbellied Volume, bigger bulkt than a Dutch Hoy, and farre more boystrous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches. . . . . But one Epistle thereof to John Wolfe the Printer, I tooke and weighed in an Ironmongers scales, and it counterpoyseth a Cade of Herring, and three Holland Cheeses. You may beleeue me if you will, I was faine to lift my chamber doore off the hindges, onely to let it in, it was so fulsome a fat Bonarobe and terrible Rounceuall. Once I thought to haue cald in a Cooper that went by and cald for worke, and bid him hoope it about like the tree at Grays-Inne gate, for feare it should burst it was so beastly; but then I remembred mee the boyes had whoopt it sufficiently about the streetes, and so I let it alone for that instant. Credibly it was once rumord about the Court, that the Guard meant to trie masteries with it before the Queene, and in stead of throwing the sledge or the hammer, to hurle it foorth at the armes ende for a wager. I, I, euerie one maye hammer vpon it as they please, but if they will hit the nayle on the head pat as they should, to nothing so aptly can they compare it as Africke, which being an vnbounded stretcht out Continent, equiualent in greatnes with most Quarters of the Earth, yet neuertheles is (for the most part) ouer-spred with barraine sands: so this his Babilo-

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nian toure or tome of confutation, swelling in dimension and magnitude aboue all the prodigious commentaries and familiar Epistles that euer he wrote, is notwithstanding more drie, barraine, and sandie in substance than them all. Peruse but the Ballet *In Sandon soyle as late befell*, and you will be more soundly edified by sixe parts."—Sig. F 2. Gabriel's mother, when she was with child of him, had certain strange dreams, "which wel she hoped were but idle swimming fancies of no consequence: till being aduisde by a cunning man, (her frend, that was verie farre in her books) one time shee slept in a sheepes skinne all night, to the intent to dreame true, another time vnder a lawrell tree, a third time on the bare ground starke naked, and last on a dead mans tomb or graue stone in the church in a hot Summers afternoone: when no barrel better herring, she sped euen as she did before. For first shee dreamed her wombe was turned to such another hollow vessell full of disquiet fiends, as Salomons brazen Bowle, wherein were shut so manie thousands of diuels; which (deepe hidden vnder ground) long after the Babilonians (digging for mettals) chaunced to light vpon, and mistaking it for treasure, brake it ope verie greedily, when as out of Pandoras Boxe of maladyes which Epimetheus opened, all manner of euills flew into the world; so all manner of deuills then broke loose amongst humane kinde. Therein her drowsie diuination not much deceiu'd her: for neuer were Empedocles deuils so tost from the aire into the sea, and from the sea to the earth, and from the earth to the aire againe exhaled by the Sunne, or driu'n vp by windes and tempests, as his discontented pouertie (more disquiet than the Irish seas) hath driu'n him from one profession to another."—Sig. K. "The second dreame his mother had, was that shee was deliuerd of a caliuer or hand-gun, which in the discharging burst. I pray God (with all my heart) that this caliuer or cauilier of Poetrie, this hand-gun or elder-gun that shoots nothing but pellets of chewd paper, in the discharging burst not. A third time in her sleep she apprehended and imagined, that out of her belly there grew a rare garden bed, ouer-run with garish weedes innumerable, which had onely one slip in it of herb of grace, not budding at the toppe neither, but like the flowre Narcissus, hauing flowres onely at the roote; whereby she augur'd and coniectur'd, how euer hee

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made some shew of grace in his youth, when he came to the top or heighth of his best proofe, he would bee found a barrain stalk without frute. At the same time (ouer and aboue) shee thought that in stead of a boye, (which she desired) she was deliuerd and brought to bed of one of these kistrell birds, called a wind-sucker."—Sig. K 2. "In the verie moment of his birth, there was a calfe borne in the same Towne with a dubble tongue, and hauing eares farre longer than anie asse, and his feete turned backward like certaine people of the Tartars, that neuertheles are reasonable swift. In the houre of his birth there was a most darksome Eclipse, as though hel and heauen about a consultation of an eternall league had met together."—Ibid. In a ludicrous "Letter of Harueys Tutor to his Father, as touching his manners and behauiour," we are told, "Secondly he is beyond all reason or Gods forbod distractedly enamourd of his own beautie, spending a whole forenoone euery day in spunging and licking himselfe by the glasse; and vseth euerie night after supper to walke on the market hill to shewe himselfe, holding his gown vp to his middle, that the wenches may see what a fine leg and a dainty foote he hath in pumpes and pantofles, and if they giue him neuer so little an amorous regard, he presently boords them with a set speech of the first gathering together of societies, and the distinction of *amor* and *amicitia* out of Tullies Offices; which if it work no effect, and they laugh at, he will rather take a raison of the sunne, and weare it at his eare for a fauor, than it should bee said hee would goe away emptie. Thirdly, he is verie seditious, and mutinous in conuersation, picking quarrells with euerie man that will not magnifie and applaud him, libelling most execrably and inhumanely on Iacke of the Falcon, for that he would not lend him a messe of mustard to his red herrings; yea for a lesser matter than that on the Colledge dog he libeld, onely because he proudly bare vp his taile as hee past by him. And fourthly and lastly he vseth often to be drunk with the sirrupe or broth of stewed prunes, and eateth more bread vnder pretence of swearing by it, than would serue a whold Band in the low Countries."—Sig. L. Now for a picture of Gabriel at a later period of his life. "That word complexion is dropt foorth in good time, for to describe to you his complexion and composition, entred I into this tale by the

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way, or tale I found in my way riding vp to London. It is of an adust swarth chollericke dye, like restie bacon, or a dride scate-fish; so leane and so meagre, that you wold thinke (like the Turks) he obseru'd 4. Lents in a yere, or take him for the Gentlemans man in the Courtier, who was so thin cheekd and gaunt and staru'd, that as he was blowing the fire with his mouth the smoke tooke him vp like a light strawe, and carried him to the top or funnell of the chimney, wher he had flowne out God knowes whether if there had not bin crosse barres ouerthwart that stayde him; his skin riddled and crumpled like a peice of burnt parchment; and more channels and creases he hath in his face, than there be Fairie circles on Salsburie Plaine, and wrinckles and frets of old age, than characters on Christs Sepulcher in Mount Caluarie, on which euerie one that comes, scrapes his name, and sets his marke, to shewe that hee hath been there: so that whosoeuer shall behold him,

Esse putet Boreæ triste furentis opus,

will sweare on a booke I haue brought him lowe, and shrowdly broken him: which more to confirme, look on his head, and you shall finde a gray haire for euery line I haue writ against him; and you shall haue all his beard white too, by that time hee hath read ouer this booke. For his stature, he is such another pretie Iacke a Lent as boyes throw at in the streete, and lookes in his blacke sute of velvet, like one of these ieatdroppes which diuers weare at their eares in stead of a iewell. A smudge peice of a handsome fellow it hath beene in his dayes, but now he is olde and past his best, and fit for nothing but to be a Noblemans porter, or a Knight of Windsor; cares haue so crazed him, and disgraces to the verie bones consumed him, amongst which hys missing of the Vniuersitie Oratorship, wherein Doctor Perne besteaded him, wrought not the lightliest with him; and if none of them were, his course of life is such, as would make anie man looke ill on it, for he wil endure more hardnes than a Camell, who in the burning sands will liue foure dayes without water, and feeds on nothing but thistles and wormewood, and such lyke, no more doth he feed on anie thing when he is at Saffronwalden, but trotters, sheepes porknells, and buttered rootes; and other-while in an Hexameter meditation, or when hee

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is inuenting a new part of Tully, or hatching such another Parodoxe, as that of Nicholaus Copernicus was, who held that the Sun remains immoueable in the center of the World, and that the Earth is moou'd about the Sunne, he would be so rapt, that hee would remaine three dayes and neither eate nor drinke, and within doores he will keepe seauen yeare together, and come not abroad so much as to Church. The like for seauen and thirtie weekes space together he did, while he lay at Wolfes coppying against mee, neuer stirring out of dores or being churched all that while, but like those in the West country, that after the Paulin hath cald them, or they haue seene a spirit, keep themselues darke 24. houres; so after I had plaid the spirit in hanting him in my 4. Letters confuted, he could by no means endure the light, nor durst venter himself abroad in the open aire for many months after, for feare he should be fresh blasted by all mens scorne and derision."—Sig. O 4.

Nash must have died about 1600, or 1601: in the *Return from Parnassus* (which, though not printed till 1606, was acted towards the end of Elizabeth's reign,) he is mentioned as deceased. Harvey is supposed to have lived till 1630.

Since the preceding pages were printed, I have met with a notice of Greene in a volume of *Analecta de Calamitate Litteratorum*, the second title of which is *Petri Alcyonii Medices Legatus, sive de Exilio Libri Duo: Accessere Io. Pierius Valerianus, et Cornelius Tollius de Infelicitate Litteratorum, ut et Josephus Barberius de Miseria Poetarum Græcorum*, cum *Præfatione Io. Burchardi Menckenii, et indice copioso. Lipsiæ, Apud Io. Fridericum Gleditsch.* 1707. duod. The preface is addressed "Ad virum illustrissimum atque excellentissimum, Dominum Joannem Robinson, Magnæ Brittaniæ Reginæ ad Regem Sueciæ Legatum hoc tempore Extraordinarium, et Plenipotentiarium," in which Menckenius, enumerating various literary men in England, who have come to unfortunate ends, has the following passage; "Thomam Fullerum et Richardum Bakerum, Historicos, et *Robertum Greene*, Poetam, paupertate prope enectos fuisse accepimus."

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LIST OF GREENE'S PROSE WORKS.

[In the following list, I give the full title of the earliest edition of each piece which I have happened to meet with, adding the dates of all the other editions known to exist.]

The Myrrour of Modestie, wherein appeareth as in a perfect Glasse howe the Lorde deliuereth the innocent from all imminent perils, and plagueth the bloudthirstie hypocrites with deserued punishments. Shewing that the graie heades of dooting adulterers shall not go with peace into the graue, neither shall the righteous be forsaken in the daie of trouble. By R. G. Maister of Artes. Imprinted at London by Roger Warde, dwelling at the signe of the Talbot neere vnto Holburne Conduit. 1584. 12mo.

Morando the Tritameron of Loue. Wherein certaine pleasaunt conceites, vttered by diuers woorthy personages, are perfectly dyscoursed, and three doubtfull questyons of Loue, most pitheley and pleasauntly discussed: Shewing to the wyse howe to vse Loue, and to the fonde, howe to eschew Lust: and yeelding to all both pleasure and profitt. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. At London Printed for Edwarde White, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, at the little North doore of S. Paules Church, at the signe of the Gunne. 1584. 4to.

Reprinted; a Second Part being added to it, 1587.

Gwydonius. The Carde of Fancie. Wherein the Folly of those Carpet Knights is decyphered, which guyding their course by the compasse of Cupid, either dash their ship against most daungerous Rocks, or els attaine the hauen with paine and perill. Wherein also is described in the person of Gwydonius a cruell Combat betweene Nature and necessitie. By Robert Greene, Master of Arte, in Cambridge. At London Imprinted for William Ponsonby. 1584. 4to.

Appended to it is *The Debate betweene Follie and Loue, translated out of French by Robert Greene, Master of Artes.*

Reprinted 1587, 1593, 1608.

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Planetomachia: Or the first parte of the generall opposition of the seuen Planets; wherein is Astronomically described their essence, nature, and influence: Diuersly discouering in their pleasaunt and Tragicall histories the inward affections of the mindes, and painting them out in such perfect Colours, as youth may perceiue what fond fancies their florishing yeares doe foster: and age clerely see what doting desires their withered heares doe affoorde. Conteyning also a briefe Apologie of the sacred and misticall Science of Astronomie: By Robert Greene, Master of Arts and student in Phisicke. 1585. *Imprinted at London, for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the great North doore of S. Paules, at the signe of the Byble.* 1585. 4to.

Translation of a funeral sermon by Pope Gregory XIII. 1585.

This piece I have never seen.

Menaphon. Camillas alarum to slumbering Euphues, in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra. Wherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuate Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune. A worke worthie the youngest eares for pleasure, or the grauest censures for principles. Robertus Greene in Artibus magister. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by T. O. for Sampson Clarke, and are to be sold behinde the Royall Exchange. 1589. 4to.

First printed 1587: reprinted 1599, 1605, 1610, 1616, 1634, and in *Archaica*, vol. i.

Euphues his censure to Philautus, Wherein is presented a philosophicall combat betweene Hector and Achylles, discouering in foure discourses, interlaced with diuerse delightfull Tragedies, the vertues necessary to be incident in euery gentleman: had in question at the siege of Troy betwixt sondry Grecian and Troian Lords: especially debated to discouer the perfection of a Souldier. Containing mirth to purge melancholy, holsome precepts to profit maners, neither vnsauerie to youth for delight, nor offensiue to age for scurilitie. Ea habentur optima quæ et Iucunda, honesta, et utilia. Robertus Greene, In artibus magister. London. Printed by Ihon Wolfe for Edward White, and are to bee sold at his shop, at the litle North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1587. 4to.

Reprinted 1634.

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Perimedes the Blacke-Smith, A golden methode, how to vse the minde in pleasant and profitable exercise: Wherein is contained speciall principles fit for the highest to imitate, and the meanest to put in practise, how best to spend the wearie winters nights, or the longest summers Euenings, in honest and delightfull recreation: Wherein we may learne to auoide idlenesse and wanton scurrilitie, which diuers appoint as the end of their pastimes. Heerein are interlaced three merrie and necessarie discourses fit for our time: with certaine pleasant Histories and tragicall tales, which may breed delight to all, and offence to none. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. London Printed by John Wolfe, for Edward White. 1588. 4to.

Pandosto. The Triumph of Time Wherein is Discouered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spight of fortune it is most manifestly reuealed. Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene Maister of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere vnto the North doore of Paules. 1588. 4to.

The running title is *the Hystorie of Dorastus and Fawnia*, which was afterwards transferred to the title-page. Reprinted 1607, 1614, 1629, 1636, 1655, 1664, 1675, 1694, 1703, 1723, 1735.

The Spanish Masquerado. Wherein vnder a pleasant deuise, is discouered effectuallie, in certaine breefe sentences and Mottos, the pride and insolencie of the Spanish estate: with the disgrace conceiued by their losse, and the dismaied confusion of their troubled thoughtes. Whereunto by the Author, for the better vnderstanding of his deuice, is added a breefe glosse. By Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister. Twelve Articles of the state of Spaine.

The Cardinals sollicite all.
The King graunts all.
The Nobles confirme all.
The Pope determines all.
The Clergie disposeth all.
The Duke of Medina hopes for all.
Alonso receiues all.
The Indians minister all.

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The Souldiours eat all.
The people paie all.
The Monkes and Friers consume all.
And the deuill at length wil cary away all.
Printed at London by Roger Ward, for Thomas Cadman. 1589. 4to.

The Royall Exchange. Contayning sundry Aphorisms of Philosophie, and golden Principles of morrall and naturall Quadruplicities. Under pleasant and effectuall Sentences, discouering such strange definitions, divissions, and distinctions of Vertue and Vice, as may please the grauest Citizens or youngest Courtiers. First written in Italian, and dedicated to the Signorie of Venice, now translated into English, and offered to the Citie of London. Robert Greene in Artibus Magister. 1590. 4to.

Of this piece, which I have never seen, I give the title from Beloe's *Anecdotes of Lit.* vol. ii. p. 171.

Greenes Neuer too late. Or, a Powder of Experience: Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen; to roote out the infectious follies, that ouer-reaching conceits foster in the spring time of their youth. Decyphering in a true English historie, those particular vanities, that with their frostie vapours nip the blossoms of euery ripe braine, from atteining to his intended perfection. As pleasant, as profitable, being a right pumice stone, apt to race out idlenesse with delight, and follie with admonition. Rob. Greene in artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by Thomas Orwin for N. L. and John Busbie. 1590.

Francescos Fortunes: Or the second part of Greenes Neuer too late. Wherein is discoursed the fall of Loue, the bitter fruites of Follies pleasure, and the repentant sorrowes of a reformed man. Sero, sed serio. Robertus Greene in Artibus Magister. Imprinted at London for N. L. and John Busbie. 1590. 4to.

Reprinted 1600, 1607, 1616, 1631, and n. d.

Greenes Mourning Garment: Given him by Repentance at the Funerals of Love; Which he presents for a favour to all young Gentlemen, that wish to weane themselues from wanton desires. Both Pleasant and Profitable. By R. Greene. Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. London, Printed by George Purslowe, dwelling at the East end of Christs Church. 1616. 4to.

First printed 1590.

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Greenes farewell to Folly. Sent to Covrtiers and Schollers, as a president to warne them from the vaine delights, that drawes youth on to repentance. Sero sed serio. Robert Greene, Vtriusque Academiæ in Artibus magister. Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for T. Gubbin and T. Newman. 1591. 4to.

Reprinted 1617.

A Notable Discouery of Coosnage. Now daily practised by sundry lewd persons, called Connie-catchers, and Crosse-biters. Plainely laying open those pernitious sleights that hath brought many ignorant men to confusion. Written for the general benefit of all Gentlemen, Citizens, Aprentises, Countrey Farmers and yeomen, that may hap to fall into the company of such coosening companions. With a delightfull discourse of the coosnage of Colliers. Nascimur pro patria. By R. Greene, Maister of Arts. London Printed by John Wolfe for T. N. and are to be sold ouer against the great South doore of Paules. 1591. 4to.

Reprinted 1592.

The Second and last part of Conny-catching. With new additions containing many merry tales of all lawes worth the reading, because they are worthy to be remembred. Discoursing strange cunning in Coosnage, which if you reade without laughing, Ile giue you my cap for a Noble. Mallem non esse quam non prodesse patriæ. R. G. London. Printed by John Wolfe for William Wright. 1592. 4to.

First printed 1591.

The Thirde and last Part of Connycatching. With the new deuised knauish Art of Foole-taking. The like Cosenages and Villenies neuer before discouered. By R. G. Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for Cutberd Burbie, and are to be solde at his shoppe in the Poultrie, by S. Mildreds Church. 1592. 4to.

A Disputation Betweene a Hee Conny-catcher, and a Shee Conny-catcher, whether a Theafe or a Whoore is most hurtfull in Cousonage, to the Common-wealth. Discouering the Secret Villanies of alluring Strumpets. With the Conuersion of an English Courtizen, reformed this present yeare, 1592. *Read, laugh, and learne. Nascimur pro patria. R. G. Imprinted at London, by A. I. for T. G. and are to be solde at the West ende of Paules.* 1592. 4to.

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Greenes Groatsworth of Witte: Bovght with a million of Repentance: Describing the Folly of Youth, the falshood of Make-shift Flatterers, the miserie of the Negligent, and mischiefes of deceyuing Curtezans. Published at his dying request, and, Newly corrected, and of many errors purged. Felicem fuisse infaustum. London, Printed by Barnard Alsop, for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his shop without Bishopsgate. 1617. 4to.

First printed 1592: reprinted 1600, 1616, 1621, 1629, 1637, n. d., and at the Lee Priory Press 1813.

Ciceronis Amor. Tullies Loue. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Ciceroes youth, setting out in liuely portratures, how young Gentlemen that aime at honour, should leuell the end of their affections, holding the loue of countrie and friends in more esteeme then those faiding blossomes of beauty, that onely feede the curious surucy of the eye. A worke full of Pleasure as following Ciceroes vaine, who was as conceipted in his youth, as graue in his age, profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an Orator. Robert Greene in Artibus magister. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. At London. Printed by Robert Robinson, for Iohn Busbie. 1597. 4to.

First printed 1592: reprinted 1611, 1615, 1616, 1628, 1639.

A Qvip For An Vpstart Courtier: Or, A quaint dispute between Veluet breeches and Cloth-breeches. Wherein is plainely set downe the disorders in all Estates and Trades. London. Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, and are to bee sold at his shop at Poules chayne. 1592. 4to.

Reprinted 1615, 1620, 1625, 1635, and in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v.

Philomela, The Lady Fitzwaters Nightingale. By Robert Greene, Vtriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. London, Imprinted by George Purslowe. 1615. 4to.

First printed 1592: reprinted 1631, n. d. and in *Archaica*, vol. i.

The Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne one of the most notable Cutpurses, Crosbiters, and Connycatchers, that euer liued in England. Heerein hee telleth verie pleasantly in his owne person such strange prancks and monstrous villanies by him and his Consortes performed, as the like was yet neuer heard of in any of the former bookes of Conny-catching. Read and be warnd, Laugh as you like, Iudge as you find. Nascimur pro Patria.

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by R. G. Printed at London by Iohn Danter, for Thomas Nelson dwelling in Siluer streete, neere to the signe of the Red Crosse. 1592. 4to.

The Repentance of Robert Greene Maister of Artes. Wherein by himselfe is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death. At London, Printed for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at the middle shop in the Poultry, under Saint Mildreds Church. 1592. 4to.

Mamillia. A Mirrour or looking glasse for the Ladies of Englande. Wherein is disciphered, howe Gentlemen vnder the perfect substaunce of pure loue, are oft inueigled with the shadowe of lewde lust: and their firme faith, brought a sleepe by fading fancie: vntil wit ioyned with wisedome, doth awake it by the helpe of reason. By Robert Greene Graduate in Cambridge Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke. 1583. 4to.

Mamillia. The second part of the triumph of Pallas: wherein with perpetual fame the constancie of Gentlewomen is canonised, and the vniust blasphemies of womens supposed ficklenesse (breathed out by diuerse iniurious persons) by manifest examples clearely infringed. By Robert Greene Maister of Arts in Cambridge. London Printed by Th. C. for William Ponsonbie. 1593. 4to.

News both from Heaven and Hell. 1593.

This piece I have never seen.

Greenes Orpharion. Wherein is discouered a musicall concorde of pleasant Histories, many sweet moodes graced with such harmonius discords, as agreeing in a delightfull closse, they sound both pleasure and profit to the eare. Heerein also as in a Diateheron, the branches of Vertue, ascending and descending by degrees: are covnited in the glorious praise of women-kind. With diuers Tragicall and Comicall Histories presented by Orpheus and Arion, beeing as full of profit as of pleasure. Omne tulit punctvm, qui miscuit vtile dulci. Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister. At London, Printed for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of S. Paules Church: at the signe of the Gun. 1599. 4to.

Penelopes Web. Where, in a Christall Mirror of feminine perfection represents to the view of euery one those vertues and

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graces, which more curiously beautifies the mind of women, then eyther sumptuous Apparell, or Iewels of inestimable value: the one buying fame with honour, the other breeding a kinde of delight, but with repentance. In three seuerall discourses also are three speciall vertues, necessary to be incident in euery vertuous woman, pithely discussed: namely Obedience, Chastity, and Sylence: Interlaced with three seuerall and Comicall Histories. By Robert Greene Master of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. London, Printed for Iohn Hodgets, and are to be solde ut his shop at the Flowerdeluce in Fleetestreete, neere to Fetter Lane end. 1601. 4to.

Theeues Falling out, True-men come by their Goods: or, the Belman wanted a Clapper. A Peale of new Villanies rung out: The sound being Musicall to all Gentlemen, Lawyers, Farmers, and all sorts of people that come vp to the Tearme: Shewing that the Villanies of lewd Women, excell those of men. By Robert Greene. Goe not by mee, but Buy mee; and get by mee. Imprinted at London for Henry Bell, and are to be sold at his shop without Bishopsgate. 1617. 4to.

First printed 1615: reprinted in 1637, and in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. viii.

The Historie of Arbasto King of Denmarke. Describing the Anatomy of Fortune, in his loue to faire Doralicia. Wherein Gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge melancholy, and perfect counsell to preuent mis-fortune. By Robert Greene Master of Art. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci. Whereunto is added a louely Poem of Pyramus and Thisbe. London, Printed for Fra: Williams, and are to bee solda 'the signe of the Globe ouer against the Exchange in Cornehill. 1626. 4to.

First printed 1617.

The "louely Poem of *Pyramus and Thisbe*" is not the production of Greene, but of Dunstan Gale: I have seen more than one copy of *Arbasto* to which it was not appended, though the title-page announced that it was.

Alcida Greenes Metamorphosis, Wherein is discouered a pleasant transformation of bodies into sundrie shapes, shewing that as vertues beautifie the mind, so vanities giue greater staines than the perfection of any quality can rase out: the Discourse confirmed with diuerse merry and delightfull Histories; full of

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graue Principles to content Age, and sauced with pleasant parlees, and witty answeres, to satisfie youth: profitable for both, and not offensiue to any. By R. G. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. London, Printed by George Purslowe. 1617. 4to.

A Paire of Turtle Doves: or, the Tragicall History of Bellora and Fidelio. Seconded with the Tragicall end of Agamio, wherein (besides other matters pleasing to the Reader) by way of dispute betweene a Knight and a Lady, is described this neuer before debated question, To wit: Whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greatest temptations and allurements vnto vnbridled lust, and consequently whether man or woman in that vnlawfull act, be the greater offender. A historie pleasant, delightfull and witty, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies. Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules-church-yard, at the signe of the Flower-de-Luce and Crowne. 1606. 4to.

This piece (of which, I believe, Sir Francis Freeling's is the only copy known) has been attributed to Greene merely on account of the strong resemblance it bears to his writings: as it has been inserted in former lists of his works, I have allowed it to conclude the present catalogue.

The following tracts have been ascribed to Greene:

Greenes Vision: written at the instant of his Death. Conteyning a penitent passion for the folly of his pen. Sero sed serio. Imprinted at London for Thomas Newman. n. d. 4to.

This piece I have never seen.

The Groundworke of Conny-catching; the manner of their Pedlers-French, and the meanes to vnderstand the same, with the cunning slights of the Counterfeit Cranke. Therein are handled the practises of the Visiter, the fetches of the Shifter and Ruffler, the deceits of their Doxes, the deuises of Priggers, the names of the base loytering Losels, and the meanes of euery Blacke-Art man's shifts, with the reproofe of all their diuelish practises. Done by a Justice of Peace of great authoritie, who hath had the examining of diuers of them. Printed at London by John Danter for William Barly, and are to be sold

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at his shop at the vpper end of Gratious streete ouer against Leaden-hall. 1592. 4to.

Little more than a reprint of Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors.*

Greenes Funeralls. By R. B. Gent. Printed at London by Iohn Danter, and are to be sold at his House in Hosier-lane nere Holbourne-Conduit. 1594. 4to.

R. B. has been supposed to mean Richard Barnfield; but I cannot believe that so poor a composition as the present could have proceeded from the pen of that pleasing poet.

Greene in conceipt. New raised from his graue to write the Tragique Historie of faire Valeria of London. Wherein is Truly Discouered the rare and lamentable issue of a Husbands dotage, a wiues leudnesse and childrens disobedience. Receiuied and reported by I. D. [Iohn Dickenson] Veritas non quærit angulos, umbra gaudet. Printed at London by Richard Bradocke for William Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Gunne neare Holborne conduit. 1598. 4to.

Greenes Ghost Havnting Conie-catchers. Wherein is set downe,

The Arte of Humouring.
The Arte of carrying Stones.
Will. St. Lift.
Ia. Fost. Law.
Ned. Bro. Catch. and
Blacke Robins Kindnesse.

With the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a notable Makeshift. Ten times more pleasant then any thing yet published of this matter. Non ad imitandum, sed ad euitandum. London, Printed for R. Iackson, and I. North, and are to be sold in Fleetstreete a little aboue the Conduit. 1602. 4to.

Reprinted 1606, 1626.

The Epistle to this piece is signed with the initials of the author.—S. R. Qy. Samuel Rowlands.

Mihil Mumchance, His Discouerie of the Art of Cheating in false Dyce play, and other vnlawfull games: With a Discourse of the Figging Craft: And also of diuers new deuises of Cosenages practised commonly at Fayers and Markets: With

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many deceitfull practises vsed by bad and lewd Women. Neuer before Published.

The names of false Dyce.

1. *A bale of bard sincke Dewces.*
2. *A bale of flat sincke Dewces.*
3. *A bale of flat sice Aces.*
4. *A bale of bard sice Aces.*
5. *A bale of bard Cater Treas.*
6. *A bale of flat Cater Treas.*
7. *A bale of Fullans of the best making.*
8. *A bale of light Grauiers.*
9. *A bale of Langrets contrary to the vantage.*
10. *A bale of Gordes with as many high men as low men for Passage.*
11. *A bale of Demies.*
12. *A bale of long Dyce for euen and odde.*
13. *A bale of Bristels.*
14. *A bale of direct contraries.*

Printed at London by John Danter: and are to bee sold by William Iones dwelling at the signe of the Gunne, neere Holburne Conduit. n d. 4to.

A Poets Vision and a Princes Glorie. 1603. 4to.
Written by Greene, the actor.

The Art of Jugling or Legerdemain, by S. R. 161*2*. 4to.

Questions concerning Conie hood and the nature of the Conie. n. d. 4to.

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelue Pieres of France. As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie. London, Printed by John Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop nere the Royall Exchange. 1594. 4to.

The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the Twelve Peeres of France. As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neare the Royall Exchange. 1599. 4to.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARSILIUS, *Emperor of Africa,*
SOLDAN *of Egypt,*
RODOMONT, *Prince of Cuba,*
MANDRICARD, *Prince of Mexico,*
BRANDIMART, *King of the Isles,*
SACRIPANT,
ORLANDO,
OGIER,
NAMUS,
TURPIN,
OLIVER,
} *Peers of France.**
DUKE *of Acquitaine,*
ROSSILION,
MEDOR,
ORGALIO, *Page of* ORLANDO,
CLOWN,
TOM,
RALPH,
SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

ANGELICA, *Daughter to* MARSILIUS,
MELISSA, *an Enchantress.*

* There are other Peers in the play whose names are not given.

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THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Enter MARSILIUS, *the Emperor of Africa, and* ANGELICA, *his Daughter, the* SOLDAN, [RODOMONT], *the King of Cuba,* MANDRICARD, BRANDIMART, ORLANDO, COUNTY SACRIPANT, *with others.*

MARS. Victorious princes, summon'd to appear
Within the continent of Africa;
From seven-fold Nilus to Taprobany,
Where fair Apollo darting forth his light
Plays on the seas;
From Gades' islands, where stout Hercules
Emblaz'd his trophies on two posts of brass,
To Tanais, whose swift declining floods
Environ* rich Europa to the north;
All fetcht
From out your courts by beauty to this coast,
To seek and sue for fair Angelica:
Sith none but one must have this happy prize,
At which you all have levell'd long your thoughts,
Set each man forth his passions how he can,
And let her censure† make the happiest man.

SOLD. The fairest flower that glories Africa,
Whose beauty Phœbus dares not dash with showers,
Over whose climate never hung a cloud,
But smiling Titan lights the horizon;

* *Environ*] The 4tos. "*Inuirons.*"
† *censure*] i. e. judgment.

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Egypt is mine, and there I hold my state,
Seated in Cairo* and in Babylon.
From thence the matchless beauty of Angelica,
Whose hue as bright as are those silver doves
That wanton Venus mann'th† upon her fist,
Forc'd me to cross and cut th' Atlantic seas,
To oversearch the fearful ocean,
Where I arriv'd t' eternize with my lance
The matchless beauty of fair Angelica.
Nor tilt, nor tourney, but my spear and shield
Resounding on their crests and sturdy helms,
Topt high with plumes, like Mars his burgonet,
Enchasing on their curats‡ with my blade,
That none so fair as fair Angelica.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord, let that suffice for me.

ROD. Cuba my seat, a region so enrich'd
With favours sparkling from the smiling heavens,
As those that seek§ for traffick to my coast
Account it‖ like that wealthy Paradise
From whence floweth Gihon, and swift Euphrates:
The earth within her bowels hath enwrapt,
As in the massy storehouse of the world,
Millions of gold, as bright as was the shower
That wanton Jove sent down to Danae.
Marching from thence to manage arms abroad,
I pass'd the triple-parted regiment¶
That froward Saturn gave unto his sons,

* *Cairo*] The 4tos. "*Cairye.*"

† *mann'th*] The 4tos. "*manth;*" to show that the word, for the sake of the metre, was to be pronounced as one syllable. To *man* is a term of falconry, and means to tame: so Shakespeare;

"Another way I have to *man* my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call."

Taming of the Shrew, act. iv. sc. 1.

‡ *curats*] i. e. cuirasses. § *seek*] The 4to. of 1594 "*seekes.*"

‖ *Account it*] The 4tos. "*accounted.*"

¶ *regiment*] i. e. dominion.

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Erecting statues* of my chivalry,
Such and so brave as never Hercules
Vow'd for the love of lovely Iole.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord, let that suffice for me.
MAND. And I, my lord, am Mandricard of Mexico,
Whose climate, fairer than Tyberius,†
Seated beyond the sea of Tripoly,
And richer than the plot Hesperides,‡
Or that same isle wherein Ulysses' love
Lull'd in her lap the young Telegonus,§
That did but Venus tread a dainty step,
So would she like the land of Mexico,
As Paphos and brave Cyprus set aside,
With me sweet lovely Venus would abide.
From thence, mounted upon a Spanish bark,
Such as transported Jason to the fleece,
Come from the south, I furrow'd Neptune's seas,

* *statues*] The 4to. of 1599 "*statutes*."

† *Tyberius*] The printers of old plays made sad work with proper names: Qy. "*Iberia's*."

‡ *the plot Hesperides*] It is not strange that the unlearned Shakespeare should have written

"Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*."
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv. sc. 3.

as if Hesperides were the name of a place; but it is strange that Greene, "Master of Arts in both Universities," should have done so, not only in the present passage but elsewhere;

"Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat
That watch'd the garden call'd *Hesperides*."
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, (Vide this vol.)

and it is "passing strange," that Gabriel Harvey, who was both very learned and very pedantic, should have been guilty of the same error; "the watchfull and dreadful Dragon, which kept the goodly golden apples, in the Occidentall Islands of the Ocean, called *Hesperides*, one of the renowned prizes of douty Hercules, was a West Indian asse." *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, p. 167.

§ *Telegonus*] The 4tos. "*Telegene*."

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Northeast as far* as is the frozen Rhene,
Leaving fair Voya cross'd up Danuby,
As high as Saba, whose enhauncing streams
Cut† 'twixt the Tartars and the Russians:
There did I act as many brave attempts,
As did Pirithous for his Proserpine.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord, let that suffice for me.

BRAND. The bordering islands, seated here in ken,
Whose shores are sprinkled with rich orient pearl,
More bright of hue than were the margarites
That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion;‡
The sands of Tagus all of burnish'd gold
Made Thetis never prouder on the clifts
That overpeer the bright and golden shore,
Than do the rubbish of my country seas.
And what I dare, let say the Portingale,
And Spaniard tell, who mann'd with mighty fleets,
Came to subdue my islands to their king,
Filling our seas with stately argosies,
Calvars and magars, hulks of burden great,
Which Brandimart rebated from his coast,
And sent them home ballast with little wealth.

* *Northeast as far, &c.*] These four lines, with slight variations, occur in Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595;

" For thy sweet sake I have *crost* the *frozen Rhine;*
Leaving fair Po, I sail'd *up Danuby,*
As far *as Saba, whose enhauncing streams*
Cut twixt the Tartars, and the Russians."

See Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 247, ed. 1829.

Whether Peele borrowed from Greene, or *vice versa*, it is impossible to ascertain.

† *Cut*] The 4tos. " *Cuts.*"

‡ *More bright of hue than were the margarites*
That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion] So our Author, in one of his prose tracts; " amongst many curious Pearles, I found out one orient margerite richer then those which Cæsar brought from the Westerne shores of Europe."—" *Ciceronis Amor,*" Sig. E 2. ed. 1611.

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But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord, let that suffice for me.
ORL. Lords of the south, and princes of esteem,
Viceroys unto the state of Africa,
I am no king, yet am I princely born,
Descended from the royal house of France,
And nephew to the mighty Charlemagne,
Surnam'd Orlando, the County Palatine.
Swift fame hath* sounded to our western seas
The matchless beauty of Angelica,
Fairer than was the nymph of Mercury,
Who with† bright Phœbus mounteth up his coach,
And tracts Aurora in her silver steps,
And sprinkles from the folding of her lap
White lilies, roses, and sweet violets.
Yet thus believe me, princes of the south,
Although my country's love, dearer than pearl,
Or mines of gold, might well have kept me back;
The sweet conversing with my king and friends,
Left all for love, might well have kept me back;
The seas by Neptune hoised to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flaws might well have kept me back;
The savage Moors and Anthropophagi,‡
Whose lands I pass'd, might well have kept me back;
The doubt of entertainment in the court
When I arriv'd, might well have kept me back;
But so the fame of fair Angelica
Stamp'd in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,

* *hath*] The 4tos. "*that*."

† *with*] The 4tos. "*when*." A writer in the *Retrospective Review*, vol. iii. p. 111, without any authority, reads, in the next line but one, "*Doth sprinkle*" instead of "*And sprinkles*."

This corrupt passage is given in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 415, with an additional error, "*sprinkling*" for "*sprinkles*." I suspect a line has dropped out.

‡ *Anthropophagi*] The 4tos. "*Anthropagei*."

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Could by despairing keep Orlando back.
I list not boast in acts of chivalry,
(An humour never fitting with my mind,)
But come there forth the proudest champion
That hath suspicion in the Palatine,
And with my trusty sword Durandell
Single I'll register upon his helm
What I dare do for fair Angelica.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord;
Angelica herself shall speak for me. [alledg'd,

MARS. Daughter, thou hear'st what love hath here
How all these kings, by beauty summon'd here,
Put* in their pleas for hope of diadem,
Of noble deeds, of wealth, and chivalry,
All hoping to possess Angelica.
Sith father's will may hap to aim amiss,
(For parents' thoughts in love oft step awry,)
Choose thou the man who best contenteth thee,
And he shall wear the Afric crown next me.
For trust me, daughter, like of whom thou please,
Thou satisfied, my thoughts shall be at ease.

ANG. Kings of the south, viceroys of Africa,
Sith father's will hangs on his daughter's choice,
And I, as erst princess Andromache
Seated amidst the crew of Priam's sons,
Have liberty to choose where best I love;
Must freely say, for fancy hath no fraud,
That far unworthy is Angelica
Of such as deign to grace her with their loves.
The Soldan with his seat in Babylon,
The Prince of Cuba, and of Mexico,
Whose wealthy crowns might win a woman's will,
Young Brandimart, master of all the isles,

* *Put*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Puts.*"

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Where Neptune planted hath his treasury;
The worst of these men of so high import
As may command a greater dame than I.
But fortune, or some deep-inspiring fate,
Venus, or else the bastard brat of Mars,
Whose bow commands the motions of the mind,
Hath sent proud love to enter such a plea,
As nonsuits all your princely evidence,
And flat commands that, maugre majesty,
I choose Orlando, County Palatine.

ROD. How likes Marsilius of his daughter's choice?

MARS. As fits Marsilius of his daughter's spouse.

ROD. Highly thou wrong'st us, king of Africa,
To brave thy neighbour princes with disgrace,
To tie thine honour to thy daughter's thoughts,
Whose choice is like that Greekish giglot's love,
That left her lord, Prince Menelaus,
And with a swain made 'scape away to Troy.
What is Orlando but a straggling mate,
Banish'd for some offence by Charlemagne,
Skipp'd from his country as Anchises' son,
And means, as he did to the Carthage Queen,
To pay her ruth and ruin for her love.

ORL. Injurious Cuba, ill it fits thy 'gree*
To wrong a stranger with discourtesy.
Wer't not the sacred presence of Angelica
Prevails with me, as Venus' smiles with Mars,
To set a supersedeas of my wrath,
Soon should I teach thee what it were to brave.

MAND. And, Frenchman, wer't not 'gainst the law
In place of parley for to draw a sword, [of arms,
Untaught companion, I would learn you know
What duty 'longs to such a prince as he.

ORL. Then as did Hector 'fore Achilles' tent,

* *'gree*] i. e. degree.

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Trotting his courser softly on the plains,
Proudly dar'd forth the stoutest youth of Greece;
So who stands highest in his own conceit,
And thinks his courage can perform the most,
Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground,
And I will pawn my honour to his gage,
He shall ere night be met and combated.

MARS. Shame you not, Princes, at this bad agree,
To wrong a stranger with discourtesy?
Believe me, lords, my daughter hath made choice,
And, maugre him that thinks him most agriev'd,
She shall enjoy the County Palatine.

BRAND. But would these princes follow my advice,
And enter arms as did the Greeks 'gainst Troy,
Nor he, nor thou should'st have Angelica.

ROD. Let him be thought a dastard to his death,
That will not sell the travails he hath past,
Dearer than for a woman's fooleries:
What says the mighty Mandricard?

MAND. I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
To troop myself with such a crew of men,
As shall so fill the downs of Africa,
Like to the plains of watery Thessaly,
Whenas an eastern gale, whistling aloft,
Had overspread the ground with grasshoppers.
Then see, Marsilius, if the Palatine
Can keep his love from falling to our lots,
Or thou can'st keep thy country free from spoil.

MARS. Why, think you, Lords, with haughty menaces
To dare me out within my palace gates?
Or hope you to make conquest by constraint
Of that which never could be got by love?
Pass from my court, make haste out of my land,
Stay not within the bounds Marsilius holds;
Lest, little brooking these unfitting braves,

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My choler overslip the law of arms,
And I inflict revenge on such abuse.
ROD. I'll beard and brave thee in thy proper town,
And here ensconce myself despite of thee,
And hold thee play till Mandricard return.
What says the mighty Soldan of Egypt?
SOLD. That when Prince Menelaus with all his mates
Had ten years held their siege in Asia,
Folding their wraths in cinders of fair Troy,
Yet, for their arms grew by conceit of love,
Their trophies were* but conquest of a girl:
Then trust me, Lords, I'll never manage arms,
For women's loves that are so quickly lost. [terms?
BRAND. Tush, my Lords, why stand you upon
Let us to our sconce, and you, my Lord, to Mexico.
[*Exeunt Kings.*
ORL. Ay, Sirs, ensconce ye how you can,
See what we dare, and thereon set your rest.
[*Exeunt omnes except Sacripant and his man.*
SAC. Boast not too much, Marsilius, in thyself,
Nor of contentment in Angelica;
For Sacripant must have Angelica,
And with her Sacripant must have the crown:
By hook or crook I must and will have both.
Ah sweet Revenge! incense their angry minds,
Till all these princes weltering in their bloods,
The crown do fall to County Sacripant.
Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit:
For when I come, and set me down to rest,
My chair presents a throne of majesty;
And when I set my bonnet on my head,
Methinks I fit my forehead for a crown;
And when I take my truncheon in my fist,
A sceptre then comes tumbling in my thoughts;
My dreams are princely, all of diadems.
Honour,—methinks the title is too base;

* *were*] The 4tos. "*was.*"

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Mighty, glorious, and excellent,—ay, these
My glorious Genius, sound within my mouth:
These please the ear, and with a sweet applause
Make* me in terms coequal with the Gods.
Then these, Sacripant, and none but these;
And these, or else make hazard of thy life.
Let it suffice, I will conceal the rest.
Sirrah.

MAN. My lord. [up,

SAC. My lord! How basely was this slave brought
That knows no titles fit for dignity,
To grace his master with hyperboles?
My lord! Why, the basest Baron of fair Africa
Deserves as much: yet County Sacripant
Must he a swain salute with name of lord.
Sirrah, what thinks the Emperor of my colours,
Because in field I wear both blue and red at once?

MAN. They deem, my lord, your honour lives at [peace,
As one that's neuter in these mutinies,
And covets to rest equal friend† to both;
Neither envious to Prince Mandricard,
Nor wishing ill unto Marsilius,
That you may safely pass where'er you please,
With friendly salutations from them both.

SAC. Ay, so they guess, but level far awry,
For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,
Mine emblem sorteth to another sense.
I wear not these as one resolv'd to peace,
But blue and red as enemy to both;
Blue, as hating King Marsilius,
And red, as in revenge to Mandricard;
Foe unto both, friend only to myself,
And to the crown, for that's the golden mark

* *Make*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Makes.*"
† *friend*] The 4to. of 1594 "*friends.*"

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Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem.
See'st not thou* all men presage I shall be king?
Marsilius sends to me for peace,
Mandricard puts off his cap, ten mile off;
Two things more, and then I cannot miss the crown.

MAN. O, what be those, my good lord?

SAC. First must I get the love of fair Angelica.
Now am I full of amorous conceits,
Not that I doubt to have what I desire,
But how I might best with mine honour woo.
Write, or entreat,—fie, that fitteth not;
Send by ambassadors,—no, that's too base;
Flatly command,—ay, that's for Sacripant:
Say thou art Sacripant, and art in love,
And who in Afric† dare say the County nay?
O Angelica,
Fairer than Chloris when in all her pride
Bright Maia's son entrapp'd her in the net,
Wherewith Vulcan entangled the God of war!

MAN. Your honour is so far in contemplation of Angelica, as you have forgot the second in attaining to the crown.

SAC. That's to be done by poison, prowess, or any means of treachery, to put to death the traitorous Orlando. But who is this comes here? Stand close.

Enter ORGALIO, *Orlando's page.*

ORG. I am sent on embassage to the right mighty and magnificent, alias the right proud and pontifical, the County Sacripant: for Marsilius and Orlando, knowing him to be as full of prowess as policy, and fearing lest in leaning to the other faction he might

* *not thou*] The 4to. of 1599 "*thou not.*"
† *Afric*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Africa.*"

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greatly prejudice them, they seek first to hold the candle before the devil, and knowing him to be a Thrasonical mad-cap, they have sent me a Gnathonical companion, to give him lettuce fit for his lips. Now, sir, knowing his astronomical humours, as one that gazeth so high at the stars as he never looketh on the pavement in the streets,—but whist! *lupus est in fabula.*

SAC. Sirrah, thou that ruminatest to thyself a catalogue of privy conspiracies, what art thou?

ORG. God save your majesty!

SAC. My majesty! come hither, my well-nutrimented knave; whom takest thou me to be?

ORG. The mighty Mandricard of Mexico.

SAC. I hold these salutations as ominous; for saluting me by that which I am not, he presageth what I shall be: for so did the Lacedemonians by Agathocles, who of a base potter wore the kingly diadem. But why deemest thou me to be the mighty Mandricard of Mexico?

ORG. Marry, sir,——

SAC. Stay there: wert thou never in France?

ORG. Yes, if it please your majesty.

SAC. So it seems, for there they salute their king by the name of sir, Monsieur: but forward.

ORG. Such sparks of peerless majesty
From those looks flame,* like lightning from the east,
As either Mandricard, or else some greater prince,—

SAC. Methinks these salutations make† my thoughts to be heroical: but say, to whom art thou sent?

ORG. To the County Sacripant.

SAC. Why, I am he.

* *flame*] The 4to. of 1594 "*flames.*"
† *make*] The 4to. of 1594 "*makes.*"

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ORG. It pleaseth your majesty to jest.

SAC. Whate'er I seem, I tell thee I am he.

ORG. Then may it please your honour, the emperor Marsilius, together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your excellency to dine with them.

SAC. Is Angelica there?

ORG. There, my good lord.

SAC. Sirrah.

MAN. My lord.

SAC. Villain, Angelica sends for me; see that thou entertain that happy messenger, and bring him in with thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO, *the* DUKE OF ACQUITAINE, *the* COUNTY ROSSILION, *with Soldiers.*

ORL. Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,
Whose glory's brighter than the burnish'd gates
From whence Latona's lordly son doth march,
When mounted on his coach, tinsell'd with flames,
He triumphs in the beauty of the heavens;
This is the place where Rodomont lies hid:
Here lies he, like the thief of Thessaly,
Which scuds abroad, and searcheth for his prey,
And being gotten straight he gallops home,
As one that dares not break a spear in field.
But trust me, princes, I have girt his fort,
And I will sack it, or on this castle wall
I'll write my resolution with my blood:
Therefore, drum, sound a parle.

Sound a parle, and one [*a soldier*] *comes upon* the walls.*

SOL. Who is† that troubleth our sleeps?

* *upon*] The 4to. of 1599 "*on.*"
† *is*] The 4to. of 1599 "*is't.*"

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ORL. Why, sluggard, seest thou not Lycaon's son,
The hardy plough-swain unto mighty Jove,
Hath trac'd his silver furrows in the heavens,
And turning home his over-watched team,
Gives leave unto Apollo's chariot?
I tell thee, sluggard, sleep is far unfit
For such as still have hammering in their heads,
But only hope of honour and revenge:
These call'd me forth to rouse thy master up.
Tell him from me, false coward as he is,
That Orlando, the County Palatine,
Is come this morning with a band of French,
To play him hunt's-up with a point of war;
I'll be his minstrel with my drum and fife:
Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,
Let fortune throw her favours where she list.

SOL. Frenchman, between half-sleeping and awake,
Although the misty veil strain'd over Cynthia
Hinders my sight from noting all thy crew,
Yet, for I know thee and thy straggling grooms
Can in conceit build castles in the sky,
But in your actions like the stammering Greek
Which breathes his courage bootless in the air,
I wish thee well, Orlando, get thee gone,
Say that a centinel did suffer thee:
For if the round or court of guard should hear
Thou or thy men were braying at the walls,
Charles' wealth, the wealth of all his western mines,
Found in the mountains of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransom to the king for thee.

ORL. Brave centinel, if nature hath* enchas'd
A sympathy of courage to thy tale,
And, like the champion of Andromache,
Thou, or thy master, dare come out the gates,

* *hath*] The 4to. of 1599 "*had*."

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Maugre the watch, the round or court of guard
I will attend to abide the coward here.
If not, but still the craven sleeps secure,
Pitching his guard within a trench of stones,
Tell him his walls shall serve him for no proof,
But as the son of Saturn in his wrath
Pash'd all the mountains at Typhœus' head,
And topsy-turvy turn'd the bottom up,
So shall the castle of proud Rodomont:
And so, brave lords of France, let's to the fight.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarums,** RODOMONT *and* BRANDIMART *fly.*†
Enter ORLANDO *with his*‡ *coat.*

ORL. The fox is 'scap'd, but here's his case:
I miss'd him near; 'twas time for him to trudge.
How now, my lord of Acquitaine?

Enter DUKE OF ACQUITAINE.

ACQ. My lord,
The court of guard is put unto the sword,
And all the watch that thought themselves so sure,
So that not one within the castle breathes.
ORL. Come then,
Let's post amain to find out Rodomont,
And then in triumph march unto Marsilius.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MEDOR *and* ANGELICA.

ANG. I marvel, Medor, what my father means
To enter league with County Sacripant?
ME. Madam, the king your father's wise enough;
He knows the County, like to Cassius,
Sits sadly dumping, aiming Cæsar's death,

* *Alarums*] The 4to. of 1599 "*Alarum.*"
† *fly*] The 4to. of 1599, "*flee.*" ‡ *his*] i. e. Rodomont's.

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Yet crying Ave to his majesty.
But, madam, mark awhile, and you shall see
Your father shake him off from secrecy.
ANG. So much I guess, for when he will'd I should
Give entertainment to the doating earl,
His speech was ended with a frowning smile.
ME. Madam, see where he comes: I'll be gone.
[*Exit.*

Enter SACRIPANT *and his Man.*

SAC. How fares my fair Angelica?
ANG. Well, that my lord so friendly is in league,
As honour wills him, with Marsilius.
SAC. Angelica, shall I have a word or two with thee?
ANG. What pleaseth my lord for to command?
SAC. Then know, my love, I cannot paint my grief,
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her son,
Reporting such a catalogue of toys:
It fits not Sacripant to be effeminate.
Only give leave, my fair Angelica,
To say, the County is in love with thee.
ANG. Pardon, my lord, my loves are over-past:
So firmly is Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As love hath left no place for any else.
SAC. Why, over-weening damsel, see'st thou not
Thy lawless love unto this straggling mate
Hath fill'd our Africk regions full of blood?
And wilt thou still persever in thy love?
Tush, leave the Palatine, and go with me. [unites,
ANG. Brave County, know, where sacred love
The knot of gordian at the shrine of Jove
Was never half so hard or intricate,
As be the bands which lovely Venus ties.
Sweet is my love: and, for I love my lord,
Seek not unless as Alexander did
To cut the plough-swain's traces with thy sword,

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Or slice the slender fillets of my life:
Or else, my lord, Orlando must be mine.
SAC. Stand I on love? stoop I to Venus' lure,
That never yet did fear the god of war?
Shall men report that County Sacripant
Held lovers' pains for pining passions?
Shall such a siren offer me more wrong
Than they did to the prince of Ithaca?
No; as he* his ears, so, County, stop thine eye.
Go to your needle, lady, and your clouts;
Go to such milksops as are fit for love:
I will employ my busy brains for war.
ANG. Let not my lord's denial breed offence:
Love doth allow her favours but to one,
Nor can there sit within the sacred shrine
Of Venus, more than one installed heart.
Orlando is the gentleman I love,
And more than he may not† enjoy my love.
SAC. Damsel, be gone; fancy‡ hath taken leave;
Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself,
As those that with Achilles' lance were wounded,
Fetch'd help at self-same pointed spear.
Beauty 'gan brave, and beauty hath repulse;
And, beauty, get ye gone§ to your Orlando.
[*Exit Angelica.*
MAN. My lord, hath love amated him whose thoughts
Have ever been heroical and brave?
Stand you in dumps, like to the Myrmidon
Trapt in the tresses of Polixena,
Who, amid the glory of his chivalry,
Sat daunted with a maid of Asia? [love?
SAC. Think'st thou my thoughts are lunacies of
No, they are brands fier'd in Pluto's forge,
Where sits Tisiphone tempering in flames

* *he*] omitted in the 4to. of 1599.
† *may not*] The 4to. of 1599 "*cannot*."
‡ *fancy*] i. e. love. § *gone*] The 4to of 1599 "*home*."

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Those torches that do set on fire revenge.
I lov'd the dame, but brav'd by her repulse,
Hate calls me on to quittance all my ills,
Which first must come by offering prejudice
Unto Orlando her beloved love. [lord?
MAN. O, how may that be brought to pass, my
SAC. Thus. Thou see'st that Medor and Angelica
Are still so secret in their private walks,
As that they trace the shady lawnds,*
And thickest shadow'd groves,
Which well may breed suspicion of some love.
Now, than the French no nation under heaven
Is sooner touch'd with stings of jealousy.
MAN. And what of that, my lord?
SAC. Hard by, for solace, in a secret grove,
The County once a day fails not to walk:
There solemnly he ruminates his love.
Upon those shrubs that compass in the spring,
And on those trees that border in those walks,
I'll slily have engraven on every bark
The names of Medor and Angelica.
Hard by, I'll have some roundelays hung up,
Wherein shall be some posies of their loves,
Fraughted so full of fiery passions,
As that the County shall perceive by proof
Medor hath won his fair Angelica.
MAN. Is this all, my lord? [cloth'd,
SAC. No; for thou like to a shepherd shalt be
With staff and bottle like some country swain,
That tends his flocks feeding upon these downs.
There see thou buzz into the County's ears
That thou hast often seen within these woods
Base Medor sporting with Angelica;
And when he hears a shepherd's simple tale,
He will not think 'tis feign'd.

* *lawnds*] An old form of *lawns*.

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Then either a madding mood will end his love,
Or worse betide him through fond jealousy.

MAN. Excellent, my lord; see how I will play the shepherd.

SAC. And mark thou how I will* play the carver:
Therefore be gone, and make thee ready straight.

[*Exit his Man: Sacripant hangs up the roundelays on the trees, and then goes out, and his Man enters like a shepherd.*

MAN. Thus all alone, and like a shepherd's swain,
As Paris, when Œnone lov'd him well,
Forgat† he was the son of Priamus,
All clad in grey, sat piping on a reed,
So I transformed to this country shape,
Haunting these groves to work my master's will,
To plague the Palatine with jealousy,
And to conceit him with some deep extreme.
Here comes the man unto his wonted walk.

Enter ORLANDO *and his page* ORGALIO.

ORL. Orgalio, go see a centinel‡ be plac'd,
And bid the soldiers keep a court of guard,
So to hold watch till secret here alone
I meditate upon the thoughts of love.

ORG. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

ORL. Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phœbe's train,
Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
That in their union praise thy lasting powers;
Thou that hast stay'd the fiery Phlegon's course,
And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain
To droop, in view of Daphne's excellence;
Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,
Look on Orlando languishing in love.

* *will*] omitted in the 4to. of 1594.
† *Forgat*] The 4to. of 1599 "*Forgot.*"
‡ *centinel*] The 4tos. "*centernell.*"

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Sweet solitary groves, whereas the nymphs
With pleasance laugh to see the satyrs play,
Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
Tread she these lawnds, kind Flora, boast thy pride.
Seek she for shades, spread, cedars, for her sake.
Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet crystal springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
Ah, thought, my heaven! ah, heaven, that knows my thought!
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

MAN. The heaven of love is but a pleasant hell,
Where none but foolish wise imprison'd dwell.

ORL. Orlando, what contrarious thoughts be these,
That flock with doubtful motions in thy mind?
Heaven smiles, and trees do boast their summer's pride.
What! Venus writes her triumphs here beside.

MAN. Yet when thine eye hath seen, thy heart shall
The tragic chance that shortly shall ensue. [rue

[*Orlando readeth.*

ORL. Angelica! ah, sweet and heavenly name,
Life to my life, and essence to my joy!
But soft,
This gordian knot together co-unites
A Medor partner in her peerless love.
Unkind, and will she bend her thoughts to change!
Her name, her writing! ah, foolish and unkind!
No name of hers, unless the brooks relent,
To hear her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe
To raise his moisten'd locks from out the reeds,
And flow with calm alongst his turning bounds:
No name of hers, unless Zephyrus blow
Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods,
Where all the world for wonders do await.
And yet her name! for why, Angelica;
But mix'd with Medor, not Angelica.
Only by me was lov'd Angelica,

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Only for me must live Angelica.
I find her drift: perhaps the modest pledge
Of my content, hath with a secret smile
And sweet disguise restrain'd her fancy thus,
Figuring Orlando under Medor's name;
Fine drift, fair nymph, Orlando hopes no less.
[*He spies the roundelays.*
Yet more, are Muses masking in these trees,
Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a goddess, in despite of me,
That have no other but Angelica? [thy hell!

MAN. Poor hapless man, these thoughts contain

Orlando reads this roundelay.

Angelica is lady of his heart,
Angelica is substance of his joy,
Angelica is medicine of his smart,
Angelica hath healed his annoy.

ORL. Ah, false Angelica! What, have we more?

Another.

Let groves, let rocks, let woods, let watry springs,
The cedar, cypress, laurel, and the pine,
Joy in the notes of love that Medor sings
Of those sweet looks, Angelica, of thine.
Then, Medor, in Angelica take delight,
Early, at morn, at noon, at even, and night.

ORL. What, dares Medor court my Venus?
What may Orlando deem?
Ætna, forsake the bounds of Sicily,
For now in me thy restless flames appear.
Refus'd, contemn'd, disdain'd! what worse than these?
Orgalio.

Enter ORGALIO.

ORG. My lord.

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ORL. Boy, view these trees carved with true-love knots,
The inscription, Medor and Angelica;
And read these verses hung up of their loves:
Now tell me, boy, what dost thou think?

ORG. By my troth, my lord, I think Angelica is a woman.

ORL. And what of that?

ORG. Therefore unconstant, mutable, having their loves hanging in their eyelids; that as they are got with a look, so they are lost again with a wink. But here's a shepherd; it may be he can tell us news.

ORL. What messenger hath Ate sent abroad
With idle looks to listen my laments?
Sirrah, who wronged happy nature so,
To spoil these trees with this Angelica?
Yet in her name, Orlando, they are blest.

MAN. I am a shepherd swain, thou wandering knight,
That watch my flocks, not one that follow love.

ORL. As follow love! why, dar'st thou dispraise my heaven,
Or once disgrace or prejudice her name?
Is not Angelica the queen of love,
Deck'd with the compound wreath of Adon's flowers?
She is.
Then speak, thou peasant, what is he that dares
Attempt to court my queen of love,
Or I shall send thy soul to Charon's charge.

MAN. Brave knight, since fear of death enforceth still
In greater minds submission and relent,
Know that this Medor, whose unhappy name
Is mixed with the fair Angelica's,
Is even that Medor that enjoys her love.
Yon cave bears witness of their kind content;
Yon meadows talk the actions of their joy;

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Our shepherds in their songs of solace sing,
Angelica doth none but Medor love.
ORL. Angelica doth none but Medor love!
Shall Medor then possess Orlando's love?
Dainty and gladsome beams of my delight,
Delicious bowers, why smiles your heaven for those
That wandering make you prove Orlando's foes?
Lend me your plaints, you sweet Arcadian nymphs,
That wont to wail your new-departed loves;
Thou weeping flood, leave Orpheus' wail for me;
And Titan's nieces gather all in one
Those fluent springs of your lamenting tears,
And let them flow alongst my faintfull looks.
MAN. Now is the fire, late smother'd in suspect,
Kindled, and burns within his angry breast:
Now have I done the will of Sacripant. [*bum:*
ORL. *Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, super-*
Discourteous women, nature's fairest ill,
The woe of man, that first created curse,
Base female sex, sprung from black Ate's loins,
Proud, disdainful, cruel, and unjust,
Whose words are shaded with enchanting wiles,
Worse than Medusa mateth all our minds;
And in their hearts sits shameless treachery,
Turning a truthless vile circumference!
O, could my fury paint their furies forth!
For hell's no hell, compared to their hearts,
Too simple devils to conceal their arts;
Born to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternal pestilence to the world.
O femminile ingegno, de tutti mali sede,
Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,
Contrario oggetto, proprio de la fede!
Oh infelice, oh miser chi te crede!
Importune, superbe, dispettose,
Prive d'amor, di fede, e di consiglio,
Timerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrate,

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Per pestilenza eterna al mondo nate.*
Villain, what art thou that followest me?

ORG. Alas, my lord, I am your servant, Orgalio.

ORL. No, villain, thou art Medor;
That rann'st away with Angelica.

ORG. No, by my troth, my lord, I am Orgalio;
Ask all these people else.

ORL. Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.

ORG. My lord, look where he sits.

ORL. What, sits he here, and braves me too!

MAN. No truly, sir, I am not he.

ORL. Yes, villain. [*He draws him in† by the leg.*

ORG. Help, help, my lord of Acquitaine!

Enter the DUKE OF ACQUITAINE *and Soldiers.*

O, my lord of Acquitaine, the Count Orlando is run mad, and taking of a shepherd by the heels, rends him, as one would tear a lark! See where he comes, with a leg on his neck.

Enter ORLANDO *with a leg.*

ORL. Villain, provide me straight a lion's skin,
Thou see'st I now am mighty Hercules;
Look where's my massy club upon my neck.
I must to hell,
To seek for Medor and Angelica,
Or else I die.
You that are the rest, get you quickly away;
Provide ye horses all of burnish'd gold,

* The first four of these lines are from the 117th stanza of the XXVII. Canto of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the other four from the 121st stanza of the same canto. Greene has substituted "de tutti mali sede," for the "egli dicea" of the original. "Importune, superbe," &c. is scarcely intelligible, if the word "donne" be omitted, which occurs at the beginning of the stanza from which it is taken. For this note I am indebted to the kindness of Signor Panizzi.

† *in*] omitted in the 4to. of 1599.

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Saddles of cork, because I'll have them light;
For Charlemagne the great is up in arms,
And Arthur with a crew of Britons comes,
To seek for Medor and Angelica.

[*So he beateth them all in before him: manet Orgalio.*

Enter MARSILIUS.

ORG. Ah! my lord, Orlando!—

MARS. Orlando! what of Orlando?

ORG. He, my lord, runs madding thro' the woods,
Like mad Orestes in his greatest rage.
Step but aside into the bordering grove,
There shall you see engraven on every tree
The lawless love of Medor and Angelica.
O, see, my lord, not any shrub but bears
The cursed stamp that wrought the County's rage.
If thou be'st mighty king Marsilius,
For whom the County would adventure life,
Revenge it on the false Angelica.

MARS. Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage
Did never more revenge his wrong'd Hippolytus,
Than I will on the false Angelica.
Go to my court, and drag me Medor forth;
Tear from his breast the daring villain's heart.
Next take that base and damn'd adulteress;—
I scorn to title her with daughter's name,—
Put her in rags, and, like some shepherdess,
Exile her from my kingdom presently.
Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.

[*Exit Orgalio.*

Enter a Soldier, with MANDRICARD *disguised.*

How now, my friend, what fellow hast thou there?

SOL. He says, my lord, that he is servant unto Mandricard.

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MARS. To Mandricard!
It fits me not to sway the diadem,
Or rule the wealthy realms of Barbary,
To stain my thoughts with any cowardice.
Thy master brav'd me to my teeth,
He back'd the prince of Cuba for my foe;
For which, nor he nor his shall scape my hands.
No, soldier, think me resolute as he.
MAND. It grieves me much that princes disagree,
Sith black repentance followeth afterward:
But leaving that, pardon me, gracious lord.
MARS. For thou entreat'st, and newly art arriv'd,
And yet thy sword is not imbru'd in blood,
Upon conditions, I will pardon thee;
That thou shalt never tell thy master, Mandricard,
Nor any fellow soldier of the camp,
That King Marsilius licens'd thee depart:
He shall not think I am so much his friend,
That he or one of his shall scape my hand.
MAND. I swear, my lord, and vow to keep my word.
MARS. Then take my banderol of red;
Mine, and none but mine, shall honour thee,
And safe conduct thee to port Carthagene.
MAND. But say, my lord, if Mandricard were here,
What favour should he find, or life or death?
MARS. I tell thee, friend, it fits not for a king,
To prize his wrath before his courtesy.
Were Mandricard, the King of Mexico,
In prison here, and crav'd but liberty,
So little hate hangs in Marsilius' breast,
As one entreaty should quite raze it out.
But this concerns not thee, therefore, farewell. [*Exit.*
MAND. Thanks, and good fortune, fall to such a king,
As covets to be counted courteous.
Blush, Mandricard,

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The honour of thy foe disgraceth thee;
Thou wrongest him that wisheth thee but well;
Thou bringest store of men from Mexico,
To battle him that scorns to injure thee,
Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.
Back to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home;
Budge not a foot to aid Prince Rodomont;
But friendly gratulate these favours found,
And meditate on nought but to be friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO *attired like a madman.*

ORL. Woods, trees, leaves; leaves, trees, woods; *tria sequuntur tria.* Ho, Minerva! *salve,* good morrow, how do you to-day? Tell me, sweet goddess, will Jove send Mercury to Calypso, to let me go? will he? why then he's a gentleman, every hair a' the head on him. But ho, Orgalio! where art thou, boy?

Enter ORGALIO.

ORG. Here, my lord: did you call me?
ORL. No, nor name thee.
ORG. Then God be with you.
[*Orgalio proffers to go in.*
ORL. Nay, prithee, good Orgalio, stay:
Can'st thou not tell me what to say?
ORG. No, by my troth.
ORL. O, this it is; Angelica is dead.
ORG. Why then she shall be buried.
ORL. But my Angelica is dead.
ORG. Why it may be so.
ORL. But she's dead and buried.
ORG. Ay, I think so.
ORL. Nothing but I think so, and it may be so!
[*He beateth him.*
ORG. What do you mean, my lord?

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ORL. Why, shall I tell you * that my love is dead, and can ye not weep for her?

ORG. Yes, yes, my lord, I will.

ORL. Well, do so then. Orgalio.

ORG. My lord.

ORL. Angelica is dead. [*Orgalio cries.*

Ah, poor slave! so, cry no more now.

ORG. Nay, I have quickly done.

ORL. Orgalio.

ORG. My lord.

ORL. Medor's Angelica is dead.

[*Orgalio cries, and Orlando beats him again.*

ORG. Why do you beat me, my lord?

ORL. Why, slave, wilt thou weep for Medor's Angelica? thou must laugh for her.

ORG. Laugh! yes, I'll laugh all day, and you will.

ORL Orgalio.

ORG. My lord.

ORL. Medor's Angelica is dead.

ORG. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ORL. So, 'tis well now.

ORG. Nay, this is easier than the other was.

ORL. Now away; seek the herb moly, for I must to hell, to seek for Medor and Angelica.

ORG. I know not the herb moly, i' faith.

ORL. Come, I'll lead ye to it by the ears.

ORG. 'Tis here, my lord, 'tis here.

ORL. 'Tis indeed: now to Charon, bid him dress his boat, for he had never such a passenger.

ORG. Shall I tell him † your name?

ORL. No, then he will be afraid, and not be at home. [*Exit Orgalio.*

* *you*] The 4to. of 1599 "*thee.*"

† *him*] omitted in the 4to. of 1599.

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Enter two Clowns, TOM *and* RALPH.

TOM. Sirrah Ralph, and thou'lt go with me, I'll let thee see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.

RALPH. Sirrah Tom, I believe it was he that was at our town a' sunday: I'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He came to our house, when all our folks were gone to church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bade me fetch him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some; and ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.

TOM. By my troth, that was brave: but, sirrah, he did so course the boys, last sunday; and if ye call him madman, he'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth.* [*They spy Orlando.*

RALPH. O, Tom, look where he is! call him madman.

TOM. Madman, madman.

RALPH. Madman, madman.

ORL. What sayest thou, villain? [*He beateth them.* So, now you shall be both my soldiers.

TOM. Your soldiers! we shall have a mad captain then.

ORL. You must fight against Medor.

RALPH. Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody nose.

ORL. Come then, and I'll give you weapons straight. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ANGELICA, *like a poor woman.*

ANG. Thus causeless banish'd from thy † native home,

* *passeth*] i. e. goes beyond bounds, is extraordinary.
† *thy*] The 4to. of 1599 "*my.*"

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Here sit, Angelica, and rest a while,
For to bewail the fortunes* of thy love.

Enter RODOMONT *and* BRANDIMART, *with Soldiers.*

ROD. This way she went, and far she cannot be.
BRAND. See, where she is, my lord:
Speak as if you† knew her not.
ROD. Fair shepherdess, for so thy sitting seems,
Or nymph, for less thy beauty cannot be,
What, feed you sheep upon these downs?
ANG. Daughter I am unto a bordering swain,
That tend my flocks within these shady groves.
ROD. Fond girl, thou liest; thou art Angelica.
BRAND. Ay, thou art she that wrong'd the Palatine.
ANG. For I am known, albeit I am disguis'd,
Yet dare I turn the lie into thy throat,
Sith thou report'st I wrong'd the Palatine.
BRAND. Nay, then thou shalt be used according to thy deserts. Come, bring her to our tents.
ROD. But stay, what drum is this?‡

Enter ORLANDO *with a drum, and Soldiers with spits and dripping-pans.*

BRAND. Now see, Angelica, the fruits of all your [love.
ORL. Soldiers,
This is the city of great Babylon,
Where proud Darius was rebated from:
Play but the men, and I will lay my head,
We'll sack and raze it ere the sun be set.
CLOWN. Yea, and scratch it too. March fair, fellow frying-pan.

* *fortunes*] The 4to. of 1599 "*fortune.*"
† *you*] The 4to. of 1599 "*ye.*"
‡ ROD. *But stay, what drum is this?*] omitted in the 4to. of 1599.

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ORL. Orgalio, knowest thou the cause of my laughter?

ORG. No, by my troth, nor no wise man else.

ORL. Why, sirrah, to think that if the enemy were fled ere we come, we'll* not leave one of our own soldiers alive, for we two will kill them with our fists.

RALPH. Foh, come, let's go home again: he'll set *probatum est* upon my head-piece anon.

ORL. No, no, thou shalt not be hurt, nor thee. Back, soldiers; look where the enemy is.

TOM. Captain, they have a woman amongst them.

ORL. And what of that?

TOM. Why, strike you down the men, and then let me alone to thrust in the woman.

ORL. No, I am challenged the single fight. Sirrah, is't you challenge me the combat?

BRAND. Frantic companion, lunatic and wood,
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heaven,
Thy madness shall not privilege thy life.

ORL. I tell thee, villain, Medor wrong'd me so,
Sith thou art come his champion to the field,
I'll learn thee know I am the Palatine.

Alarum: they fight; Orlando kills Brandimart, and all the rest fly† but Angelica.

ORG. Look, my lord, here's one killed.

ORL. Who killed him?

ORG. You, my lord, I think.

ORL. I! no, no, I see who killed him.

[*He goeth‡ to Angelica, and knows her not.*

Come hither, gentle sir, whose prowess hath performed such an act; think not the courteous Palatine will hinder that thine honour hath atchieved.

* *we'll*] The 4to. of 1599 "*we will.*"
† *fly*] The 4to. of 1599 "*flee.*"
‡ *goeth*] The 4to of 1599 "*goes.*"

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Orgalio, fetch me a sword, that presently this squire may be dubbed a knight. [good hap,

Ang. Thanks, gentle fortune, that sends me such
Rather to die by him I love so dear,
Than live and see my lord thus lunatic.

Org. Here, my lord.

Orl. If thou be'st come of Lancelot's worthy line,
Welcome thou art.
Kneel down, sir knight; rise up, sir knight;
Here, take this sword, and hie thee to the fight.
[*Exit Angelica.*
Now tell me, Orgalio, what dost thou think?
Will not this knight prove a valiant squire?

Org. He cannot chuse, being of your making.

Orl. But where's Angelica now?

Org. Faith, I cannot tell.

Orl. Villain, find her out,
Or else the torments that Ixion feels,
The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides—
Villain, wilt thou not* find her out?

Org. Alas, my lord, I know not where she is.

Orl. Run to Charlemagne, spare for no cost;
Tell him, Orlando sent† for Angelica.

Org. 'Faith, I'll fetch you such an Angelica as you never saw before. [*Exit.*

Orl. As though that Sagittarius in his pride
Could take brave Leda from stout Jupiter!
And yet, forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst
Attempt to reave Orlando of his love.
Sirrah, you that are the messenger of Jove,
You that can sweep it through the milk-white path
That leads unto the senate-house of Mars,
Fetch me my shield temper'd of purest steel,
My helm,

* *not*] omitted in the 4to. of 1594.
† *sent*] The 4to. of 1599 "*sends.*"

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Forg'd by the Cyclops for Anchises' son,
And see if I dare not combat for Angelica.

Enter ORGALIO, *with the Clown drest like Angelica.*

ORG. Come away, and take heed you laugh not.

CLOWN. No, I warrant you; but I think I had best go back and shave my beard.

ORG. Tush, that will not be seen.

CLOWN. Well, you will give me the half crown ye promised me?

ORG. Doubt not of that, man.

CLOWN. Sirrah, didst not see me serve the fellow a fine trick, when we came over the market-place?

ORG. Why, how* was that?

CLOWN. Why, he comes to me and said, gentlewoman, wilt please you take† a pint or a quart? No gentlewoman, said I, but your friend and Doritie.

ORG. Excellent: come, see where my lord is. My lord, here is Angelica.

ORL. Mas, thou say'st true, 'tis she indeed. How fares the fair Angelica?

CLOWN. Well, I thank you heartily.

ORL. Why, art thou not that same‡ Angelica,
Whose hue as bright as fair Erythea
That darks Canopus with her silver hue?

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth.

ORL. Are not these the beauteous cheeks,
Wherein the lilies and the native rose,
Sit§ equal suited with a blushing red?

CLOWN. He makes a garden-plot in my face.

ORL. Are not, my dear, those radiant eyes,
Whereout proud Phœbus flasheth out his beams?

CLOWN. Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers bravely.

* *how*] The 4to. of 1599 "*what.*"
† *take*] The 4to. of 1599 "*to take.*"
‡ *same*] The 4to. of 1599 "*fair.*"
§ *Sit*] The 4tos. "*Sits.*"

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ORL. You are Angelica?

CLOWN. Yes, marry, am I.

ORL. Where's your sweetheart, Medor?

CLOWN. Orgalio, give me eighteen pence, and let me go.

ORL. Speak, strumpet, speak.

CLOWN. Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a quart.

ORL. Why, strumpet, worse than Mars his trothless love,
Falser than faithless Cressida! strumpet, thou shalt not 'scape.

CLOWN. Come, come, you* do not use me like a gentlewoman; and if I be not for you, I am for another.

ORL. Are you? that will I try.

[*He beateth him out: exeunt.*

Enter the twelve Peers of France, with drum and trumpets.

OGIER. Brave peers of France, sith we have pass'd the bounds,
Whereby the wrangling billows seek† for straits
To war with Tellus and her fruitful mines;
Sith we have furrow'd through those‡ wandering tides
Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys dance
Upon the Hyperborean billows' crests,
That braves with streams the watry occident;
And found the rich and wealthy Indian clime,
Sought to by greedy minds, for hurtful gold;
Now let us seek to venge the lamp of France,
That lately was eclipsed in Angelica;
Now let us seek Orlando forth, our peer,
Though from his former wits lately estrang'd,
Yet famous in our favours as before.

* *you*] The 4to. of 1599 "*ye.*"
† *seek*] The 4to. of 1594 "*seekes.*"
‡ *those*] The 4to. of 1599 "*these.*"

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And, sith by chance we all encounter'd be,
Let's seek revenge on her that wrought his wrong.

NAMUS. But being thus arriv'd in place unknown,
Who shall direct our course unto the court,
Where brave Marsilius keeps his royal state?

Enter MARSILIUS *and* MANDRICARD, *like Palmers.*

OGIER. Lo here, two Indian palmers hard at hand,
Who can perhaps resolve our hidden doubts.
Palmers, God speed.

MARS. Lordings, we greet you well. [thou tell?

OGIER. Where lies Marsilius' court, friend, can'st

MARS. His court is his camp, the prince is now in arms.

TURPIN. In arms!
What's he that dares annoy so great a king?

MAND. Such as both love and fury doth confound:
Fierce Sacripant, incens'd with strange desires,
Wars on Marsilius; and Rodomont being dead,
Hath levied all his men, and traitor-like
Assails his lord and loving sovereign.
And Mandricard, who late hath been in arms
To prosecute revenge against Marsilius,
Is now through favours past become his friend.
Thus stands the state of matchless India. [course.

OGIER. Palmer, I like thy brave and brief dis-
And, could'st thou bring us to the prince's camp,
We would acknowledge friendship at thy hands.

MARS. Ye stranger lords, why seek ye out Marsilius?

OLIVER. In hope that he, whose empire is so large,
Will make both mind and monarchy agree.

MARS. Whence are you, lords, and what request you here?

NAMUS. A question over-haughty for thy weed,
Fit for the king himself for to propound.

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MAND. O, sir, know that under simple weeds
The gods have mask'd: then deem not with disdain
To answer to this palmer's question,
Whose coat includes perhaps as great as yours.
OGIER. Haughty their words, their persons full of state;
Though habit be but mean, their minds excell.
Well, palmers, know
That princes are in India arriv'd,
Yea, even those western princely peers of France,
That through the world adventures undertake,
To find Orlando late incens'd with rage.
Then, palmers, sith you know our stiles and state,
Advise us where your king Marsilius is.
MARS. Lordings of France, here is Marsilius,
That bids you welcome into India,
And will in person bring you to his camp.
OGIER. Marsilius! and thus disguis'd!
MARS. Even Marsilius and thus disguis'd.
But what request these princes at my hand?
TURPIN. We sue for law and justice at thy hand:
We seek Angelica thy daughter out,
That wanton maid, that hath eclips'd the joy
Of royal France, and made Orlando mad.
MARS. My daughter, lords! why, she's exil'd,
And her griev'd father is content to lose
The pleasance of his age, to countenance law.
OLIVER. Not only exile shall await Angelica,
But death and bitter death shall follow her.
Then yield us right, Marsilius, or our swords
Shall make thee fear to wrong the peers of France.
MARS. Words cannot daunt me, princes, be assur'd;
But law and justice shall overrule in this,
And I will bury father's name and love.
The hapless maid, banish'd from out my land,
Wanders about in woods and ways unknown:

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Her, if ye find, with fury persecute;
I now disdain the name to be her father.
Lords of France, what would you more of me?

OGIER. Marsilius, we commend thy princely mind,
And will report thy justice through the world.
Come, peers of France, let's seek Angelica,
Left for a spoil to our revenging thoughts.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ORLANDO, *like a poet, and* ORGALIO.

ORL. Orgalio,*
Is not my love like those purple-colour'd swans,
That gallop by the coach of Cynthia?

ORG. Yes, marry, is she, my lord.

ORL. Is not her face silver'd like that milk-white† [shape,
When Jove came dancing down to Semele?

ORG. It is, my lord.

ORL. Then go thy ways, and climb up to the clouds,
And tell Apollo, that Orlando sits
Making of verses for Angelica.
And if he do deny to send me down
The shirt which Deianira sent to Hercules,
To make me brave upon my wedding day,
Tell him, I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,
(I know he knows that watery lakish hill,)
And pull the harp out of the minstrels' hands,
And pawn it unto lovely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the fair Angelica.

ORG. But, my lord, Apollo is asleep, and will not hear me.

ORL. Then tell him, he is a sleepy knave: but, sirrah, let nobody‡ trouble me, for I must lie down awhile, and talk with the stars.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

* *Orgalio*] omitted in the 4to. of 1599.
† *milk-white*] The 4to. of 1599 "*white milk.*"
‡ *nobody*] The 4to. of 1599 "*no man.*"

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Enter a Fiddler.

ORG. What, old acquaintance? well met.

FID. Ho, you would have me play Angelica again, would ye not?

ORG. No, but I can tell thee where thou mayest earn two or three shillings this morning, even with the turning of a hand.

FID. Two or three shillings! tush, thou wot* cozen me, thou: but and thou canst tell where I may earn a groat, I'll give thee sixpence for thy pains.

ORG. Then play a fit of mirth to my lord.

FID. Why, he is mad still, is he not?

ORG. No, no; come play.

FID. At which side doth he use to give his reward?

ORG. Why, of any side.

FID. Doth he not use to throw the chamber-pot sometimes? 'Twould grieve me he should wet my fiddle-strings.

ORG. Tush, I warrant thee.

[*He plays and sings any odd toy, and Orlando wakes.*

ORL. Who is this? Shan Cuttelero? Heartily welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

FID. No, sir, you should have said, Shan the Fidideldero.

ORL. What, hast thou brought me my† sword?

[*He takes away his fiddle.*

FID. A sword! no, no,‡ sir, that's my fiddle.

ORL. But dost thou think the temper to be good? And will it hold,
When thus, and thus, we Medor do assail?

[*He strikes and beats him with the fiddle.*

FID. Lord, sir, you'll break my living! You told me your master was not mad.

* *wot*] The 4to. of 1599 "*wolt.*"
† *my*] The 4to. of 1599 "*a.*"
‡ *no, no, sir*] The 4to. of 1599 "*no, sir.*"

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ORL. Tell me, why* hast thou marr'd my sword?
The pummel's well, the blade is curtal short:
Villain, why hast thou made it so?
FID. O Lord, sir, will you answer this?
[He breaks it about his head: exit Fiddler.

Enter MELISSA, *with a glass of wine.*

ORL. Orgalio, who is this?
ORG. Faith, my lord, some old witch, I think.
MEL. O, that my lord would but conceit my tale!
Then would I speak and hope to find redress.
ORL. Fair Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy,
Pyrrhus shall not, &c.†
Souns, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so nigh me?
ORG. Come, come, stand by, your breath stinks.
ORL. What! be all the Trojans fled?
Then give me some drink.
MEL. Here, Palatine, drink;
And ever be thou better for this draught.
ORL. What's here?
The paltry bottle that Darius quaff'd?
[He drinks, and she charms him with her wand, and he lies down to sleep.
Else would I set my mouth to Tigris' streams,
And drink up overflowing Euphrates.
My‡ eyes are heavy, and I needs must sleep.

MELISSA *striketh with her wand, and the Satyrs enter with music, and play round about him; which done, they stay: he awaketh and speaks.*

What shews are these, that fill mine eyes

* *why*] The 4to. of 1599 "*what.*"
† *&c.*] i. e. I suppose, any nonsense the player chose to utter extempore.
‡ *My*] The 4to of 1599 "*Mine.*"

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With view of such regard, as heaven admires
To see my slumbering dreams!
Skies are fulfill'd with lamps of lasting joy,
That boast the pride of haught Latona's son,
He lighteneth all the candles of the night.
Mnemosyne hath kiss'd the kingly Jove,
And entertain'd a feast within my brains,
Making her daughter solace on my brow.
Methinks, I feel how Cynthia tunes conceits
Of sad repent, and melloweth those desires,
Which frenzy's scares had ripen'd in my head.
Ate, I'll kiss thy restless cheek a while,
And suffer vile repent to bide control.

[*He lieth down again.*

MEL. O vos Silvani, Satyri, Faunique, Deæque,
Nymphæ Hamadryades, Dryades, Parcæque potentes!
O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,
Infernasque domus, et nigra palatia Ditis!
Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,
Qui regis infernum, solemque, solumque, cælumque!
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes;
In caput Orlandi celestes spargite lymphas,
Spargite, quis misere revocetur rapta per* umbras
Orlando, infelix anima.

[*Then let music play before him, and so go forth.*

ORL. What sights, what shews, what fearful shapes
More dreadful than appear'd to Hecuba, [are these,
When fall of Troy was figur'd in her sleep?
Juno, methought, sent down from heaven by Jove,
Came swiftly sweeping through the gloomy air;
And calling Fame, the Satyrs, and the Nymphs,
She gave them vials full of heavenly dew.
With that, mounted on her parti-colour'd coach,
Being drawn with peacocks proudly through the air,
She flew with Iris to the sphere of Jove.

* *rapta per*] The 4tos. "*raptator.*"

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What fearful thoughts arise upon this shew?
What desert grove is this? How thus disguis'd?
Where is Orgalio?

ORG. Here, my lord.

ORL. Sirrah, how came I thus disguis'd,
Like mad Orestes? quaintly thus disguis'd?

ORG. Like mad Orestes! nay, my lord, you may boldly justify the comparison, for Orestes was never so mad in his life as you were.

ORL. What, was I mad? what Fury hath enchanted me?

MEL. A Fury sure* worse than Megœra was,
That reft her son from trusty Pylades.

ORL. Why, what art thou,
Some sybil, or some goddess? freely speak.

MEL. Time not affords to tell each circumstance:
But thrice hath Cynthia changed her hue,
Since thou, infected with a lunacy,
Hast gadded up and down these lands and groves,
Performing strange and ruthful stratagems,
All for the love of fair Angelica,
Whom thou with Medor did'st suppose play'd false.
But Sacripant had graven these roundelays,
To sting thee with infecting jealousy:
The swain that told thee of their oft converse,
Was servant unto County Sacripant:
And trust me, Orlando, Angelica,
Though true to thee, is banish'd from the court,
And Sacripant this day bids battle to Marsilius.
The armies ready are to give assail;
And on a hill that overpeers them both
Stand† all the worthy matchless peers of France,
Who are in quest to seek Orlando out.
Muse not at this, for I have told thee true:
I am she that cured thy disease.

* *sure*] omitted in the 4to. of 1599.
† *Stand*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Stands.*"

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Here take these weapons, given thee by the fates,
And hie thee, County, to the battle straight.
ORL. Thanks, sacred goddess, for thy helping hand.
Thither will I hie to be reveng'd.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums: enter SACRIPANT *crowned, and pursuing* MARSILIUS *and* MANDRICARD.

SAC. Viceroys, you are dead;
For Sacripant, already crown'd a king,
Heaves up his sword to have your diadems.
MARS. Traitor, not dead, nor* any whit dismay'd,
For dear we prize the smallest drop of blood.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a scarf before his face.*

ORL. Stay, princes,
'Base not yourselves, to combat such a dog.
Mount on your coursers, follow those that fly,†
And let your conquering swords be tainted in their
Pass ye for him; he shall be combated. [bloods;
[*Exeunt Marsilius and Mandricard.*
SAC. Why, what art thou that brav'st me thus?
ORL. I am, thou seest, a mercenary soldier,
Homely, yet of such haughty thoughts,
As nought can serve to quench th' aspiring thoughts,
That burn‡ as do the fires of Sicily,
Unless I win that princely diadem,
That seems so ill upon thy coward's head.
SAC. Coward! To arms, sir boy; I will not brook
these braves,
If Mars himself even from his fiery throne
Came arm'd with all his furnitures of war.
[*They fight.*
O villain! thou hast slain a prince.

* *nor*] The 4to. of 1594 "*or.*"
† *fly*] The 4to. of 1599 "*flee.*"
‡ *burn*] The 4to. of 1594 "*burnes.*"

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ORL. Then may'st thou think that Mars himself
came down,
To vail thy plumes, and heave thee from thy pomp.
Proud that thou art, I reck not of thy 'gree,*
But I will have the conquest of my sword,
Which is the glory of thy diadem. [Moor,
SAC. These words bewray thou art no base-born
But by descent sprung from some royal line:
Then freely tell me, what's thy name?
ORL. Nay, first let me know thine.
SAC. Then know that thou hast slain prince Sa-
ORL. Sacripant! [cripant.
Then let me at thy dying day entreat,
By that same sphere wherein thy soul shall rest,
If Jove deny not passage to thy ghost,
Thou tell me,
Whether thou wrong'dst Angelica or no?
SAC. O, that's the sting that pricks my conscience!
O, that's the hell my thoughts abhor to think!
I tell thee, knight, for thou dost seem no less,
That I engrav'd the roundelays on the trees,
And hung the schedules† of poor Medor's love,
Intending so to breed debate
Between Orlando and Angelica:
O, thus I wrong'd Orlando and Angelica!
Now tell me, what shall I call thy name?
ORL. Then dead is the fatal author of my ill.
Base villain, vassal, unworthy of a crown,
Know that the man that strook the fatal stroke,
Is Orlando, the County Palatine,
Whom fortune sent to quittance all my wrongs.
Thou foil'd and slain, it now behoves me straight
To hie me fast to massacre thy men:
And so, farewell, thou devil in shape of man. [*Exit.*

* *'gree*] See note * p. 11.
† *schedules*] The 4tos. "*sedulet.*"

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SAC. Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the fates,
Set such a baleful period on my life
As none might end the days of Sacripant,
But mighty Orlando, rival of my love?
Now hold* the fatal murderers of men
The sharpen'd knife ready to cut my thread,
Ending the scene of all my tragedy:
This day, this hour, this minute ends the days
Of him that liv'd worthy old Nestor's age.
Phœbus, put out thy sable-suited wreath,
Clad all thy spheres in dark and mourning weeds:
Parch'd be the earth, to drink up every spring:
Let corn and trees be blasted from above:
Heaven turn to brass, and earth to wedge of steel;
The world to cinders: Mars, come thundering down,
And never sheath thy swift-revenging sword,
Till, like the deluge in Deucalion's days,
The highest mountains swim in streams of blood.
Heaven, earth, men, beasts, and every living thing,
Consume and end with County Sacripant!

[*He dies.*

Enter MARSILIUS, MANDRICARD, *and twelve Peers, with* ANGELICA.

MARS. Fought is the field, and Sacripant is slain,
With such a massacre of all his men,
As Mars descending in his purple robe
Vows with Bellona in whole heaps of blood
To banquet all the demigods of war. [camp,

MAND. See, where he lies slaughter'd without the
And by a simple swain, a mercenary,
Who bravely took the combat to himself:
Might I but know the man that did the deed,
I would, my lord, eternize him with fame.

* *hold*] The 4to. of 1594 "*holdeth.*"

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OGIER. Leaving the factious County to his death,
Command, my lord, his body be convey'd
Unto some place, as likes your highness best.
See, Marsilius, posting through Africa,
We have found this straggling girl, Angelica,
Who, for she wrong'd her love Orlando,
Chiefest of the western peers, conversing
With so mean a man as Medor was,
We will have her punish'd by the laws of France,
To end her burning lust* in flames of fire.
MARS. Beshrew you, lordings, but you do your worst;
Fire, famine, and as cruel death
As fell to Nero's mother in his rage.
ANG. Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
And lords of France, come from the western seas,
In quest to find mighty Orlando out,
Yet ere I die, let me have leave to say,
Angelica held ever in her thoughts
Most dear the love of County Palatine.
What wretch hath wrong'd us with suspect of love,
I know not, I, nor can accuse† the man;
But by the heavens, whereto my soul shall fly,‡
Angelica did never wrong Orlando.
I speak not this as one that cares to live,
For why, my thoughts are fully malcontent,
And I conjure you by your chivalry,
You quit Orlando's wrong upon Angelica.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a scarf before his face.*

OLIVER. Strumpet, fear not, for, by fair Maia's son,
This day thy soul shall vanish up in fire,

* *lust*] The 4to of 1599 "*love.*"
† *accuse*] The 4to. of 1599 "*excuse.*"
‡ *fly*] The 4to. of 1599 "*flee.*"

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As Semele, when Juno wil'd the* trull,
To entertain the glory of her love.
ORL. Frenchman, for so thy quaint array imports,
Be thou a peer, or be thou Charlemagne,
Or had'st thou Hector, or Achilles' heart,
Or never-daunted thoughts of Hercules,
That did in courage far surpass them all,
I tell thee, sir, thou liest in thy throat,
The greatest brave transalpine France can brook,
In saying that sacred Angelica
Did offer wrong unto the Palatine.
I am a common mercenary soldier;
Yet, for I see my princess is abus'd
By new-come stragglers from a foreign coast,
I dare the proudest of these western lords
To crack a blade in trial of her right.
MAND. Why, foolish, hardy, daring, simple groom,
Follower of fond, conceited Phaeton,
Know'st thou to whom thou speak'st?
MARS. Brave soldier, for so much thy courage says,
These men are princes dipt within the blood
Of kings most royal, seated in the west,
Unfit to accept a challenge at your hand:
Yet thanks that thou would'st in thy lord's defence
Fight for my daughter; but her guilt is known.
ANG. Ay, rest thee, soldier, Angelica is false,
False, for she hath no trial of her right:
Soldier, let me die for the 'miss† of all.
Wert thou as stout as was‡ proud Theseus,
In vain thy blade should offer my defence;
For why, these be the champions of the world,
Twelve peers of France that never yet were foil'd.
ORL. How, madam, the twelve peers of France!
Why, let them be twelve devils of hell,

* *the*] The 4to. of 1599 "*the the.*"
† *'miss*] For *amiss*, i. e. fault.
‡ *was*] The 4to. of 1594 "*is.*"

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What I have said, I'll pawn my sword
To seal it on the shield of him that dares,
Malgrado of his honour, combat me.
OLIVER. Marry, sir, that dare I.
ORL. Y'are a welcome man, sir.
TURPIN. Chastise the groom, Oliver, and learn him
We are not like the boys of Africa. [know
ORL. Hear you, sir?
You that so peremptorily bade him fight,
Prepare your weapons, for your turn is next:
'Tis not one champion that can discourage me.
Come, are ye ready?
[*He fighteth first with one, and then with another, and overcomes them both.*
So, stand aside:
And, madam, if my fortune last it out,
I'll guard your person with twelve peers of France.
OGIER. O, Ogier, how can'st thou stand, and see a slave
Disgrace the house of France? sirrah, prepare you,
For angry Nemesis sits on my sword
To be reveng'd.
ORL. Well said, Frenchman; you have made a goodly oration; but you had best to use your sword better, lest I beswinge you.
[*They fight a good while, and then breathe.*
OGIER. Howsoe'er disguis'd in base or Indian shape,
Ogier can well discern thee by thy blows,
For either thou art Orlando or the devil.
ORL. Then, to assure you that I am no devil,
Here's your friend and companion, Orlando.
OGIER. And none can be more glad than Ogier is,
That he hath found his cousin in his sense.
OLIVER. Whenas I felt his blows upon my shield,
My teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceiv'd,
Who might this be if not the Palatine?

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TURPIN. So had I said, but that report did tell
My lord was troubled with a lunacy.
ORL. So was I, lordings; but give me leave awhile,
Humbly as Mars did to his paramour,
So to submit to fair Angelica.
Pardon thy lord, fair saint Angelica,
Whose love, stealing by steps into extremes,
Grew by suspicion to a causeless lunacy.
ANG. O no, my lord, but pardon my amiss,*
For had not Orlando lov'd Angelica,
Ne'er had my lord fallen into these extremes,
Which we will parley private to ourselves.
Ne'er was the queen of Cyprus half so glad
As is Angelica to see her lord,
Her dear Orlando settled in his sense.
ORL. Thanks, my sweet love.
But why stands the prince of Africa,
And Mandricard, the king of Mexico,
So deep in dumps, when all rejoice beside?
First know, my lord, I slaughter'd Sacripant,
I am the man that did the slave to death,
Who frankly there did make confession,
That he engrav'd the roundelays on the trees,
And hung the schedules of poor Medor's love,
Intending by suspect to breed debate
Deeply 'twixt me and fair Angelica:
His hope had hap, but we had all the harm;
And now revenge leaping from out the seat
Of him that may command stern Nemesis,
Hath pour'd those treasons justly on his head.
What saith my gracious lord to this?
MARS. I stand amaz'd, deep over-drench'd with [joy,
To hear and see this unexpected end:
So well I rest content. Ye† peers of France,

* *amiss*] See note † p. 50. † *ye*] The 4to. of 1599 "*you.*"

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Sith it is prov'd Angelica is clear,
Her and my crown I freely will bestow
Upon Orlando, the County Palatine.
ORL. Thanks, my good lord. And now my friends
Frolic, be merry: we will hasten home, [of France,
So soon as King Marsilius will consent
To let his daughter wend with us to France.
Meanwhile, we'll richly rig up all our fleet,
More brave than was that gallant Grecian keel,
That brought away the Colchian fleece of gold:
Our sails of sendal* spread into the wind,
Our ropes and tacklings all of finest silk,
Fetch'd from the native looms of labouring worms,
The pride of Barbary, and the glorious wealth
That is transported by the western bounds;
Our stems cut out of gleaming ivory;
Our planks and sides fram'd out of cypress wood,
That bears the name of Cyparissus' change,
To burst the billows of the ocean sea,
Where Phœbus dips his amber tresses oft,
And kisses Thetis in the day's decline;
That Neptune proud shall call his Tritons forth
To cover all the ocean with a calm.
So rich shall be the rubbish of our barks,
Ta'en here for ballass to the ports of France,
That Charles himself shall wonder at the sight.
Thus, lordings, when our banquettings be done,
And Orlando espoused to Angelica,
We'll furrow through the moving ocean,
And cheerly frolic with great Charlemagne.

* *sendal*] "A kinde of Cipres stuffe or silke." Minsheu's *Guide Into Tongues*, 1617. "CENDALUM, Cendatum, &c. Tela subserica, vel pannus sericus, Gallis et Hispanis, *Cendal*: quibusdam quasi *Setal*, interposito, n. *ex seta*, seu serico; aliis ex Græco *σινδὼν*, *amictus ex lino Ægyptiaco*: aliis denique ex Arabico *Cendali*, folium delicatum, subtile: vel *lamina* subtilior." Du Cange, *Gloss.*

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A LOOKING GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

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A Looking Glasse for London and England. Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and Robert Greene. In Artibus Magister. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1594. 4to. b. l.

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This play was also printed in 1602, and 1617. The edition of 1594 is of exceeding rarity, and the only copy of it I have ever seen is that which was formerly in the collection of the late Mr. John Kemble, and is now in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire: it is by far the most correct of the 4tos. I have not thought it necessary to mark *every* variation found in the text of the two latest 4tos.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

RASNI, *King of Nineveh,*
KING OF CILICIA,
KING OF CRETE,
KING OF PAPHLAGONIA,
THRASIBULUS, *a young Gentleman, reduced to poverty,*
ALCON, *a poor Man,*
RADAGON,† } *his Sons,*
CLESIPHON, }
USURER,
JUDGE,
LAWYER,
SMITH,
ADAM, *his Man,*
CLOWN,
FIRST RUFFIAN,
SECOND RUFFIAN,
GOVERNOR OF JOPPA,
MASTER OF A SHIP,
FIRST SEARCHER,

* Occasionally throughout the 4tos. *Rasni, Cilicia, Remilia,* and *Alvida,* are printed *Rasin, Cicilia, Remilias,* and *Alvia.*

† "In like manner," says Malone (in his note about anagrams,—*Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 221), "in the Looking Glasse for London and England, written by Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene, the cruel and brutal son who treats his parents, Alcon and Samia, with neglect and contempt, and refuses them any succour in their utmost need, is called *Radagon,* by Metathesis, from *a dragon.*" It had, perhaps, escaped Malone's notice that a very unexceptionable personage, called Radagon, figures in the Host's Tale, in Greene's *Never Too Late,* part second.

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SECOND SEARCHER,
ONE CLAD IN DEVIL'S ATTIRE,
MERCHANTS, MAGI, SAILORS, LORDS,
ATTENDANTS, &c.

AN ANGEL,
AN EVIL ANGEL,
OSEAS,
JONAS.

REMILIA, *Sister to Rasni*;
ALVIDA, *Wife to the King of Paphlagonia*,
SAMIA, *Wife to Alcon*,
SMITH'S WIFE,
LADIES.

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A LOOKING GLASS FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

Enters RASNI, *king of Nineveh, with three kings of Cilicia, Crete, and Paphlagonia, from the overthrow of Jeroboam, king of Jerusalem.*

RASNI. So pace ye on, triumphant warriors;
Make Venus' leman,* arm'd in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
For you the viceroys are,† the cavaliers,
That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness.
Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.‡
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycas' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
A hundred lords do honour at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:

* *leman*] i. e. lover.
† *are*] The 4tos. "*and.*"
‡ *excellence*] The 4to. of 1598 "*excellency.*"

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And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judea's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria.
Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadab,
Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought,
For be he God in heaven, yet, viceroys, know,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but he. [skill

K. OF CIL. If lovely shape, feature by nature's
Passing in beauty fair Endymion's,
That Luna wrapt within her snowy breasts,
Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Transform'd unto a purple hyacinth;
If beauty nonpareil in excellence,
May make a king match with the Gods in 'gree,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but he. [wars,

K. OF CRETE. If martial looks, wrapt in a cloud of
More fierce than Mars lighteneth from* his eyes,
Sparkling revenge, and dire disparagement;
If doughty deeds more haughty† than any done,
Seal'd with the smile of fortune and of fate,
Matchless to manage lance and curtle-axe;
If such high actions, grac'd with victories,
May make a king match with the Gods in 'gree,
Rasni is God on earth, and none but he.

K. OF PAPH. If Pallas' wealth——— [more.

RASNI. Viceroys, enough; peace,‡ Paphlagon, no
See where's my sister, fair Remilia,
Fairer than was the virgin Danae,
That waits on Venus with a golden show;
She that hath stol'n the wealth of Rasni's looks,
And tied his thoughts within her lovely locks,
She that is lov'd, and love unto your king,
See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

* *from*] The 4to. of 1598 "*fro.*"
† *haughty*] The author most probably wrote "*haught.*"
‡ *peace*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

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Enters RADAGON, *with* REMILIA, *sister to Rasni*, ALVIDA, *wife to Paphlagon, and other ladies, bringing* a globe seated in a ship.*

REMIL. Victorious monarch, second unto Jove,
Mars upon earth, and Neptune on the seas,
Whose frown strows† all the ocean with a calm,
Whose smile draws Flora to display her pride,
Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Rasni, the regent of great Nineveh:
For thou hast foil'd proud Jeroboam's force,
And like the mustering breath of Æolus,
That overturns the pines of Lebanon,
Hast scatter'd Jewry and her upstart grooms,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,
Remilia greets thee with a kind salute,
And for a present to thy mightiness
Gives thee a globe folded within a ship,
As king on earth, and lord of all the seas,
With such a welcome unto Nineveh,
As may thy sister's humble love afford.

RASNI. Sister! the title fits not thy degree,
A higher state of honour shall be thine.
The lovely trull that Mercury entrapt
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And she that bash'd the sun-god with her eyes,
Fair Semele, the choice of Venus' maids,
Were not so beauteous as Remilia.
Then, sweeting, sister shall not serve the turn,
But Rasni's wife, his leman, and his love;
Thou shalt, like Juno, wed thyself to Jove,
And fold me in the richess of thy fair:‡

* *bringing*] The two first 4tos. "*bring*."

† *strows*] The 4tos. "*stroyes*."

‡ *fair*] i. e. beauty: so again our author, in one of his prose tracts; "though she [Helen] were false to Menelaus, yet her *faire* made him brook her follies." *Second Part of Never too Late*. Sig. K, ed. n. d.

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Remilia shall be Rasni's paramour.
For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,
And thou bright Venus for thy clear aspect,
Why should not from our loins issue a son,
That might be lord of royal sovereignty,
Of twenty worlds, if twenty worlds might be?
What say'st, Remilia, art thou Rasni's wife?

REMIL. My heart doth swell with favour of thy
The love of Rasni maketh me as proud [thoughts;
As Juno when she wore heaven's diadem.
Thy sister born was for thy wife by* love:
Had I the riches nature locketh up,
To deck her darling beauty when she smiles,
Rasni should prank him in the pride of all.

RASNI. Remilia's love is far more either priz'd
Than Jeroboam's or the world's subdue.
Lordings, I'll have my weddings sumptuous,
Made glorious with the treasures of the world:
I'll fetch from Albia shelves of margarites,†
And strip the Indies of their diamonds,
And Tyre shall yield me tribute of her gold,
To make Remilia's wedding glorious.
I'll send for all the damosel queens that live
Within the reach of Rasni's government,
To wait as handmaids on‡ Remilia,
That her attendant train may pass the troop
That gloried Venus at her wedding day.

K. OF CRETE. O my lord, not sister to thy love!§
'Tis incest, and too foul a fact for kings;
Nature allows no limits to such lust.

RADAG. Presumptuous viceroy, dar'st thou check
thy lord,

* *by*] The 4to. of 1602 "*my*."
† *I'll fetch from Albia shelves of margarites*] See note ‡ p. 8.
‡ *on*] The 4to. of 1598 "*to*."
§ *O my lord*, &c.] Perhaps the author wrote;
"My lord, *take* not *thy* sister to thy love."

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Or twit him with the laws that nature loves?
Is not great Rasni above nature's reach,
God upon earth, and all his will is law? [choice,
K. of Crete. O flatter not, for hateful is his
And sister's love will blemish all his worth.
Radag. Doth not the brightness of his majesty
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults?
Rasni. Well hast thou answer'd with him, Ra-
I like thee for thy learned sophistry. [dagon,*
But thou of Crete, that countercheck'st thy king,
Pack hence in exile, give Radagon thy† crown.
Be thou¶ vicegerent of his royalty,
And fail me not in what my thoughts may please,
For from a beggar have I brought thee up,
And grac'd thee with the honour of a crown.
Ye quondam king, what, feed ye on delays?
K. of Crete. Better no king than viceroy under
That hath no virtue to maintain his crown. [him,
Rasni. Remilia, what fair dames be those that
Attendant on thy‡ matchless royalty? [wait
Remil. 'Tis Alvida, the fair wife to the King of
Paphlagonia. [a jewel,
Rasni. Trust me, she is fair: § th'ast,‖ Paphlagon,
To fold thee in so bright a sweeting's arms.
Radag. Like you her, my lord?
Rasni. What if I do, Radagon? [riage
Radag. Why then she is yours, my lord, for mar-
Makes no exception, where Rasni doth command.
K. of Paph. Ill dost thou counsel him to fancy wives.

* *with him, Radagon*] The 4tos. "*within Radon.*"
† *Pack hence*, &c.] The 4to. of 1594;
"Pack hence in exile, Radagon *the* crown."
¶ *thou*] The 4tos. "*thee.*"
‡ *thy*] The 4to. of 1598 "*my.*"
§ *fair*] The 4to. of 1598 "*a* fair.
‖ *th'ast*] The 4to. of 1598 "*thou hast.*"

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RADAG. Wife or not wife, what so he likes is his.
RASNI. Well answer'd, Radagon; thou art for me:
Feed thou mine humour, and be still a king.
Lords, go in triumph of my happy loves,
And for to feast us after all our broils,
Frolic and revel it in Nineveh.
Whatsoever befitteth your conceited thoughts,
Or good or ill, love or not love, my boys,
In love, or what may satisfy your lust,
Act it, my lords, for no man dare say no.
*Divisum imperium cum Jove nunc teneo.** [*Exeunt.*

Enters, brought in by an ANGEL, OSEAS *the Prophet, and let*† *down over the stage in a throne.*

ANGEL. Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit
Th'art brought from Jewry unto Nineveh;
So was Elias wrapt within a storm,
And set upon Mount Carmel by the Lord:
For thou hast preach'd long to the stubborn Jews,
Whose flinty hearts have felt no sweet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Have still persever'd in their wickedness.
Lo, I have brought thee unto Nineveh,
The rich and royal city of the world,
Pamper'd in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
As Sodom and Gomorrah full of sin.
The Lord looks down and cannot see one good,
Not one that covets to obey his will;
But wicked all from cradle to the crutch.‡
Note then, Oseas, all their grievous sins,
And see the wrath of God that pays revenge;

* *Divisum, &c.*] Prefixed to this line, in the 4tos., is the word *Smith*: by what mistake it happened to be inserted here, as the Smith has not yet appeared on the scene, I know not.
† *let*] The 4tos. of 1594, 1598, and 1617 "*set.*"
‡ *crutch*] The 4to. of 1598 "*church.*"

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And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
I'll carry thee to Jewry back again,
And seat thee in the great Jerusalem.
There shalt thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends down his hateful wrath for sin
On such as never heard his prophets speak:
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues
On such as hear the sweetness of his voice,
And yet obey not what his prophets speak.
Sit thee, Oseas, pondering in the spirit
The mightiness of these fond people's sins.

OSEAS. The will of the Lord be done!

[*Exit Angel.*

Enters the CLOWN *and his Crew of Ruffians, to go to drink.*

FIRST RUFF. Come on, smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the town is.

ADAM.* Come on, in faith, my colts: I have left my master striking of a heat, and stole away because I would keep you company.

CLOWN. Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith with us?

ADAM. Paltry smith! why, you incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade?

CLOWN. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Nineveh.

ADAM. A gentleman! good sir, I remember you

* *Adam*] The 4to. of 1602, throughout the scene, SMITH; so the other 4tos. in part of the scene, but in part of it they do not appropriate his speeches to any one: it is plain that the speaker is *the Smith's man*, ADAM, by which name he is distinguished in the latter part of the play.

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well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on him, the one was on working days, and then he kept the town stage, and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas! sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some four and ten, his beard rats' colour, half black, half white, his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *autem glorificam*, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

SECOND RUFF. Well said, smith; that crost him over the thumbs.

CLOWN. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

ADAM. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee heartily, into thy scabbard, hold in your rapier, for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter. Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him: for mark the words, a* paltry smith! O horrible sentence! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtals, jades, cuts, hacknies, and mares: whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse, thou† shalt not‡ be worth a horse of thine own this seven year.

* *a*] The 4to. of 1598 "*of a*."
† *thou*] Not in the 4to. of 1594.
‡ *not*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

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CLOWN. I prithee, smith, is your occupation so excellent?

ADAM. A paltry smith! why, I'll stand to it, a smith is lord of the four elements, for our iron is made of the earth, our bellows blow out air, our floor holds fire, and our forge water. Nay, sir, we read in the Chronicles that there was a god of our occupation.

CLOWN. Ay, but he was a cuckold.

ADAM. That was the reason, sir,* he called your father cousin. Paltry smith! why, in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipful occupation.

CLOWN. As how?

ADAM. Marry, sir, I will stand to it, that a smith in his kind is a physician, a surgeon, and a barber. For let a horse take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and we straight give him a potion or a purgation, in such physical manner that he mends straight: if he have outward diseases, as the spavin,† splent, ringbone, windgall, or fashion, or, sir, a galled back, we let him blood and clap a plaister to him with a pestilence that mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane grow out of order, and he have any rebellious hairs, we straight to our shears and trim him with what cut it please us, pick his ears, and make him neat; marry, indeed, sir, we are slovens for one thing, we never use any musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason is, sir, because he can woo without kissing.

CLOWN. Well, sirrah, leave off these praises of a smith, and bring us to the best ale in the town.

ADAM. Now, sir, I have a feat above all the smiths in Nineveh; for, sir, I am a philosopher that can dispute of the nature of ale; for mark you, sir, a

* *sir*] Not in the 4to. of 1594.

† *spavin*] The three first 4tos. "*spuing*."

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pot of ale consists of four parts, imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg.

CLOWN. Excellent.

ADAM. The ale is a restorative, bread is a binder, mark you, sir, two excellent points in physic: the ginger, O ware of that! the philosophers have written of the nature of ginger, 'tis expulsitive in two degrees; you shall hear the sentence of Galen;

> "It will make a man belch, cough, and fart,
> And is a great comfort to the heart,"

a proper posy, I promise you: but now to the noble virtue of the nutmeg; it is, saith one ballad, (I think an English Roman was the author,) an underlayer to the brains, for when the ale gives a buffet to the head, O the nutmeg! that keeps him for a* while in temper. Thus, you see the description of the virtue of a pot of ale: now, sir, to put my physical precepts in practice, follow me; but afore I step any further—

CLOWN. What's the matter now?

ADAM. Why, seeing I have provided the ale, who is the purveyor for the wenches? for, masters, take this of me, a cup of ale without a wench, why, alas! 'tis like an egg without salt, or a red-herring without mustard.

CLOWN. Lead us to the ale: we'll have wenches enough, I warrant thee. [*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. Iniquity seeks out companions still,
And mortal men are armed to do ill.
London, look on, this matter nips thee near;
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer,
Spend less at board, and spare not at the door,
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor,
Else seeking mercy, being merciless,
Thou be adjudg'd to endless heaviness.

* *a*] Not in the 4to. of 1594.

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Enters the USURER, THRASIBULUS, *and* ALCON.*

USURER. Come on, I am every day troubled with those needy companions: what news with you? what wind brings you hither?

THRAS. Sir, I hope how far soever you make it off, you remember too well for me, that this is the day wherein I should pay you money, that I took up of you alate in a commodity.†

ALC. And, sir, sirreverence of your manhood and gentry, I have brought home such money as you lent me.

USURER. You, young gentleman, is my money ready?

THRAS. Truly, sir, this time was so short, the commodity so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not provide it against the day, wherefore I am come to entreat you to stand my friend, and to favour me with a longer time, and I will make you sufficient consideration.

USURER. Is the wind in that door? If thou hast my money, so it is: I will not defer a day, an hour, a minute, but take the forfeit of the bond.

THRAS. I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was great by the commodity I took up: you know, sir, I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings,‡ which, when I came to sell again, I could get but

* *Thrasibulus and Alcon*] Throughout the two first scenes where these personages appear, the 4tos. designate them "*a Young Gentleman and a Poor Man.*"

† *a commodity*] i. e. goods, which the prodigal took as a part of the sum he wished to borrow from the usurer, and which he was to turn into cash in the best way he was able.

‡ *lute-strings*] Compare Nash's *Summer's last will and testament*, 1600; "I knowe one spent in lesse then a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in mustard, and an other that ranne in det, in the space of foure or fiue yeere, aboue foureteene thousand pound in *lute-strings* and gray paper." Sig. B 4.

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five pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteen pounds for my forty. In consideration of this ill bargain, I pray you, sir, give me a month longer.

USURER. I answered thee afore, not a minute: what have I to do how thy bargain proved? I have thy hand set to my book that thou receivedst forty pounds of me in money.

THRAS. Ay, sir, it was your device that, to colour the statute, but your conscience knows what I had.

ALC. Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him, when thou talkest to him of conscience, for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of an obligation, as my blind mare, God bless her, hath over a manger of oats.

THRAS. Then there is no favour, sir?

USURER. Come to-morrow to me, and see how I will use thee.

THRAS. No, covetous caterpillar, know, that I have made extreme shift rather than I would fall into the hands of such a ravening panther: and therefore here is thy money, and deliver me the recognisance of my lands.

USURER. What a spite is this, hath sped of his crowns! if he had missed but one half hour, what a goodly farm had I gotten for forty pounds! well, 'tis my cursed fortune. O, have I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance!

THRAS. Come, sir, will you dispatch, and tell your money? [*Strikes four a'clock.*

USURER. Stay, what is this a'clock? four—let me see,—to be paid between the hours of three and four in the afternoon; this goes right for me. You, sir, hear you not the clock, and have you not a counterpane* of your obligation? The hour is past, it was

* *counterpane*] i. e. one part of a pair of deeds: we now say *counterpart*.

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to be paid between three and four; and now the clock hath strooken four, I will receive none, I'll stand to the forfeit of the recognisance.

THRAS. Why, sir, I hope you do but jest; why, 'tis but four, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before four.

USURER. Why didst thou not tender thy money then? if I offer thee injury, take the law of me, complain to the judge; I will receive no money.

ALC. Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good master for my cow. I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I have paid you eighteen pence a week, and for her meat you have had her milk, and I tell you, sir, she gives a pretty sup; now, sir, here is your money.

USURER. Hang, beggarly knave, comest to me for a cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a penny, and was not thy day to have paid yesterday? Thou gettest no cow at my hand.

ALC. No cow, sir! alas, that word no cow goes as cold to my heart, as a draught of small drink in a frosty morning! no cow, sir! why, alas, alas! master Usurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poor child?

USURER. Thou gettest no cow of me, knave: I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

ALC. Nay, but hear you, master Usurer: no cow! why, sir, here's your thirty shillings; I have paid you eighteen pence a week, and therefore there is reason I should have my cow.

USURER. What pratest thou? have I not answered thee, thy day is broken?

ALC. Why, sir, alas, my cow is a commonwealth to me! for first, sir, she allows me, my wife, and son, for to banquet ourselves withal, butter, cheese, whey, curds, cream, sod-milk, raw-milk, sour-milk, sweet-

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milk, and butter-milk: besides, sir, she saved me every year a penny in almanacks, for she was as good to me as a prognostication; if she had but set up her tail, and have galloped about the mead, my little boy was able to say, O father, there will be a storm; her very tail was a calendar to me; and now to lose my cow! alas, master Usurer, take pity upon me!

USURER. I have other matters to talk on: farewell, fellows.

THRAS. Why, but, thou covetous churl, wilt thou not receive thy money, and deliver me my recognisance?

USURER. I'll deliver thee none; if I have wronged thee, seek thy mends at the law. [*Exit.*

THRAS. And so I will, insatiable peasant.

ALC. And, sir, rather than I will put up this word no cow, I will lay my wife's best gown to pawn. I tell you, sir, when the slave uttered this word no cow, it strook to my heart, for my wife shall never have one so fit for her turn again; for, indeed, sir, she is a woman that hath her twiddling strings broke.

THRAS. What meanest thou by that, fellow?

ALC. Marry, sir, sirreverence of your manhood, she breaks wind behind: and indeed, sir, when she sat milking of her cow and let a fart, my other cows would start at the noise, and kick down the milk, and away; but this cow, sir, the gentlest cow! my wife might blow whilst* she burst: and having such good conditions, shall the Usurer come upon me with no cow? Nay, sir, before I pocket up this word no cow, my wife's gown goes to the lawyer: why, alas, sir, 'tis as ill a word to me, as no crown to a king!

THRAS. Well, fellow, go with me, and I'll help thee to a lawyer.

* *whilst*] i. e. until.

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ALC. Marry, and I will, sir. No cow! well, the world goes hard. [*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. Where hateful usury
Is counted husbandry;
Where merciless men rob the poor,
And the needy are thrust out of door;
Where gain is held for conscience,
And men's pleasures are* all on pence;
Where young gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the usurer's hands;
Where poverty is despis'd, and pity banish'd,
And mercy indeed utterly vanish'd;
Where men esteem more of money than of God;
Let that land look to feel his wrathful rod:
For there is no sin more odious in his sight,
Than where usury defrauds the poor of his right.
London, take heed, these sins abound in thee:
The poor complain, the widows wronged be;
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoil'd;
The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toil'd:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour;
Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

Enters REMILIA, *with a train of Ladies in all royalty.*

REMIL. Fair queen, yet handmaid† unto Rasni's love,
Tell me, is not my state as‡ glorious
As Juno's pomp, when tir'd with heaven's despoil,
Clad in her vestments spotted all with stars,
She cross'd the silver path unto her Jove?
Is not Remilia far more beauteous,
Rich'd§ with the pride of nature's excellence,‖

* *are*] The 4tos. "*is.*"
† *handmaid*] The 4tos. "*handmaids.*"
‡ *as*] The 4to. of 1598 "*so.*"
§ *Rich'd*] The 4to. of 1598 "*Rich.*"
‖ *excellence*] The 4to. of 1598 "*excellencie.*"

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Than Venus in the brightest of her shine?
My hairs surpass they not Apollo's locks?
Are not my tresses curled with such art
As love delights to hide him in their fair?*
Doth not mine eye† shine like the morning lamp,
That tells Aurora when her love will come?
Have I not stol'n the beauty of the heavens,
And plac'd it on the feature of my face?
Can any goddess make compare with me,
Or match her with the fair Remilia?

ALVI. The beauties that proud Paris saw fro‡ [Troy,
Mustering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not so gorgeous as Remilia.

REMIL. I have trickt my trammels up with richest [balm,
And made my perfumes of the purest myrrh:
The precious drugs that Ægypt's wealth affords,
The costly paintings§ fetcht fro curious Tyre,
Have mended in my face what nature miss'd.
Am I not the earth's wonder in my looks?

ALVI. The wonder of the earth, and pride of heaven.

REMIL. Look, Alvida, a hair stands not amiss,
For women's locks are trammels of conceit,
Which do entangle love for all his wiles.

ALVI. Madam, unless you coy it trick and trim,
And play the civil wanton ere you yield,
Smiting disdain of pleasures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Rasni on the cheek,
When he presumes to kiss without consent;
You mar the market, beauty nought avails:
You must be proud, for pleasures hardly got
Are sweet if once attain'd.

REMIL. Fair Alvida,

* *fair*] See note ‡ p. 61.
† *eye*] The 4to. of 1594 "*eyne.*"
‡ *fro*] The 4to. of 1598 "*from.*"
§ *paintings*] The 4to. of 1598 "*painting.*"

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Thy counsel makes Remilia passing wise.
Suppose that thou wert Rasni's mightiness,
And I Remilia, prince of excellence.
ALVI. I would be master then of love and thee.
REMIL. Of love and me! proud and disdainful king,
Dar'st thou presume to touch a deity,
Before she grace thee with a yielding smile?
ALVI. Tut, my Remilia, be not thou so coy;
Say nay, and take it.
REMIL. Careless and unkind!
Talks Rasni to Remilia in such sort,
As if I* did enjoy a human form?
Look on thy love, behold mine eyes divine,
And dar'st thou twit me with a woman's fault?
Ah Rasni! thou art rash to judge of me:
I tell thee Flora oft hath woo'd my lips,
To lend a rose to beautify her spring,
The sea-nymphs fetch their lilies from my cheeks;
Then thou unkind—and hereon would I weep.
ALVI. And here would Alvida resign her charge,
For were I but in thought th' Assyrian king,
I needs must quite thy tears with kisses sweet,
And crave a pardon with a friendly touch;
You know it, madam, though I teach it not,
The touch I mean, you smile whenas you think it.
REMIL. How am I pleas'd to hear thy pretty prate,
According to the humour of my mind!
Ah, nymphs, who fairer than Remilia?
The gentle winds have woo'd me with their sighs,
The frowning air hath clear'd when I did smile;
And when I trac'd upon the tender† grass,
Love that makes warm the centre of the earth,
Lift up his crest to kiss Remilia's foot;
Juno still entertains her amorous Jove

* *I*] The 4to. of 1598 "*he*."
† *tender*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

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With new delights, for fear he look on me;
The Phœnix' feathers are become my fan,
For I am beauty's phœnix in this world.
Shut close these curtains straight, and shadow me,
For fear Apollo spy me in his walks,
And scorn all eyes, to see Remilia's eyes.
Nymphs, eunuchs,* sing, for Mavors draweth nigh;
Hide me in closure, let him long to look:
For were a goddess fairer than am I,
I'll scale the heavens to pull her from the place.

[*They draw the curtains and music plays.*

ALVI. Believe me, though she say that she is fairest,
I think my penny silver by her leave.

Enter RASNI, *with his Lords in pomp, who make a ward about him; with him the* MAGI *in great pomp.*

RASNI. Magi, for love of Rasni, by your† art,
By magic frame an arbour out of hand,
For fair Remilia to disport her in.
Meanwhile, I will bethink me on further‡ pomp.

[*Exit.*

[*The Magi with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same riseth a brave arbour; the King returneth in another suit, while the trumpets sound.*

RASNI. Blest be ye, men§ of art, that grace me thus,

* *eunuchs*] The 4tos. "*knancks.*" I am not sure that the reading which I have given is the right one; but the following lines, which occur in the latter part of the play, incline me to believe that it is;

"And let the *eunuchs* play you all asleep."
"*Eunuchs*, play hymns to praise his deity."
"Play, *eunuchs, sing* in honour of her name."

† *your*] The 4to. of 1598 "*our.*"
‡ *further*] The 4to. of 1598 "*surth, a.*"
§ *men*] The three first 4tos. "*man.*"

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And blessed be this day where Hymen hies
To join in union pride of heaven and earth.
[*Lightning and thunder, wherewith Remilia is strooken.*
What wondrous threatening noise is this I hear?
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I draw near Remilia's royal tent,
I waking dream of sorrow and * mishap.
RADAG. Dread not, O king, at ordinary chance;
These are but common exhalations,
Drawn from the earth, in substance hot and dry,
Or moist and thick, or meteors combust,
Matters and causes incident to time,
Enkindled † in the fiery region first.
Tut, be not now a Roman augurer:
Approach the tent, look on Remilia.
RASNI. Thou hast confirm'd my doubts, kind Radagon.
Now ope, ye folds, where queen of favour sits,
Carrying a net within her curled locks,
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft;
Ope like th' imperial gates where Phœbus sits,
Whenas he means to woo his Clytia.
Nocturnal cares, ye blemishers of bliss,
Cloud not mine eyes, whilst I behold her face.
Remilia, my delight!—she answereth not.
[*He draws the curtains, and finds her strooken with thunder black.*
How pale! as if, bereav'd in fatal meads,
The balmy breath hath left her bosom quite:
My Hesperus by cloudy death is blent.‡
Villains, away, fetch syrups of the Inde,

* *and*] The 4to. of 1598 "*or*."
† *Enkindled*] The 4to. of 1598 "*In kindling*."
‡ *blent*] i. e. destroyed, polluted,—from the verb *blend* which in its original sense means to mingle, confound. The 4to. of 1598 "*bent*."

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Fetch balsamo, the kind preserve of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oils, fetch herbs, fetch all,
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.

[*They bring in all these, and offer; nought prevails.*

Herbs, oils of Inde, alas, there nought prevails!
Shut are the day-bright eyes that made me see,
Lock'd are the gems of joy in dens of death;
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her:
Malicious mistress of inconstancy,
Damn'd be thy name, that hast* obscur'd my joy.
Kings, viceroys,† princes, rear a royal tomb
For my Remilia; bear her from my sight,
Whilst I in tears weep for Remilia.

[*They bear her out.*

RADAG. What maketh Rasni moody? loss of one?
As if no more were left so fair as she.
Behold a dainty minion for the nonce,‡
Fair Alvida, the Paphlagonian queen:
Woo her, and leave this weeping for the dead.

RASNI. What, woo my subject's wife that honoureth me! [know:

RADAG. Tut, kings this *meum*, *tuum* should not
Is she not fair? is not her husband hence?
Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon;
A pretty peat to drive your mourn away.

RASNI. She smiles on me, I see she is mine own.
Wilt thou be Rasni's royal paramour? [dispute.

RADAG. She blushing yields consent, make no
The king is sad and must be gladded straight;
Let Paphlagonian king go mourn meanwhile.

[*He thrusts the king out, and so they exeunt.*

OSEAS. Pride hath his judgment: London, look about;

* *hast*] The 4to. of 1598 "*hath.*"
† *viceroys*] The 4to. of 1598 "*viceroy.*"
‡ *nonce*] i. e. occasion.

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'Tis not enough in show to be devout.
A fury now from heaven to lands unknown
Hath made the Prophet speak, not to his own.
Fly, wantons,* fly this pride and vain attire,
The seals to set your tender hearts on fire:
Be faithful in the promise you have past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last.
When lust is hid in shroud of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife,
Mark but the Prophets, we that shortly shows,
After death expect for many woes.

Enters ALCON, *and* THRASIBULUS,† *with their* LAWYER.

THRAS. I need not, sir, discourse unto you the duty of lawyers in tendering the right cause of their clients, nor the conscience you are tied unto by higher command: therefore suffice, the Usurer hath done me wrong; you know the case; and, good sir, I have strained myself to give you your fees.

LAWYER. Sir, if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open perjury, for the case is evident.

ALC. And truly, sir, for my case, if you help me not for my matter, why, sir, I and my wife are quite undone; I want my mease‡ of milk when I go to my work, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes to school. Master Lawyer, pity me, for surely, sir, I was fain to lay my wife's best gown to pawn for your fees: when I looked upon it, sir, and saw how handsomely it was daubed with statute lace, and what a fair mockado§ cape it had, and then thought

* *wantons*] The 4to of 1598 "*wanton.*"
† *Alcon and Thrasibulus*] See note * p. 69.
‡ *mease*] Old form of "*mess.*"
§ *mockado*] i. e. a sort of coarse, or *mock* velvet.

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how handsomely it became my wife,—truly, sir, my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution,—I fell on weeping; but when I thought on the words the Usurer gave me, *no cow*, then, sir, I would have stript her into her smock, but I would make him deliver my cow, ere I had done: therefore, good master Lawyer, stand my friend.

LAWYER. Trust me, father, I will do for thee as much as for myself.

ALC. Are you married, sir?

LAWYER. Ay, marry am I, father.

ALC. Then good's benison light on you and your good wife, and send her that she be never troubled with my wife's disease.

LAWYER. Why, what's thy wife's disease?

ALC. Truly, sir, she hath two open faults, and one privy fault. Sir, the first is, she is too eloquent for a poor man, and hath the words of art, for she will call me rascal, rogue, runnagate, varlet, vagabond, slave, knave:* why, alas! sir, and these be but holiday terms, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith, sir, they be rattlers like thunder, sir; for after the dew follows a storm, for then am I sure either to be well buffetted, my face scratched, or my head broken: and therefore, good master lawyer, on my knees I ask it, let me not go home again to my wife with this word, *no cow;* for then she will exercise her two faults upon me with all extremity.

LAWYER. Fear not, man; but what is thy wife's privy fault?

ALC. Truly, sir, that's a thing of nothing; alas! she indeed, sir-reverence of your mastership, doth use to break wind in her sleep. O sir, here comes the judge, and the old caitif, the usurer.

* *knave*] The 4to. of 1598 "*and* knave."

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Enters the JUDGE, *the* USURER, *and his attendants.*

USURER. Sir, here is forty angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundred pound or two, 'tis ready at your command, or the feeding of three or four fat bullocks: whereas these needy slaves can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore I pray you, sir, favour my case.

JUDGE. Fear not, sir, I'll do what I can for you.

USURER. What, master lawyer, what make you here? mine adversary for these clients?

LAWYER. So it chanceth now, sir.

USURER. I know you know the old proverb, He is not wise, that is not wise for himself: I would not be disgraced in this action; therefore here is twenty angels; say nothing in the matter, and what you say, say to no purpose, for the judge is my friend.

LAWYER. Let me alone, I'll fit your purpose.

JUDGE. Come, where are these fellows that are the plaintiffs? what can they say against this honest citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

ALC. Truly, master judge, he is a man much spoken of; marry, every man's cries are against him, and especially we; and therefore I think we have brought our lawyer to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my cow with a pestilence.

THRAS. Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is my counsellor: I beseech your honour be favourable to me in equity.

JUDGE. O Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this gentleman's behalf?

LAWYER. Faith, sir, as yet little good. Sir, tell you your own case to the judge, for I have so

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many matters in my head, that I have almost forgotten it.

THRAS. Is the wind in that door? Why then, my lord, thus. I took up of this cursed Usurer, for so I may well term him, a commodity of forty pounds, whereof I received ten pound in money and thirty pound in lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but five pounds: for the assurance of this bad commodity, I bound him my land in recognisance; I came at my day and tendered him his money, and he would not take it: for the redress of my open wrong, I crave but justice.

JUDGE. What say you to this, sir?

USURER. That first he had no lute-strings of me, for look you, sir, I have his own hand to my book for the receipt of forty pound.

THRAS. That was, sir, but a device of him to colour the statute.

JUDGE. Well, he hath thine own hand, and we can crave no more in law. But now, sir, he says his money was tendered at the day and hour.

USURER. This is manifest contrary, sir, and on that I will depose; for here is the obligation, to be paid between three and four in the afternoon, and the clock struck four before he offered it, and the words be between three and four, therefore to be tendered before four.

THRAS. Sir, I was there before four, and he held me with brabbling* till the clock strook, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept† the recognisance of my land for so small a trifle. Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you have your fee, you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me justice and right: I am a young gentleman, and speak for my patrimony.

* *brabbling*] i. e. quarrelling, squabbling.
† *kept*] The three first 4tos. "*keepe*."

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LAWYER. Faith, sir, the case is altered; you told me it before in another manner: the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the judge for favour.

THRAS. O execrable bribery!

ALC. Faith, sir judge, I pray you let me be the gentleman's counsellor, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the usurer's clock is the swiftest clock in all the town; 'tis, sir, like a woman's tongue, it goes ever half an hour before the time; for when we were gone from him, other clocks in the town strook four.

JUDGE. Hold thy prating, fellow: and you, young gentleman, this is my ward; look better another time both to your bargains and to the payments, for I must give flat sentence against you, that for default of tendering the money between the hours, you have forfeited your recognisance, and he to have the land.

THRAS. O inspeakable injustice!

ALC. O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten judge!

JUDGE. Now you, fellow, what have you to say for your matter?

ALC. Master lawyer, I laid my wife's gown to pawn for your fees: I pray you, to this gear.*

LAWYER. Alas! poor man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thyself.

ALC. I hold my cap to a noble, that the usurer hath given him some gold, and he chewing it in his mouth, hath got the toothache that he cannot speak.

JUDGE. Well, sirrah, I must be short, and therefore say on.

ALC. Master judge, I borrowed of this man thirty shillings, for which I left him in pawn my

* *gear*] i. e. business.

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good cow; the bargain was, he should have eighteen pence a week, and the cow's milk for usury: now, sir, as soon as I had gotten the money, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his money, and keeps my cow, sir.

JUDGE. Why, thou hast given sentence against thyself, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy cow.

ALC. Master lawyer, now for my ten shillings.

LAWYER. Faith, poor man, thy case is so bad, I shall but speak against thee.

ALC. 'Twere good then I should have my ten shillings again.

LAWYER. 'Tis my fee, fellow, for coming: wouldst thou have me come for nothing?

ALC. Why then am I like to go home, not only with no cow, but no gown: this gear goes hard.

JUDGE. Well, you have heard what favour I can shew you: I must do justice. Come, Master Mizaldo, and you, sir, go home with me to dinner.

[*Exeunt Judge, Lawyer, and Usurer.*

ALC. Why but, master judge, no cow, and, master lawyer, no gown! Then must I clean run out of the town. How cheer you, gentleman? you cry no lands too; the judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubbed you Sir John Lack-land.

THRAS. O miserable time, wherein gold is above God!

ALC. Fear not, man; I have yet a fetch to get thy lands and my cow again, for I have a son in the court, that is either a king or a king's fellow, and to him will I go and complain on the judge and the usurer both.

THRAS. And I will go with thee, and entreat him for my case.

ALC. But how shall I go home to my wife, when

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I shall have nothing to say unto her but, no cow? alas! sir, my wife's faults will fall upon me.

THRAS. Fear not; let's go; I'll quiet her, shalt see. [*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. Fly, judges, fly corruption in your court;
The judge of truth hath made your judgment short.
Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray.
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge, he is adjudg'd to pain.

Enters [ADAM] *the Clown, and all his crew drunk.*

ADAM.* Farewell, gentle tapster. Masters, as good ale as ever was tapt; look to your feet, for the ale is strong. Well, farewell, gentle tapster.

1. RUFFIAN. Why, sirrah slave, by heaven's maker, thinkest thou the wench loves† thee best, because she laughed on thee? give me but such another word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

ADAM. Spill no drink, spill no drink, the ale is good: I'll tell you what, ale is ale, and so I'll commend me to you with hearty commendations. Farewell, gentle tapster.

2. RUFFIAN. Why, wherefore, peasant, scornest thou that the wench should love me? look but on her, and I'll thrust my dagger in thy bosom.

1. RUFFIAN. Well, sirrah, well, th'art as th'art, and so I'll take thee.

2. RUFFIAN. Why, what am I?

1. RUFFIAN. Why, what thou wilt; a slave.

2. RUFFIAN. Then take that, villain, and learn how thou‡ use me another time.

* ADAM] The 4tos. throughout the scene "CLOWN:" but the speaker is undoubtedly ADAM: see note * p. 65.

† *loves*] The 4to. of 1598 "*love.*"

‡ *thou*] The 4to. of 1598 "*to.*"

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1. RUFFIAN. Oh! I am slain.

2. RUFFIAN. That's all one to me, I care not: now will I in to my wench, and call for a fresh pot.

[*Exit.*

ADAM. Nay, but hear ye, take me with ye, for the ale is ale. Cut a fresh toast, tapster, fill me a pot; here is money, I am no beggar, I'll follow thee as long as the ale lasts. A pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might have had a fall: well, if we shall have no ale, I'll sit me down: and so farewell, gentle tapster.

[*Here he falls over the dead man.*

Enters [RASNI] *the* KING, ALVIDA, *the King of Cilicia, with other attendants.* *

RASNI. What slaughter'd wretch lies bleeding
So near the royal palace of the king? [here his last,
Search out if any one be biding nigh,
That can discourse the manner of his death.
Seat thee, fair Alvida, the fair of fairs;
Let not the object† once offend thine eyes.

LORD. Here's one sits here asleep, my lord.

RASNI. Wake him, and make enquiry of this thing.

LORD. Sirrah, you, hearest thou, fellow?

ADAM. If you will fill a fresh pot, here's a penny, or else farewell, gentle tapster.

LORD. He is drunk, my lord.

RASNI. We'll sport with him, that Alvida may laugh.

LORD. Sirrah, thou fellow, thou must come to the king.

ADAM. I will not do a stroke of work to-day, for

* Here the 4tos., by mistake, make the King of Paphlagonia enter.

† *object*] The three first 4tos. "*otrict*."

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the ale is good ale, and you can ask but a penny for a pot, no more by the statute.

LORD. Villain, here's the king; thou must come to him.

ADAM. The king come to an ale-house? Tapster, fill me three pots. Where's the king, is this he? Give me your hand, sir: as good ale as ever was tapt; you shall drink while * your skin crack.

RASNI. But hearest thou, fellow, who killed this man?

ADAM. I'll tell you, sir, if you did taste of the ale: all Nineveh hath not such a cup of ale, it flowers in the cup, sir; by my troth, I spent eleven pence, beside three races of ginger.

RASNI. Answer me, knave, to my question, how came this man slain?

ADAM. Slain? why ale is strong ale, 'tis huffcap;† I warrant you, 'twill make a man well. Tapster, ho! for the king a cup of ale, and a fresh toast; here's two races more.

ALVI. Why, good fellow, the king talks not of drink; he would have thee tell him, how this man came dead.

ADAM. Dead! nay, I think I am alive yet, and will drink a full pot ere night: but hear ye, if ye be the wench that filled us drink, why so, do your office, and give us a fresh pot; or if you be the tapster's wife, why so, wash the glass clean.

ALVI. He is so drunk, my lord, there is no talking with him.

ADAM. Drunk! nay then, wench, I am not drunk: th'art a shitten quean, to call me drunk; I tell thee I am not drunk, I am a smith, I.‡

* while] i. e. until.

† *huffcap*] i. e. strong ale, so named because it inspirited those who drank it to set their caps in a huffing manner.

‡ *I*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

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Enters the SMITH, *the Clown's* [*Adam's*] *master.*

LORD. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

SMITH. God save you, master.

RASNI. Smith, can'st thou tell me how this man came dead?

SMITH. May it please your highness, my man here and a crew of them went to the ale-house, and came out so drunk, that one of them killed another: and now, sir, I am fain to leave my shop, and come to fetch him home.

RASNI. Some of you carry away the dead body: drunken men must have their fits; and, sirrah smith, hence with thy man.

SMITH. Sirrah you, rise, come go with me.

ADAM. If we shall have a pot of ale; let's have it, here's money; hold, tapster, take my purse.

SMITH. Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

ADAM. I am for you, let's go, th'art an honest tapster: we'll drink six pots ere we part.

[*Exeunt Smith, Adam, &c.*

RASNI. Beauteous, more bright than beauty in mine eyes,
Tell me, fair sweeting, wants thou anything,
Contain'd within the threefold circle of the world,
That may make Alvida live full content?

ALVI. Nothing, my lord, for all my thoughts are pleas'd,
Whenas mine eye surfeits with Rasni's sight.

Enters the KING OF PAPHLAGONIA, *malcontent.*

RASNI. Look, how thy husband haunts our royal courts,
How still his sight breeds melancholy storms.
O Alvida! I am passing* passionate,

* *passing*] The 4to. of 1594 "*passion.*"

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And vext with wrath and anger to the death:
Mars, when he held fair Venus on his knee,
And saw the limping smith come from his forge,
Had not more deeper furrows* on his brow,
Than Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon.

ALVI. Content thee, sweet, I'll salve thy sorrow straight;
Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Rasni blithe again,
Then say that women's fancies have no shifts.

K. OF PAPH. Sham'st thou not, Rasni, though thou be'st a king,
To shrowd adultery in thy royal seat?
Art thou arch-ruler of great Nineveh,
Who should'st excel in virtue as in state,
And wrong'st thy friend by keeping back his wife?
Have I not battl'd in thy troops full oft,
'Gainst Egypt, Jewry, and proud Babylon,
Spending my blood to purchase thy renown,
And is the guerdon of my chivalry
Ended in this abusing of my wife?
Restore her me, or I will from thy courts,
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

RASNI. Why take her, Paphlagon, exclaim not,
For I do prize mine honour more than love. [man;
Fair Alvida, go with thy husband home.

ALVI. How dare I go, sham'd with so deep misdeed?
Revenge will broil within my husband's breast,
And when he hath me in the court at home,
Then Alvida shall feel revenge for all. [this?

RASNI. What say'st thou, king of Paphlagon, to
Thou hear'st the doubt thy wife doth stand upon.
If she hath† done amiss, it is my fault;
I prithee pardon and forget [it] all.

* *furrows*] The 4to. of 1598 "*sorrowes in.*"
† *hath*] The 4to. of 1598 "*have.*"

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PAPH. If that I meant not, Rasni, to forgive,
And quite forget the follies that are past,
I would not vouch* her presence in my courts;
But she shall be my queen, my love, my life,
And Alvida unto her Paphlagon,
And lov'd, and more beloved than before.
RASNI. What say'st thou, Alvida, to this?
ALVI. That will he swear it to my lord the king,
And in a full carouse of Greekish wine
Drink down the malice of his deep revenge,
I will go home, and love him new again.
RASNI. What answers Paphlagon?
PAPH. That what she hath requested, I will do.
ALVI. Go, damosel, fetch me that sweet wine,
That stands within my† closet on the shelf;
Pour it into a standing bowl of gold,
But on thy life taste not before the king:
Make haste. Why is great Rasni melancholy thus?
If promise be not kept, hate all for me.
[*Wine brought in.*
Here is the wine, my lord: first make him swear.
PAPH. By Nineveh's great gods, and Nineveh's great king,
My thoughts shall never be to wrong my wife;
And thereon here's a full carouse to her.
ALVI. And thereon, Rasni, here's a kiss for thee;
Now may'st thou freely fold thine Alvida.
PAPH. Oh, I am dead, obstruction's of my breath!
The poison is of wondrous sharp effect.
Cursed be all adulterous queans, say I,
And cursing so, poor Paphlagon doth die. [*Dies.*
ALVI. Now, have I not salv'd the sorrows of my lord?
Have I not rid a rival of thy loves?
What say'st thou, Rasni, to thy paramour?

* *vouch*] The 4to. of 1598 "*vouchsafe.*"
† *my*] The 4to of 1598 "*thy.*"

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RASNI. That for this deed I'll deck my Alvida
In sendal,* and in costly sussapine,
Border'd with pearl, and India diamond:
I'll cause great Æol perfume all his winds
With richest myrrh and curious ambergreece.
Come, lovely minion, paragon for fair,†
Come follow me, sweet goddess of mine eye,
And taste the pleasures Rasni will provide.
[*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. Where whoredom reigns, there murder follows fast,
As falling leaves before the winter blast.
A wicked life, train'd up in endless crime,
Hath no regard‡ unto the latter time,
When letchers shall be punish'd for their lust,
When princes plagu'd because they are unjust.
Foresee in time, the warning bell doth toll;
Subdue the flesh by prayer to save the soul.
London, behold the cause of others' wrack,
And see§ the sword of justice at thy back:
Defer not off, to-morrow is too late;
By night he comes perhaps to judge thy state.

Enter JONAS, *solus.*

JONAS. From forth the depth of my imprison'd soul
Steal you, my sighs, testify my pain;
Convey on wings of mine immortal tone
My zealous prayers unto the starry throne.
Ah merciful and just, thou dreadful God!
Where is thine arm to lay revengeful strokes
Upon the heads of our rebellious race?
Lo! Israel, once that flourish'd like the vine,

* *sendal*] See note * p. 53.
† *fair*] See note, ‡ p. 61.
‡ *regard*] The 4to. of 1598 "*reward.*"
§ *see*] The 4to. of 1598 "*set.*"

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Is barren laid; the beautiful increase
Is wholly blent,* and irreligious zeal
Encampeth there, where virtue was enthron'd:
Alas, the while the widow wants relief,
The fatherless is wrong'd by naked need,
Devotion sleeps in cinders of contempt,
Hypocrisy infects the holy priest!
Aye me, for this! woe me, for these misdeeds!
Alone I walk to think upon the world,
And sigh to see thy prophets so contemn'd,
Alas, contemn'd by cursed Israel!
Yet, Jonas, rest content, 'tis Israel's sin
That causeth this; then muse no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy own amiss.

An ANGEL *appeareth to* JONAS.

ANGEL. Amittai's son, I charge thee muse no more:
I AM hath power to pardon and correct;
To thee pertains to do the Lord's command.
Go, girt thy loins, and haste thee quickly hence;
To Nineveh, that mighty city, wend,
And say this message from the Lord of hosts,
Preach unto them these tidings from thy God:
Behold, thy wickedness hath tempted me,
And pierced through the nine-fold orbs of heaven;
Repent, or else thy judgment is at hand.
[*This said, the Angel vanisheth.*

JONAS. Prostrate I lie before the Lord of hosts,
With humble ears intending his behest:
Ah, honour'd be Jehovah's great command!
Then Jonas must to Nineveh repair,
Commanded as the prophet of the Lord.
Great dangers on this journey do‡ await,

* *blent*] See note ‡ p. 77.
‡ *do*] The 4to. of 1598 "*to.*"

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But dangers none where heavens direct the course.
What should I deem? I see, yea, sighing see,
How Israel sin, yet knows the way of truth,
And thereby grows the bye-word of the world.
How then should God in judgment be so strict
'Gainst those who never heard, or knew his power,
To threaten utter ruin of them all?
Should I report this judgment of my God,
I should incite them more to follow sin,
And publish to the world my country's blame:
It may not be, my conscience tells me, no.
Ah Jonas! wilt thou prove rebellious then?
Consider, ere thou fall,* what error is.
My mind misgives: to Joppa will I fly,†
And for a while to Tharsus‡ shape my course,
Until the Lord unfret his angry brows.

Enter certain Merchants of Tharsus, a Master, and some Sailors.

MAS. Come on, brave merchants; now the wind doth serve,
And sweetly blows a gale at west south west:
Our yards across, our anchors on the pike;
What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale?
MER. Sailors, convey our budgets straight aboard,
And we will recompense your pains at last:
If once in safety we may Tharsus see,
Master, we'll feast these merry mates, and thee.
MAS. Meanwhile content yourselves with silly cates;
Our beds are boards, our feasts are full of mirth:
We use no pomp, we are the lords of sea;

* *fall*] The 4to. of 1594 "*sall.*"
† *fly*] The 4to. of 1598 "*flee.*"
‡ *Tharsus*] Properly "*Tarshish.*"

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When princes sweat in care, we swink* of glee.
Orion's shoulders, and the Pointers, serve
To be our loadstars in the lingering night;
The beauties of Arcturus we behold,
And though the sailor is no bookman held,
He knows more art than ever bookmen read.

SAI. By heavens, well said in honour of our trade.
Let's see the proudest scholar steer† his course,
Or shift his tides, as silly sailors do;
Then will we yield them praise, else never none.

MER. Well spoken, fellow, in thine own behalf.
But let us hence; wind tarries none, you wot,
And tide and time let slip, is hardly got.

MAS. March to the haven, merchants; I follow you. [*Exeunt Merchants.*

JONAS. Now doth occasion further my desires;
I find companions fit to aid my flight.
Stay, sir, I pray, and hear a word or two.

MAS. Say on, good friend, but briefly, if you please;
My passengers by this time are aboard. [selves?

JONAS. Whither pretend‡ you to embark your-

MAS. To Tharsus, sir, and here in Joppa haven
Our ship is prest,§ and ready to depart.

JONAS. May I have passage for my money then?

MAS. What not, for money? pay ten silverlings,
You are a welcome guest, if so you please. [friend.

JONAS. Hold, take thine hire; I follow thee, my

MAS. Where is your budget? let me bear it, sir.

JONAS. To one in peace, who sail as I do now,‖
Put trust in him, who succoureth every want.
[*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. When prophets, new inspir'd, presume to force,

* *swink*] i. e. toil, labour.
† *steer*] The 4tos. "*stir.*"
‡ *pretend*] i. e. intend.
§ *prest*] i. e. prepared.
‖ *To one in peace*, &c.] After this line something seems wanting.

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And tie the power of heaven to their conceits;
When fear, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtle craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flock whereas the shepherd's foul! *
For lo! the Lord at unawares shall plague
The careless guide, because his flocks do stray.
The axe already to the tree is set:
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

Enters ALCON, THRASIBULUS, SAMIA, CLESIPHON *a lad.*

CLES. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want!

SAM. Ah little boy, how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies!
Thy father's slender portion in this world,
By usury, and false deceit, is lost:
No charity within this city bides;
All for themselves, and none to help the poor.

CLES. Father, shall Clesiphon have no relief?

ALC. Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must feed upon proverbs now; as, necessity hath no law, a churl's feast is better than none at all: for other remedies have we none, except thy brother Radagon help us.

SAM. Is this thy slender care to help our child?
Hath nature arm'd thee to no more remorse?
Ah cruel man, unkind and pitiless!
Come, Clesiphon, my boy, I'll beg for thee.

CLES. O, how my mother's mourning moveth me!

ALC. Nay, you shall pay me interest for getting the boy, wife, before you carry him hence: alas, woman! what can Alcon do more? I'll pluck the belly out of my heart for thee, sweet Samia; be not so waspish.

SAM. Ah silly man! I know thy want is great,

* *foul*] The 4to. of 1598 "*fold*."

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And foolish I to* crave where nothing is.
Haste, Alcon, haste, make haste unto our son;
Who, since he is in favour of the king,
May help this hapless gentleman, and us,
For to regain our goods from tyrant's hands.

THRAS. Have patience, Samia, wait your weal from heaven:
The† Gods have rais'd your son, I hope, for this,
To succour innocents in their distress.

Enters RADAGON, *solus.*

Lo, where he comes from the imperial court;
Go, let us‡ prostrate us before his feet.

ALC. Nay, by my troth, I'll never ask my son blessing; Che trow, cha§ taught him his lesson to know his father. What, son Radagon, i'faith, boy, how dost thee?

RAD. Villain, disturb me not; I cannot stay.

ALC. Tut, son, I'll help you of that disease quickly, for I can hold thee: ask thy mother, knave, what cunning I have to ease a woman, when a qualm of kindness come too near her stomach; let me but clasp mine arms about her body, and say my prayers in her bosom, and she shall be healed presently.

RADAG. Traitor unto my princely majesty,
How dar'st thou lay thy hands upon a king?

SAM. No traitor, Radagon, but true is he:
What, hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To scorn thy father, when he visits thee?
Alas, my son! behold with ruthful eyes

* *foolish I to*] The 4to. of 1598 "*foolishly I do.*"
† *The*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Tho.*"
‡ *let us*] The 4to. of 1598 "*lets.*"
§ *Che trow, cha*] i. e. I trow, I have. Why the author chooses here to give us a sudden touch of rustic dialect, it would be difficult to say.

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Thy parents robb'd of all their worldly weal,
By subtle means of usury, and guile:
The judge's ears are deaf, and shut up close,
All mercy sleeps: then be thou in these plunges*
A patron to thy mother in† her pains;
Behold thy brother almost dead for food;
O succour us, that first did succour thee!

RADAG. What, succour me! false callet, hence, avaunt!
Old dotard, pack, move not my patience:
I know you not; kings never look so low.

SAM. You know us not! O Radagon! you know,
That knowing us, you know your parents then;
Thou know'st this womb first brought thee forth to light;
I know these paps did foster thee, my son.

ALC. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread and cheese at my hands, as proud as he is; that know I.

THRAS. I wait no hope of succours in this place,
Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

RADAG. Dare you enforce the furrows of revenge
Within the brows of royal Radagon?
Villain, avaunt! hence, beggars, with your brats!
Marshal, why whip you‡ not these rogues away,
That thus disturb our royal majesty?

CLES. Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a king;
For why, methink, my brother in these fits
Hath got a kingdom, and hath lost his wits.

RADAG. Yet more contempt before my royalty?
Slaves, fetch out tortures worse than Tityus' plagues,
And tear their tongues from their blasphemous heads.

* *plunges*] i. e. straits, distresses.
† *in*] The 4to. of 1598 "*to.*"
‡ *you*] The 4to. of 1598 "*ye you.*"

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THRAS. I'll get me gone, though woe-begone with grief.
No hope remains; come, Alcon, let us wend. [*Exit.*
RADAG. 'Twere best you did, for fear you catch your bane.
SAM. Nay, traitor, I will haunt thee to the death.
Ungracious son, untoward, and perverse,
I'll fill the heavens with echoes of thy pride,
And ring in every ear thy small regard,
That dost despise thy parents in their wants;
And breathing forth my soul before thy feet,
My curses still shall haunt thy hateful head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

Enter RASNI, *King of Assyria, attended on by his Soothsayers and Kings.*

RASNI. How now, what mean these outcries in our court,
Where nought should sound but harmonies of heaven?
What maketh Radagon so passionate?
SAM. Justice, O king, justice against my son!
RASNI. Thy son! what son?
SAM. This cursed Radagon.
RADAG. Dread monarch, this is but a lunacy,
Which grief and want hath brought the woman to.
What, doth this passion hold you every moon?
SAM. O politic in sin and wickedness,
Too impudent for to delude thy prince!
O Rasni! this same womb first* brought him forth:
This is his father, worn with care and age,
This is his brother, poor unhappy lad,
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him.
With tedious toil we got our little good,
And brought him up to school with mickle charge:

* *first*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

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Lord, how we joy'd to see his towardness!
And to ourselves we oft in silence said,
This youth when we are old may succour us.
But now preferr'd and lifted up by thee,
We quite destroy'd by cursed usury,
He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

CLES. He plays the serpent right, describ'd in Esop's tale, [life.
That sought the foster's death, that lately gave him

ALC. Nay, and please your majesty-ship, for proof he was my child, search the parish book: the clerk will swear it, his godfathers and godmothers can witness it: it cost me forty pence in ale and cakes on the wives at his christening. Hence, proud king! thou shalt never more have my blessing.

RASNI. Say sooth in secret, Radagon,
[*He takes him apart.*
Is this thy father?

RADAG. Mighty king, he is;
I blushing tell it to your majesty. [his friends?

RASNI. Why* dost thou then contemn him, and

RADAG. Because he is a base, and abject swain,
My mother, and her brat, both beggarly,
Unmeet to be allied unto a king:
Should I, that look on Rasni's countenance,
And march amidst his royal equipage,
Embase myself to speak to such as they?
'Twere impious so to impair the love,
That mighty Rasni bears to Radagon.
I would your grace would quit them from your sight,
That dare presume to look on Jove's compare.

RASNI. I like thy pride, I praise thy policy;
Such should they be that wait upon my court:
Let me alone to answer, Radagon.

* *Why*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Thy*."

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Villains,* seditious traitors, as you be,
That scandalise the honour of a king,
Depart my court, you stales of impudence,
Unless you would be parted from your limbs!
So base for to entitle fatherhood
To Rasni's friend, to Rasni's favourite.

RADAG. Hence, begging scold, hence, caitif clogg'd with years!
On pain of death, revisit not the court.
Was I conceiv'd by such a scurvy trull,
Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?
Go, losel, trot it to the cart and spade!
Thou art unmeet to look upon a king,
Much less to be the father of a king.

ALC. You may see, wife, what a goodly piece of work you have made: have I taught you *arsmetry*, as *additiori multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my labour? O pitiful hearing! come, Clesiphon, follow me.

CLES. Brother, beware; I oft have heard it told,
That sons who do their fathers scorn shall beg when they be old.
RADAG. Hence, bastard boy, for fear you taste the whip!

[*Exeunt Alcon and Clesiphon.*

SAM. O all you heavens, and you eternal powers,
That sway the sword of justice in your hands,
(If mother's curses for† her son's contempt
May fill the balance of your fury full,)
Pour down the tempest of your direful plagues
Upon the head of cursed Radagon!

[*A flame of fire appeareth from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.*‡

So you are just; now triumph, Samia! [*Exit.*

* *Villains*] The 4to. of 1598 "*Villaine.*"

† *for*] The 4to. of 1598 "*of.*"

‡ *A flame*, &c.] The 4tos. "*Upon this praier she departeth, and a flame,*" &c.

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RASNI. What exorcising charm, or hateful hag,
Hath ravished the pride of my delight?
What tortuous planets, or malevolent
Conspiring power, repining destiny,
Hath made the concave of the earth unclose,
And shut in ruptures lovely Radagon?
If I be lord commander of the clouds,
King of the earth, and sovereign of the seas,
What daring Saturn, from his fiery den,
Doth dart these furious flames amidst my court?
I am not chief, there is more great than I:
What greater than the Assyrian Satrapos?
It may not be, and yet I fear there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

SOOTH. Monarch, and potentate of all our provinces,
Muse not so much upon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous.
The hill of Sicily, dread sovereign,
Sometime on sudden doth evacuate
Whole flakes of fire, and spews out from below
The smoky brands that Vulcan's bellows drive:
Whether by winds enclosed in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by rivers' force,
Such chances as was this, are often seen;
Whole cities sunk, whole countries drowned quite.
Then muse not at the loss of Radagon,
But frolic with the dalliance of your love.
Let cloths of purple, set with studds of gold,
Embellished with all the pride of earth,
Be spread for Alvida to sit upon:
Then thou, like Mars courting the queen of love,
May'st drive away this melancholy fit.

RASNI. The proof is good, and philosophical;
And more, thy counsel plausible and sweet.
Come, lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
Earth will repay him many Radagons,

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And Alvida with pleasant looks revive
The heart that droops for want of Radagon.
[*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. When disobedience reigneth in the child,
And princes' ears by flattery be beguil'd;
When laws do pass by favour, not by truth;
When falsehood swarmeth both in old and youth;
When gold is made a god to wrong the poor,
And charity exil'd from rich men's door;
When men by wit do labour to disprove
The plagues for sin sent down by God above;
Where great men's ears are stopt * to good advice,
And apt to hear those tales that feed their vice;
Woe to the land! for from the east shall rise
A Lamb of peace, the scourge of vanities,
The judge of truth, the patron of the just,
Who soon will lay presumption in the dust,
And give the humble poor their heart's desire,
And doom the worldlings to eternal fire:
Repent all you that hear, for fear of plagues.
O London! this and more doth swarm in thee;
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see:
With trembling pray, and mend what is amiss;
The sword of justice drawn already is.

Enters [ADAM] *the Clown, and the Smith's Wife.*

ADAM.† Why, but hear you, mistress: you know a woman's eyes are like a pair of pattens, fit to save shoe-leather in summer, and to keep away the cold in winter; so you may like your husband with the one eye, because you are married, and me with the other, because I am your man. Alas, alas! think, mistress, what a thing love is: why, it is like to an ostry-

* *stopt*] The 4to. of 1594 "*stop.*"

† ADAM] The 4tos. throughout the scene "CLOWN:" but see note * p 65.

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faggot,* that, once set on fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird crocodile driven out of her nest.

WIFE. Why,† Adam, cannot a woman wink but she must sleep, and can she not love, but she must cry it out at the cross? know, Adam, I love thee as myself, now that we are together in secret.

ADAM. Mistress, these words of yours are like a fox-tail placed in a gentlewoman's fan, which, as it is light, so it giveth life: O, these words are as sweet as a lily! whereupon offering a borachio of kisses to your unseemly personage, I entertain you upon further acquaintance.

WIFE. Alas! my husband comes.

ADAM. Strike up the drum; and say no words but mum.

Enter the SMITH.

SMITH. Sirrah you, and you, huswife, well taken together! I have long suspected you, and now I am glad I have found you together.

ADAM. Truly, sir, and I am glad that I may do you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistress.

SMITH. Boy, hear, and, knave, you shall know it straight, I will have you both before the magistrate, and there have you surely punished.

ADAM. Why then, master, you are jealous?

SMITH. Jealous, knave! how can I be but jealous, to see you ever so familiar together? thou art not only content to drink away my goods, but to abuse my wife.

ADAM. Two good qualities, drunkenness, and lechery: but, master, are you jealous?

* *ostry-faggot*] i. e. faggot in a hostry: "You cannot be content to pinch with your small pots and your *Ostry-faggots.*" Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592, Sig. E 3. "Scorning his chamber shuld be employd as an *ostry* presse to lay vp iades riding iackets and trusses in." Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, 1596, Sig. M.

† *Why*] The 4to of 1594 "*Thy.*"

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SMITH. Ay, knave, and thou shalt know it ere I pass, for I will beswinge thee while this rope will hold.

WIFE. My good husband, abuse him not, for he never proffered you any wrong.

SMITH. Nay, whore, thy part shall not be behind.

ADAM. Why, suppose, master, I have offended you, is it* lawful for the master to beat the servant for all offences?

SMITH. Ay, marry, is it, knave.

ADAM. Then, master, will I prove by logic, that seeing all sins are to receive correction, the master is to be corrected of the man. And, sir, I pray you, what greater sin is, than jealousy? 'tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himself: therefore that I may do my duty to you, good master, and to make a white son† of you, I will so‡ beswinge jealousy out of you, as you shall love me the better while you live.

SMITH. What, beat thy master, knave?

ADAM. What, beat thy man, knave? and, ay, master, and double beat you, because you are a man of credit; and therefore, have at you, the fairest for§ forty pence.

* *is it*] The 4to. of 1598 "*it is.*"

† *white son*] *White* is an epithet of endearment, common in our old writers; so Heywood and Broome in their *Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634; "A merry song now, mother, and thou shalt be my *white* girle;" Sig. C 3.;—and Whiting in his *Albino and Bellama*, 1638, (some copies of the poem have the date 1637);

"A votary, Albino cal'd by name;
Not Fortune's *white* boy, yet of Abby-bloud." p. 31.

In 1644 was printed, a small 4to. tract entitled *The Devill's* WHITE *Boyes, a mixture of malicious malignants, with their Evill Practises against the Kingdome and Parliament, with a bottomlesse sack-full of Knavery, Popery, Prelacy, Policy, Trechery*, &c. See also my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 216.

‡ *so*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

§ *for*] The 4to. of 1598 "*of.*"

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SMITH. Alas, wife, help, help! my man kills me.

WIFE. Nay, even as you have baked, so brew: jealousy must be driven out by extremities.

ADAM. And that will I do, mistress.

SMITH. Hold thy hand, Adam, and not only I forgive and forget all, but I will give thee a good farm to live on.

ADAM. Be gone, peasant, out of the compass of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice; and at night I will bring home my mistress.

SMITH. Even when you please, good Adam.

ADAM. When I please,—mark the* words,—'tis a lease parol to have and to hold. Thou shalt be mine for ever; and so let's go to the ale-house.

[*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. Where servants against† masters do rebel,
The commonweal may be accounted hell;
For if the feet the head shall hold in scorn,
The city's state will fall, and be forlorn.
This error, London, waiteth on thy state:
Servants, amend, and, masters, leave to hate;
Let love abound, and virtue reign in all;
So God will hold his hand, that threateneth thrall.

Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the Master of the Ship, some Sailors, wet from the sea; with them the Governour of Joppa.

GOV. What strange encounters met you on the sea,
That thus your bark is batter'd by the floods,
And you return thus sea-wrackt, as I see?

MER. Most mighty governor, the chance is strange,
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which, better than we, our master can report.

GOV. Master, discourse us all the accident.

* *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "*thy*."
† *against*] The 4tos. "*gainst*."

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MAS. The fair Triones with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the foot of clear Bootes' wain,*
And in the north,† distinguishing the hours,
The loadstar of our course dispers'd his clear;
When to the seas with blitheful western blasts
We sail'd amain, and let the bowling fly.
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
But lo! an host of black and sable clouds
'Gan to eclipse Lucina's silver face;
And with a hurling noise from forth the south,
A gust of wind did rear‡ the billows up.
Then scantled we our sails with speedy hands,
And took our drablers from our bonnets straight,
And severed our bonnets from the§ courses:
Our topsails up, we truss our spritsails in,
But vainly strive they that resist the heavens.
For lo! the waves incense them more and more,
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth;
Our bark is batter'd by encountering storms,
And well nigh stemm'd by breaking of the floods.
The steersman, pale and careful, holds his helm,
Wherein the trust of life and safety lay:
Till all at once (a mortal tale to tell)
Our sails were split by Bisas'‖ bitter blast,
Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.
There might you see, with pale and ghastly looks,
The dead in thought; and doleful merchants lift¶
Their eyes and hands unto their countries' Gods:
The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,
A sacrifice to 'suage proud Neptune's ire.

* *Bootes' wain*] The 4tos. "*Rootes a raine.*"
† *north*] The 4tos. "*wrath.*"
‡ *rear*] The 4to. of 1598 "*raise.*"
§ *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "*our.*"
‖ *Bisas*] Qy. "*Boreas.*"
¶ *lift*] The 4tos. "*lifts.*"

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Only alone a man of Israel,
A passenger, did under hatches lie,
And slept secure, when we for succour pray'd:
Him I awoke, and said, Why slumberest thou?
Arise, and pray, and call upon thy God;
He will perhaps in pity look on us.
Then cast we lots to know by whose amiss
Our mischief came*, according to the guise,
And lo! the lot did unto Jonas fall,
The Israelite of whom I told you last.
Then question we his country and his name,
Who answer'd us, I am an Hebrew born,
Who fear the Lord of heaven, who made the sea,
And fled from him, for which we all are plagu'd:
So, to assuage the fury of my God,
Take me, and cast my carcass in the sea;
Then shall this stormy wind and billow cease.
The heavens they know, the Hebrew's God can tell,
How loath we were to execute his will:
But when no oars nor labour might suffice,
We heav'd the hapless Jonas overboard.
So ceas'd the storm, and calmed all the sea,
And we by strength of oars recover'd shore.

GOV. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence!

MER. Ah, honour'd be the God that wrought the same!

For we have vow'd, that saw his wondrous works,
To cast away profaned paganism,
And count the Hebrew's God the only God:
To him this offering of the purest gold,
This myrrh, and cassia, freely I do yield.

SECOND MER. And on his altar's perfume these Turkey cloths,
This gassampine and gold, I'll sacrifice.

* *came*] The 4tos. of 1594, 1598, and 1617 "*come.*"

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SAI. To him my heart and thoughts I will addict.
Then suffer us, most mighty governour,
Within your temples to do sacrifice.
GOV. You men of Tharsus, follow me,
Who sacrifice unto the* God of heaven,
And welcome, friends, to Joppa's governour.
[*Exeunt. A sacrifice.*
OSEAS. If warned once, the ethnicks thus repent,
And at the first their error do lament,
What senseless beasts, devoured in their sin,
Are they, whom long persuasions cannot win!
Beware, ye western cities, where the word
Is daily preached, both at church, and board;
Where majesty the gospel doth maintain,
Where preachers, for your good, themselves do pain;
To dally long and still protract the time,
The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime:
Presume not far, delay not to amend;
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
Cast thy account, O London, in this case,
Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace!

JONAS, *the prophet,* [*is*] *cast out of the whale's belly upon the stage.*

JONAS. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold, thy hands of mercy rear† me up!
Lo, from the hideous bowels of this fish
Thou hast return'd me to the wished air!
Lo, here, apparent witness of thy power,
The proud Leviathan that scours the seas,
And from his nostrils showers out stormy floods,
Whose back resists the tempest of the wind,
Whose presence makes the scaly troops to shake,

* *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "*your.*"
† *rear*] The 4tos. "*rears.*"

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With humble stress of his broad open'd chaps,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods!
Thus, though my sin hath drawn me down to death,
Thy mercy hath restored me to life.
Bow ye, my knees, and you, my bashful eyes,
Weep so for grief, as you to water would.
In trouble, Lord, I called unto thee,
Out of the belly of the deepest hell;
I cried, and thou did'st hear my voice, O God!
'Tis thou hadst cast me down into the deep:
The seas and floods did compass me about;
I thought I had been cast from out thy sight;
The weeds were wrapt about my* wretched head;
I went unto the bottom of the hills:
But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me up!
On thee I thought, whenas my soul did faint:
My prayers did prease† before thy mercy seat.
Then will I pay my vows unto the Lord,
For why, salvation cometh from his throne.

The ANGEL *appeareth.*

ANGEL. Jonas, arise, get thee to Nineveh,
And preach to them the preachings that I bade;
Haste thee to see the will of heaven perform'd.
[*Depart Angel.*

JONAS. Jehovah, I am prest‡ to do thy will.
What coast is this, and where am I arriv'd?
Behold, sweet Lycas streaming in his bounds,
Bearing the walls of haughty Nineveh,
Whereas three hundred towers§ do tempt the heaven.
Fair are the walls, pride of || Assyria,
But, lo, thy sins have pierced through the clouds!

* *my*] The 4to. of 1598 "*thy.*" † *prease*] i. e. press.
‡ *prest*] See note § p. 94.
§ *towers*] The three first 4tos. "*towns.*"
|| *pride of*] The 4to. of 1602 "of *proud.*"

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Here will I enter boldly, since I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists.
[*Exit.*

OSEAS. You prophets, learn by Jonas how to live;
Repent your sins, whilst he doth warning give.
Who knows his master's will, and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

Enter ALVIDA *in rich attire, with the* KING OF CILICIA, *and her Ladies.*

ALV. Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
And let the eunuchs play you all asleep:
Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
And play the wantons, whilst I talk awhile.

LADY. Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.

Enter the bowers.

ALV. King of Cilicia, kind and courteous,
Like to thyself, because a lovely king,
Come, lay thee down upon thy mistress' knee,
And I will sing and talk of love to thee.

K. OF CIL. Most gracious paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abject prince as I,
To talk with Rasni's paramour and love.

ALV. To talk, sweet friend! who would not talk [with thee?
O be not coy! art thou not only fair?
Come, twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,
A love-nest for the great Assyrian king:
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician prince,
None but thyself can merit such a grace.

K. OF CIL. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

ALV. No, king, fair king, my meaning is to yoke [thee.
Hear me but sing of love, then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing looks, my changed cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

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K. OF CIL. Sing, Madam, if you please, but love in jest.

ALV. Nay, I will love, and sigh at every rest.

SONG.

Beauty, alas! where was't thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me:
Heigh-ho! despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none:
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason;
Cruelty is cursed treason:
Heigh-ho! I love, heigh-ho! I love,
Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

K. OF CIL. Madam, your song is passing passionate.

ALV. And wilt thou not then pity my estate?

K. OF CIL. Ask love of them, who pity may impart.

ALV. I ask of thee, sweet; thou hast stole my heart.

K. OF CIL. Your love is fixed on a greater king.

ALV. Tut, women's love it is a fickle thing.
I love my Rasni for my dignity,
I love Cilician king for his sweet eye;
I love my Rasni, since he rules the world,
But more I love this kingly little world.
[*Embrace him.*
How sweet he looks! O, were I Cynthia's pheere,*
And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear:

* *pheere*] i.e. companion.

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Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,
[*Embrace his neck.*
Thus would I kiss my love at every beck; [*Kiss.*
Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep,
And if thou wak'st not soon, thus would I weep;
And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I love thee.
[*Kiss him.*

K. OF CIL. For all these vows, beshrew me, if I prove you:
My faith unto my king shall not be fals'd.

ALV. Good lord, how men are coy when they are crav'd!

K. OF CIL. Madam, behold our king approacheth nigh.

ALV. Thou art Endymion then no more: heigh-ho, for him I die!
[*Faint; point at the King of Cilicia.*

Enter RASNI, *with his Kings and Lords.*

RASNI. What ails the centre of my happiness,
Whereon depends the heaven of my delight?
Thine eyes the motors* to command my world,
Thy hands the axier to maintain my world,
Thy smiles the prime and spring-tide of my world,
Thy frowns the winter to afflict the world,
Thou queen of me, I king of all the world!

ALV. Ah feeble eyes, lift up, and look on him!
[*She riseth as out of a trance.*
Is Rasni here? then droop no more, poor heart!
O, how I fainted when I wanted thee! [*Embrace him.*
How fain am I, now I may look on thee!
How glorious is my Rasni, how divine!
Eunuchs, play hymns to praise his deity:
He is my Jove, and I his Juno am.

* *motors*] The two last 4tos. "*meteors.*"

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RASNI. Sun-bright, as is the eye of summer's day,
Whenas he suits Spenori* all in gold,
To woo his Leda in a swan-like shape;
Seemly as Galbocia† for thy white,
Rose-colour'd, lily, lovely, wanton, kind,
Be thou the labyrinth to tangle love,
Whilst I command the crown from Venus' crest,
And pull Orion's‡ girdle from his loins,
Enchas'd with carbuncles and diamonds,
To beautify fair Alvida, my love.
Play, eunuchs, sing in honour of her name;
Yet look not, slaves, upon her wooing eyne,
For she is fair Lucina to your King,
But fierce Medusa to your baser eye.

ALV. What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

RASNI. Within my bosom, nymph, not on my knee:
Sleep, like the smiling purity of heaven,
When mildest wind is loth to blend§ the peace;
Meanwhile thy balm‖ shall from thy breath arise,
And while these closures of thy lamps be shut,
My soul may have his peace from fancy's war.
This is my Morn,¶ and I her Cephalus:
Wake not too soon, sweet nymph, my love is won.
Caitiffs,** why stay your strains? why tempt you me?

Enter the PRIESTS *of the* SUN, *with the mitres on their heads, carrying fire in their hands* [*and Sages.*]

PRIEST. All hail unto th' Assyrian deity!

RASNI. Priests, why presume you to disturb my peace?

* *Spenori*] A misprint which I cannot rectify.
† *Galbocia*] Qy. "*Galatea.*"
‡ *Orion's*] The 4tos. "*Onoris.*"
§ *blend*] See note ‡ p. 77.
‖ *balm*] The 4to. of 1598 "*blame.*"
¶ *Morn*] The 4tos. "*Morane.*"
** *Caitiffs*] The 4tos. "*Catnies.*"

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PRIEST. Rasni, the Destinies disturb thy peace.
Behold, amidst the adyts* of our gods,
Our mighty gods, the patrons of our war,
The ghosts† of dead men howling walk about,
Crying, *Væ, væ*, woe to this city, woe!
The statues‡ of our gods are thrown down,
And streams of blood our altars do distain.
ALV. Alas, my Lord! what tidings do I hear?
Shall I be slain? [*She starteth.*
RASNI. Who tempteth Alvida?
Go, break me up the brazen doors§ of dreams,
And bind me cursed Morpheus in a chain,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,
Because they do disturb my Alvida.
[*A hand from out a cloud threateneth a burning sword.*
KING OF CIL. Behold, dread prince, a burning sword from heaven,
Which by a threatening arm is brandished!
RASNI. What, am I threatened then amidst my throne?
Sages, you Magi, speak! what meaneth this?
SAGE. These are but clammy exhalations,
Or retrograde conjunctions of the stars,
Or oppositions of the greater lights,
Or radiations‖ finding matter fit,
That in the starry sphere kindled be;
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my lord the king. [tates;
RASNI. Then frolic, viceroys, kings, and potenDrive all vain fancies from your feeble minds.

* *adyts*] The 4tos. "*additte*" and "*addites*:" from the Latin, *adytum*, the innermost part of a temple.
† *ghosts*] The 4to. of 1598 "*ghost*."
‡ *statues*] The three first 4tos. "*statutes*."
§ *doors*] The 4to. of 1598 "*walles*."
‖ *radiations*] The 4tos. "*radiatrous*."

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Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Alvida and I, in pearl and gold,
Will quaff unto our nobles richest wine,
In spite of fortune, fate, or destiny. [*Exeunt.*

OSEAS. Woe to the trains of women's foolish lust,
In wedlock rites that yield but little trust!
That vow to one, yet common be to all.
Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.
Woe to the land where warnings profit nought!
Who say that nature God's decrees hath wrought;
Who build on fate, and leave the corner stone,
The god of gods, sweet Christ the only one.
If such escapes, O London, reign in thee,
Repent, for why, each sin shall punish'd be:
Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nigh;
Defer not time; who knows when he shall die?

Enters one clad in Devil's attire, alone.

DEV. Longer lives a merry man than a sad, and because I mean to make myself pleasant this night, I have put myself into this attire, to make a clown afraid that passeth this way: for of late there have appeared many strange apparitions, to the great fear and terror of the citizens. O, here my young master comes.

Enter ADAM, *and* [*the* SMITH'S WIFE] *his mistress.*

ADAM. Fear not, mistress, I'll bring you safe home: if my master frown, then will I stamp and stare; and if all be not well then, why then to-morrow morn put out mine eyes clean with forty pound.

WIFE. O, but, Adam, I am afraid to walk so late, because of the spirits that appear in the city.

ADAM. What, are you afraid of spirits? Armed as I am, with ale and nutmegs, turn me loose to all the devils in hell.

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WIFE. Alas, Adam, Adam! the devil, the devil!

ADAM. The devil, mistress! fly you for your safeguard; [*Exit Wife.*] let me alone; the devil and I will deal well enough, if he have any honesty at all in him: I'll either win him with a smooth tale, or else with a toast and a cup of ale.

The DEVIL *sings here.*

DEV. O, O, O, O, fain would I be,
If that my kingdom fulfill'd I might see!
O, O, O, O!

ADAM.* Surely, this is a merry devil, and I believe he is one of Lucifer's minstrels; hath a sweet voice; now surely, surely, he may sing to a pair of tongs and a bag-pipe.

DEV. O, thou art he that I seek for.

ADAM. *Spritus santus!* Away from me, Satan! I have nothing to do with thee.

DEV. O villain! thou art mine.

ADAM. *Nominus patrus!* I bless me from thee, and I conjure thee to tell me who thou art.

DEV. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company, when we were drunk together at the ale.†

* *Adam*] The 4tos. here, and throughout the rest of the scene "CLOWN:" see note * p. 65.

† *the ale*] "*Launce.* If thou wilt go with me to the *ale-house*, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to *the ale* with a Christian."

It is plain that in the passage of our text, as well as in that just quoted from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (act ii. sc. 5.) "the ale" is put for the ale-house. Generally, however, in our early writers "the ale" means a festival where much ale was drunk: hence bride-ales, church-ales, clerk-ales, &c.

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ADAM. By my troth, sir, I cry you mercy; your face is so changed, that I had quite forgotten you: well, master devil, we have tossed over many a pot of ale together.

DEV. And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

ADAM. I have a policy to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hot place, and I know myself, the smith, and the devil hath a dry tooth in his head: therefore will I leave him asleep, and run my way.

DEV. Come, art thou ready?

ADAM. Faith, sir, my old friend, and now good-man devil, you know, you and I have been tossing many a good cup of ale: your nose is grown very rich: what say you, will you take a pot of ale now at my hands? Hell is like a smith's forge, full of water, and yet ever athirst.

DEV. No ale, villain; spirits cannot drink: come, get upon my back, that I may carry thee.

ADAM. You know I am a smith, sir: let me look whether you be well shod or no; for if you want a shoe, a remove, or the clinching of a nail, I am at your command.

DEV. Thou hast never a shoe fit for me.

ADAM. Why, sir, we shoe horned beasts, as well as you. O good Lord! let me sit down and laugh; hath never a cloven foot: a devil, quoth he! I'll use *spritus santus*, nor *nominus patrus* no more to him, I warrant you; I'll do more good upon him with my cudgel: now will I sit me down, and become justice of peace to the devil.

DEV. Come, art thou ready?

ADAM. I am ready; and with this cudgel I will conjure thee.

DEV. O, hold thy hand! thou killest me, thou killest me! [*Exit.*

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ADAM. Then may I count myself, I think, a tall* man, that am able to kill a devil: now who dare deal with me in the parish? or what wench in Nineveh will not love me, when they say, there goes he that beat the devil? [*Exit.*

Enters THRASIBULUS.

THRAS. Loath'd is the life that now enforc'd I lead;
But since necessity will have it so,
(Necessity it doth command the gods,—)
Through every coast and corner now I pry,
To pilfer what I can to buy me meat.
Here have I got a cloak, not over old,
Which will afford some little sustenance:
Now will I to the broking usurer,
To make exchange of ware for ready coin.

Enter ALCON, SAMIA, *and* CLESIPHON.

ALC. Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a prize! mark the posy: I cut this from a new-married wife, by the help of a horn-thumb† and a knife, six shillings, four pence.

SAM. The better luck ours: but what have we here, cast apparel? Come away, man, the usurer is near: this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

THRAS. Here are my partners in my poverty,
Enforc'd to seek their fortunes as I do:
Alas, that few men should possess the wealth,
And many souls be forc'd to beg or steal!
Alcon, well met.

ALC. Fellow beggar, whither now?

* *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

† *horn-thumb*] An implement used by cut-purses; a case of horn, put on the thumb, to receive the edge of the knife, during their operations.

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THRAS. To the usurer, to get gold on commodity.

ALC. And I to the same place, to get a vent for my villainy. See, where the old crust comes: let us

Enter USURER.

salute him. God speed, Sir: may a man abuse your patience upon a pawn?

USURER. Friend, let me see it.

ALC. *Ecce signum!* a fair doublet and hose, new bought out of the pilferer's shop, a handsome cloak.

USURER. How were they gotten?

THRAS. How catch the fishermen fish? Master, take them as you think them worth: we leave all to your conscience.

USURER. Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to prove good members, use me, command me; I will maintain your credits. There's money: now spend not your time in idleness; bring me commodity; I have crowns for you: there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee.

ALC. A bargain. Now, Samia, have at it for a new smock: come, let us to the spring of the best liquor; whilst this lasts, trillill!

USURER. Good fellows, proper fellows, my companions, farewell: I have a pot for you.

SAM. If he could spare it.

Enters to them JONAS.

JONAS. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The day of horror and of torment* comes;
When greedy hearts shall glutted be with fire
Whenas corruptions veil'd shall be unmask'd,
When briberies shall be repaid with bane,
When whoredoms shall be recompens'd in hell,

* *horror and of torment*] The 4to. of 1598 "*judgment.*"

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When riot shall with rigour be rewarded,
Whenas neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdain of poor men, fatherless, and sick,
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out;
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown. [*Exit.*

USURER. Confus'd in thought, O, whither shall I wend? [*Exit.*

THRAS. My conscience cries, that I have done amiss. [*Exit.*

ALC. O God of heaven, 'gainst thee have I offended! [*Exit.*

SAM. Asham'd of my misdeeds, where shall I hide me? [*Exit.*

CLES. Father, methinks this word repent is good:
He that [doth] punish disobedience
Doth hold a scourge for every privy fault. [*Exit.*

OSEAS. Look, London, look; with inward eyes [behold
What lessons the events do here unfold.
Sin grown to pride, to misery is thrall:
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.
Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on high,
Beware and fear, for worldly men must die.
The time shall come, where least suspect* remains,
The sword shall light upon the wisest brains;
The head that deems to overtop the sky,
Shall perish in his human policy.
Lo, I have said, when I have said the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth,

* *suspect*] The 4to. of 1598 "*respect.*"

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When show of zeal is prankt in robes of zeal,
When ministers powl* the pride of common weal,
When law is made a labyrinth of strife,
When honour yields him friend to wicked life,
When princes hear by others' ears their folly,
When usury is most accounted holy,
If these shall† hap, as would to God they might not,
The plague is near: I speak although I write not.

Enters the ANGEL.

ANGEL. Oseas.

OSEAS. Lord!

ANGEL. Now hath thine eye‡ perus'd these heinous sins,
Hateful unto the mighty Lord of hosts.
The time is come, their sins are waxen ripe,
And though the Lord forewarns, yet they repent not;
Custom of sin hath harden'd all their hearts.
Now comes revenge, armed with mighty plagues,
To punish all that live in Nineveh,
For God is just as he is merciful,
And doubtless plagues all such as scorn repent.
Thou shalt not see the desolation,
That falls unto these cursed Ninevites,
But shalt return to great Jerusalem,
And preach unto the people of thy God,
What mighty plagues are incident to sin,
Unless repentance mitigate his ire:
Rapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,
I'll seat thee in Judea's provinces.
Fear not, Oseas, then to preach the word. [*Exit.*

OSEAS. The will of the Lord be done!

[*Oseas taken away.*

* *powl*] i. e. poll.
† *shall*] The 4to. of 1598 "*should*."
‡ *eye*] The 4tos. "*eyes*."

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Enters RASNI *with his Viceroys,* ALVIDA *and her Ladies, to a banquet.*

RASNI. So, viceroys, you have pleas'd me passing well;
These curious cates are gracious in my mine eye,
But these borachios of the richest wine
Make me to think how blithsome we will be.
Seat thee, fair Juno, in the royal throne,
And I will serve thee to see thy face,
That feeding on the beauty of thy looks,
My stomach and mine eyes may both be fill'd.
Come, lordings, seat you, fellow-mates at feast,
And frolic, wags, this is a day of glee:
This banquet is for brightsome Alvida.
I'll have them skink* my standing bowls with† wine,
And no man drink, but quaff a whole‡ carouse
Unto the health of beauteous Alvida:
For whoso riseth from this feast not drunk,
As I am Rasni, Nineveh's great king,
Shall die the death as traitor to myself,
For that he scorns the health of Alvida.

K. OF CIL. That will I never do, my lord,
Therefore with favour, fortune to your grace,
Carouse unto the health of Alvida.

RASNI. Grammercy, lording, here I take thy pledge:
And, Crete, to thee a bowl of Greekish wine,
Here to the health of Alvida. [fill it full;

K. OF CRETE. Let come, my lord. Jack skinker,
A§ pledge unto the health of heavenly Alvida.

RASNI. Vassals, attendant on our royal feasts,
Drink you, I say, unto my lover's health;

* *skink*] i. e. fill: it generally means, to draw, pour out, or serve liquor. Saxon ꝑcencan.

† *with*] The 4to. of 1598 "*of*."

‡ *whole*] The 4to. of 1598 "*full*."

§ *A*] The 4to. of 1598 "*I*."

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Let none that is in Rasni's royal court
Go this night safe and sober to his bed.*

Enters [ADAM,] *the clown.*

ADAM.† This way he is, and here will I speak with him.

LORD. Fellow, whither pressest thou?

ADAM. I press nobody, sir; I am going to speak with a friend of mine.

LORD. Why, slave, here is none but the king, and his viceroys.

ADAM. The king!, marry, sir, he is the man I would speak withal.

LORD. Why callest him a friend of thine?

ADAM. Ay, marry do I, sir; for if he be not my friend, I'll make him my friend, ere he and I pass.

LORD. Away, vassal, be gone! thou speak unto the king!

ADAM. Ay, marry, will I, sir; and if he were a king of velvet, I will talk to him.

RASNI. What's the matter there? what noise is that?

ADAM. A boon, my liege, a boon, my liege!

RASNI. What is it that great Rasni will not grant,
This day, unto the meanest of his land,
In honour of his beauteous Alvida?
Come hither, swain; what is it that thou cravest?

ADAM. Faith, sir, nothing, but to speak a few sentences to your worship.

* *Let none that is in Rasni's royal court*
Go this night safe and sober to his bed.]
A recollection of Fielding's *Tom Thumb* is here forced upon us;
King. "To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we."
Act i. sc. 2.

† ADAM] The 4tos. throughout the scene "CLOWN:" see note * p. 65.

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RASNI. Say, what is it?

ADAM. I am sure, sir, you have heard of the spirits that walk in the city here.

RASNI. Ay, what of that?

ADAM. Truly, sir, I have an oration to tell you of one of them; and this it is.

ALV. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

ADAM. Faith, mistress, I feel an imperfection in my voice, a disease that often troubles me, but, alas, easily mended! a cup of ale, or a cup of wine, will serve the turn.

ALV. Fill him a bowl, and let him want no drink.

ADAM. O, what a precious word was that, and let him want no drink! Well, sir, now I'll tell you forth my tale. Sir, as I was coming alongst the port royal* of Nineveh, there appeared to me a great devil, and as hard favoured a devil as ever I saw; nay, sir, he was a cuckoldly devil, for he had horns on his head. This devil, mark you now, presseth upon me, and, sir, indeed I charged him with my pike-staff; but when that would not serve, I came upon him with *spritus santus*,—why, it had been able to have put Lucifer out of his wits: when I saw my charm would not serve, I was in such a perplexity, that sixpenny worth of juniper would not have made the place sweet again.

ALV. Why, fellow, wert thou so afraid?

ADAM. O mistress, had you been there and seen, his very sight had made you shift a clean smock! I promise you, though I were a man, and counted a tall† fellow, yet my laundress called me slovenly knave the next day.

RASNI. A pleasant slave. Forward, sirrah, on with thy tale.

* *port royal*] The 4tos. "port *ryuale*," and "port *ryualt*."
† *tall*] See note * p. 118.

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ADAM. Faith, sir, but I remember a word that my mistress your bed-fellow spoke.

RASNI. What was that, fellow?

ADAM. O, sir, a word of comfort, a precious word—and let him want no drink.

RASNI. Her word is law; and thou shalt want no drink.

ADAM. Then, sir, this devil came upon me, and would not be persuaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of ale, thinking, because he came out of* so hot a place, that he was thirsty, but the devil was not dry, and therefore the more sorry was I. Well, there was no remedy, but I must with him to hell: and at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, sir; I looked from top to toe, and he had no cloven feet. Then I ruffled up my hair, and set my cap on the one side, and, sir, grew to be a justice of peace to the devil: at last in a great fume, as I am very cholerick, and sometimes so hot in my fustian † fumes, that no man can abide within twenty yards of me, I start up, and so bombasted the devil, that, sir, he cried out, and ran away.

ALV. This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my Rasni, now Alvida begins her quaff, [fill.
And drinks a full carouse unto her king.

RASNI. A‡ pledge, my love, as hearty§ as great
Drunk, when his Juno heav'd a bowl to him. [Jove
Frolic, my lords; || let all the standards walk;
Ply it, till every man hath ta'en his load. [you.
How now, sirrah, what¶ cheer? we have no words of

* *out of*] The 4to. of 1598 "*from.*"
† *fustian*] The 4to. of 1594 "*fastin;*" the other 4tos. "*fustin.*"
‡ *A*] The 4to. of 1598 "*I.*"
§ *hearty*] The 4to. of 1594 "*hardie.*"
|| *lords*] The 4tos. "*lord.*"
¶ *what*] The 4to. of 1594 "*how.*"

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ADAM. Truly, sir, I was in a brown study about my mistress.

ALV. About me! for what?

ADAM. Truly, mistress, to think what a golden sentence you did speak; all the philosophers in the world could not have said more;—what come, let him want no drink! O, wise speech!

ALV. Villains, why skink you not unto this fellow?
He makes me blithe, and merry in my thoughts:
Heard you not that the king hath given command,
That all be drunk this day within his court,
In quaffing to the health of Alvida?

Enters JONAS.

JONAS. Repent, repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoken, and I do cry it out,
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown:
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

RASNI. What fellow is this, that thus disturbs our feasts,
With outcries and alarums to repent?

ADAM. O, sir, 'tis one goodman Jonas, that is come from Jericho, and surely I think he hath seen some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he never leaves crying night nor day. My master heard him, and he shut up his shop, gave me my indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

JONAS. Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!

RASNI. Come hither, fellow; what art, and from whence comest thou?

JONAS. Rasni, I am a prophet of the Lord,
Sent hither by the mighty God of hosts,
To cry destruction to the Ninevites.
O Nineveh, thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
To come and see thy filthiness and sin!

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Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God of hosts:*
Your king loves chambering and wantonness,
Whoredom and murder do distain his court,
He favoureth covetous and drunken men;
Behold therefore, all like a strumpet foul,
Thou shalt be judg'd, and punish'd for thy crime;
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron ramps,
The fire shall quite consume thee from above,
The houses shall be burnt, the infants slain,
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest sister is Lamana,†
And Sodom on thy right hand seated is.
Repent, ye men of Nineveh, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,
There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Nineveh be overthrown.
[*Exit offered.*

RASNI. Stay, prophet, stay.

JONAS. Disturb not him that sent me;
Let me perform the message of the Lord. [*Exit.*

RASNI. My soul is buried in the hell of thoughts.
Ah, Alvida! I look on thee with shame.
My lords on sudden fix their eyes on ground,
As if dismay'd to look upon the heavens.
Hence, Magi, who have flatter'd me in sin!
[*Exeunt his Sages.*
Horror of mind, disturbance of my soul,
Make‡ me aghast, for Nineveh's mishap.
Lords, see proclaim'd, yea, see it straight proclaim'd,
That man and beast, the woman and her child,
For forty days in sack and ashes fast:
Perhaps the Lord will yield, and pity us.
Bear hence these wretched blandishments of sin,

* *hosts*] The 4tos. "*hoste.*"
† *Lamana*] Qy. "*Adama.*"
‡ *Make*] The 4tos. "*Makes.*"

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And bring me sackcloth to attire your king:
Away with pomp, my soul is full of woe.
In pity look on Nineveh, O God! [*Exit a man.**

ALV. Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,
To sorrows sold, all guilty of our sin,
Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
Alas, how dare we look on heavenly light,
That have despis'd the maker of the same?
How may we hope for mercy from above,
That still despise the warnings from above?
Woes me, my conscience is a heavy foe.
O patron of the poor opprest with sin,
Look, look on me, that now for pity crave!
Assail'd with shame, with horror overborne,
To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the USURER *solus, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.*

USURER. Groaning in conscience, burden'd with my crimes,
The hell of sorrow haunts me up and down.
Tread where I list, methinks the bleeding ghosts
Of those whom my corruption brought to noughts,
Do serve for stumbling blocks before my steps:
The fatherless and widow wrong'd by me,
The poor oppressed by my usury;
Methinks I see their hands rear'd up to heaven,
To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.
Whereso I walk, I'll sigh and shun my way:
Thus am I made a monster of the world;
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold my soul.
You mountains, shroud me from the God of truth;
Methinks I see him sit to judge the earth;
See, how he blots me out of the book of life!

* *a man*] i. e. an attendant, to execute Rasni's orders.

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O burthen, more than Ætna, that I bear!
Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the Lord;
Swallow me, Lycas, shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I hear,
Methinks the sentence of damnation sounds,
Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell.
[*The evil Angel tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.*
What fiend is this, that tempts me to the death?
What, is my death the harbour of my rest?
Then let me die:—what second charge is this?
Methinks* I hear a voice amidst mine ears,
That bids me stay, and tells me that the Lord
Is merciful to those that do repent.
May I repent? O thou, my doubtful soul,
Thou may'st repent, the judge is merciful!
Hence, tools of wrath, stales of temptation,
For I will pray, and sigh unto the Lord;
In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
O Lord, in rigour look not on my sins!
[*He sits him down in sackcloths, his hands and eyes reared to heaven.*

Enters ALVIDA *with her Ladies, with dispersed locks.*†

ALV. Come, mournful dames, lay off your broider'd locks,
And on your shoulders spread dispersed hairs.
Let voice of music cease, where sorrow dwells:
Clothed in sackcloths, sigh your sins with me;
Bemoan your pride, bewail your lawless lusts;
With fasting mortify your pamper'd loins;
O think upon the horror of your sins!
Think, think with me, the burthen of your blames.

* *Methinks*] The 4to. of 1598 "*Methinke.*"
† *locks*] The 4tos. "*lookes.*"

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Woe to thy pomp, false* beauty, fading flower,
Blasted by age, by sickness, and by death:
Woe to our painted cheeks, our curious oils,
Our rich array, that foster'd us in sin;
Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our souls.
O, would to God, all nations might receive
A good example by our grievous fall! [dwells,
LAD. You that are planted there where pleasure
And think† your pomp as great as Nineveh's,
May fall for sin as Nineveh doth now.
ALV. Mourn, mourn, let moan be all your melody,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all:
O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!‡
LAD. O Lord of heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!
USURER. O Lord of light, forgive me my misdeeds!

Enters RASNI, *the King of Assyria, with his Nobles in sackcloth.*

K. OF CIL. Be not so overcome with grief, O king,
Lest you endanger life by sorrowing so.
RASNI. King of Cilicia, should I cease my grief,
Whereas my swarming sins afflict my soul?
Vain man, know this, my burthen greater is
Than every private subject's§ in my land.
My life hath been a lode-star unto them,
To guide them in the labyrinth of blame:
Thus I have taught them for to do amiss;
Then must I weep, my friend, for their amiss.
The fall of Nineveh is wrought by me:
I have maintain'd this city in her shame;

* *false*] The 4to. of 1598 "*fal, e,*" the others "*fall,*" and "*falls.*"

† *think*] The 4tos. "*thinks.*"

‡ *O Lord of heaven,* &c.] The 4tos. give this line to a "*Lord;*" the word *Lord* occurring in it perhaps caused the mistake.

§ *subject's*] The 4tos. "*subject.*"

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I have contemn'd the warnings from above;
I have upholden incest, rape, and spoil;
'Tis I that wrought the* sin, must weep the† sin.
O, had I tears, like to the silver streams
That from the Alpine mountains sweetly stream,
Or had I sighs, the treasures of remorse,
As plentiful as Æolus hath blasts,
I then would tempt the heavens with my laments,
And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighs!

K. of Cil. Heavens are propitious unto faithful prayers.

Rasni. But after our repent, we must lament,
Lest that a worser mischief doth befall.
O, pray! perhaps the Lord will pity us.
O God of truth, both merciful and just,
Behold repentant men, with piteous eyes!
We wail the life that we have led before:
O pardon, Lord, O pity Nineveh!

Omnes. O pardon, Lord, O pity Nineveh!

Rasni. Let not the infants, dallying on the teat,‡
For fathers' sins in judgment be opprest.

K. of Cil. Let not the painful mothers big with child,
The innocents, be punish'd for our sin.

Rasni. O pardon, Lord, O pity Nineveh!

Omnes. O pardon, Lord, O pity Nineveh!

Rasni. O Lord of heaven, the virgins weep to thee!
The covetous man sorry§ for his sin,
The prince and poor, all pray before thy throne;
And will thou then be wroth with Nineveh?

K. of Cil. Give truce to prayer, O king, and rest a space.

Rasni. Give truce to prayers, when times require no truce!

* *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "*thy*."
† *the*] The 4to. of 1598 "*thy*."
‡ *teat*] The 4tos. of 1594, 1598, and 1617 "*tent*."
§ *sorry*] The 4to. of 1594 "*forie sorie*."

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No, princes, no. Let all our subjects hie
Unto our temples, where, on humbled knees,
I will expect some mercy from above.
[*Enter the temple omnes.*

Enters JONAS *solus.*

JONAS. This is the day, wherein the Lord hath said,
That Nineveh shall quite be overthrown;
This is the day of horror and mishap,
Fatal unto the cursed Ninevites.
These stately towers shall in thy watery bounds,
Swift-flowing Lycas, find their burials:
These palaces, the pride of Assur's kings,
Shall be the bowers of desolation,
Whereas the solitary bird shall sing,
And tigers train their young ones to their nest.
O all ye nations bounded by the west,
Ye happy isles, where prophets do abound,
Ye cities famous in the western world,
Make Nineveh a precedent for you!
Leave lewd desires, leave covetous delights,
Fly usury, let whoredom be exil'd,
Lest you with Nineveh be overthrown.
Lo, how the sun's inflamed torch prevails,
Scorching the parched furrows of the earth!
Here will I sit me down, and fix mine eye
Upon the ruins of yon wretched town:
And lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,
To shelter Jonas in this sunny heat!
What means my God? the day is done and spent:
Lord, shall my prophecy be brought to nought?
When falls the fire? when will the judge be wroth?
I pray thee, Lord, remember what I said,
When I was yet within my country land:
Jehovah is too merciful, I fear.
O, let me fly, before a prophet fault!
For thou art merciful, the Lord my God,

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Full of compassion, and of * sufferance,
And dost repent in taking punishment.
Why stays thy hand? O Lord, first take my life,
Before my prophecy be brought to noughts!
Ah, he is wroth! behold, the gladsome vine,
That did defend me from the sunny heat,
Is wither'd quite, and swallow'd by a serpent.
[*A serpent devoureth the vine.*
Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my brows,
And heat prevails, and I am faint in heart.

Enters the ANGEL.

ANGEL. Art thou so angry, Jonas? tell me why.
JONAS. Jehovah, I with burning heat am plung'd,†
And shadow'd only by a silly vine;
Behold, a serpent hath devoured it:
And lo, the sun, incens'd by eastern wind,
Afflicts me with canicular‡ aspect.
Would God, that I might die! for well I wot,
'Twere better I were dead than rest alive.
ANGEL. Jonas, art thou so angry for the vine?
JONAS. Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.
ANGEL. Thou hast compassion, Jonas, on a vine,
On which thou never labour did'st bestow;
Thou never gav'st it life or power to grow,
But suddenly it sprung, and suddenly died.
And should not I have great compassion
On Nineveh, the city of the world,§
Wherein there are a hundred thousand souls,

* *of*] Not in the 4to. of 1598.

† *plung'd*] i. e. distressed, driven to straits. "So did he by that Philistine poem of *Parthenophell and Parthenope*, which to compare worse than itselfe, it would *plunge* all the wits of France, Spaine, or Italy." Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, Sig. O 2. See note * p. 97.

‡ *canicular*] The 4tos. "*caricular*."

§ *world*] The 4to. of 1598 "*Lord*."

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And twenty thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, beside* much cattle?
O, Jonas! look into their temples now,
And see the true contrition of their king,
The subjects' tears, the sinners' true remorse:
Then from the Lord proclaim a mercy day,
For he is pitiful as he is just. [*Exit Angelus.*

JONAS. I go, my God, to finish thy command.
O, who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talk his praises with a fervent tongue?
He bringeth down to hell, and lifts to heaven;
He draws the yoke of bondage from the just,
And looks upon the heathen with piteous eyes:
To him all praise and honour be ascrib'd.
O, who can tell the wonders of my God!
He makes the infant to proclaim his truth,
The ass to speak, to save the prophet's life,
The earth and sea to yield increase for man.
Who can describe the compass of his power,
Or testify in terms his endless might!
My ravish'd sprite, O whither dost thou wend!
Go, and proclaim the mercy of my God;
Relieve the careful hearted Ninevites;
And, as thou wert the messenger of death,
Go, bring glad tidings of recover'd grace. [*Exit.*

Enters ADAM *solus, with a bottle of beer in one slop,*† *and a great piece of beef in another.*

ADAM. Well, goodman Jonas, I would you had never come from Jewry to this country; you have made me look like a lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture of Lent, painted upon a red-herring's

* *beside*] The 4to. of 1598 "*besides.*"

† *slop*] *Slops* were wide breeches, trowsers. The two first 4tos. "*shop.*"

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cob.* Alas, masters, we are commanded by the proclamation to fast and pray! by my troth, I could prettily so, so, away with† praying, but for fasting, why, 'tis so contrary to my nature, that I had rather suffer a short hanging, than a long fasting. Mark me, the words be these: thou shalt take no manner of food for so many days. I had as lief he should have said, thou shalt hang thyself for so many days. And yet, in faith, I need not find fault with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a pantry, and a kitchen, about me; for proof, *ecce signum!* This right slop is my pantry, behold a manchet; this place is my kitchen, for lo, a piece of beef,—O, let me repeat that sweet word again! for lo, a piece of beef. This is my buttery, for see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a bottle of beer. Thus, alas, I make shift to wear out this fasting; I drive away the time. But there go searchers about to seek if any man breaks the king's command. O, here they be; in with your victuals, Adam.

Enter two SEARCHERS.

1. SEARCH. How duly the men of Nineveh keep the proclamation! how are they armed to repentance! We have searched through the whole city, and have not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

2. SEARCH. The sign of the more grace: but stay, here sits one, methinks, at his prayers; let us see who it is.

1. SEARCH. 'Tis Adam, the smith's man. How now, Adam?

* *a red-herring's cob.*] i. e. properly (if dictionaries may be trusted to) the young of a red-herring: but, I believe, *herring-cob* was a cant term for a herring in general. *Cob* is from the Saxon *cop*, the head: and Gifford observes that old writers commonly use it in compound words as a distinctive mark of bulk.

† *I could away with*] i. e. I could endure.

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ADAM. Trouble me not; thou shalt take no manner of food, but fast and pray.

1. SEARCH. How devoutly he sits at his orisons! But stay, methinks I feel a smell of some meat or bread about him.

2. SEARCH. So thinks me too. You, sirrah, what victuals have you about you?

ADAM. Victuals! O horrible blasphemy! Hinder me not of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler. Victuals! why heardest thou not the sentence, thou shalt take no food, but fast and pray?

2. SEARCH. Truth, so it should be, but, methinks, I smell meat about thee.

ADAM. About me, my friends! these words are actions in the case. About me! no, no, hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

1. SEARCH. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

ADAM. Search me! take heed what you do; my hose are my castles, 'tis burglary if you break ope a slop: no officer must lift up an iron hatch; take heed, my slops are iron.

2. SEARCH. O, villain! See, how he hath gotten victuals, bread, beef, and beer, where* the king commanded upon pain of death none should eat for so many days, no, not the sucking infant.

ADAM. Alas, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut medicus daret;* why, sir, a bit to comfort my stomach.

1. SEARCH. Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

ADAM. These are your words, I shall be hanged for it; but first answer me to this question, how many days have we to fast still?

2. SEARCH. Five days.

ADAM. Five days! a long time; then I must be hanged.

* *where*] i. e. whereas.

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1. SEARCH. Ay, marry, must thou.

ADAM. I am your man, I am for you, sir, for I had rather be hanged, than abide so long a fast. What, five days! Come, I'll untruss. Is your halter, and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness?

1. SEARCH. I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

ADAM. But hear you, must I be hanged?

1. SEARCH. Ay, marry.

ADAM. And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink up all my drink, for it shall never be said, I was hanged with an empty stomach.

1. SEARCH. Come away, knave; wilt thou stand feeding now?

ADAM. If you be so* hasty, hang yourself an hour, while† I come to you, for surely I will eat up my meat.

2. SEARCH. Come, let's draw him away perforce.

ADAM. You say there is five days yet to fast, these are your words?

2. SEARCH. Ay, sir.

ADAM. I am for you: come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the chronicles. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JONAS, RASNI, ALVIDA, *King of Cilicia, others, royally attended.*

JONAS. Come, careful king, cast off thy mournful weeds,
Exchange thy cloudy looks to smoothed smiles;
Thy tears have pierc'd the piteous throne of grace,
Thy sighs, like incense‡ pleasing to the Lord,
Have been peace-offerings for thy former pride:
Rejoice and praise his name that gave thee peace.

* *so*] Not in the 4to. of 1598. † *while*] i. e. until.
‡ *incense*] The 4tos. "*imence.*"

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And you, fair nymphs, ye lovely Ninevites,
Since you have wept and fasted for the Lord,
He graciously hath * temper'd his revenge;
Beware henceforth to tempt him any more:
Let not the niceness of your beauteous looks
Engraft in you a high presuming mind;
For those that climb he casteth to the ground,
And they that humble be he lifts aloft.

RASNI. Lowly I bend, with aweful bent of eye,
Before the dread Jehovah, God of hosts,†
Despising all profane device of man.
Those lustful lures, that whilom led awry
My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more;
And she, whose youth in dalliance I abus'd
Shall now at last become my wedlock mate.
Fair Alvida, look not so woe-begone;
If for thy sin thy sorrow do exceed,
Blessed be thou: come with a‡ holy band
Let's knit a knot to salve our former shame.

ALV. With blushing looks, betokening my remorse,
I lowly yield, my king, to thy behest,
So as this man of God shall think it good.

JONAS. Woman, amends may never come too late;
A will to practise good is virtuous:§
The God of heaven, when sinners do repent,
Doth more rejoice than in ten thousand just.

RASNI. Then witness, holy prophet, our accord.

ALV. Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God.

JONAS. Blest may you be, like to the flowering sheaves,

* *hath*] The three first 4tos. "*have*."
† *hosts*] The 4tos. "*hoste*."
‡ *a*] The 4to. of 1598 "*thy*."
§ *A will to practise*, &c.] The 4to. of 1594; "A will to practise *goodness* virtuous." the other 4tos.; "*I* will *thou* practise *goodness and virtuousness*."

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That play with gentle winds in summer tide;
Like olive branches let your children spread,
And as the pines in lofty Lebanon,
Or as the kids that feed on Lepher plains,
So be the seed and offspring* of your loins.

Enters the USURER, THRASIBULUS, *and* ALCON.

USURER. Come forth, my friends, whom wittingly I wrong'd:
Before this man of God receive your due;
Before our king I mean to make my peace.
Jonas, behold in sign of my remorse,
I here restore into these poor men's hands
Their goods which I unjustly have detain'd;†
And may the heavens so pardon my misdeeds,
As I am penitent for my offence.

THRAS. And what through want from others I pur-
Behold, O king, I proffer fore‡ thy throne, [loin'd,
To be restor'd to such as owe§ the same.

JONAS. A virtuous deed, pleasing to God and man.
Would God, all cities, drowned in like shame,
Would take example of these Ninevites!

RASNI. Such be the fruits of Nineveh's repent;
And such for ever may our dealings be,
That he that call'd us home in height of sin
May smile to see our hearty penitence.
Viceroys, proclaim a fast unto the Lord;
Let Israel's God be honour'd in our land;
Let all occasion of corruption die,
For who shall fault therein shall suffer death:
Bear witness, God, of my unfeigned zeal.
Come, holy man, as thou shalt counsel me,
My court and city shall reformed be.

[*Exeunt all but* JONAS.

* *offspring*] The 4to. of 1598 "*offsprings.*"
† *detain'd*] The 4to. of 1598 "*retain'd.*"
‡ *fore*] The 4to. of 1598 "*forth.*"
§ *owe*] i. e. own.

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JONAS. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course.
You islanders, on whom the milder air
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind encrease,
Whose lands are fatten'd with the dew of heaven,
And made more fruitful than Actean plains;
You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft,
Whose eyes are blinded with security,
Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside.
O London, maiden of the mistress isle,
Wrapt in the folds and swathing-clouts of shame,
In thee more sins than Nineveh contains!
Contempt of God, despite of reverend age,
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor,
Corruption, whoredom, drunkenness, and pride.
Swollen are thy brows with impudence and shame,
O proud adulterous glory of the west!
Thy neighbours burn,* yet dost thou fear no fire;
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thine ears;
The 'larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London, awake, for fear the Lord do frown:
I set a looking glass before thine eyes.
O turn, O turn, with weeping to the Lord,
And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen
Defer† the plague which otherwise would fall!
Repent, O London! lest, for thine offence,
Thy shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve,
That she may bide the pillar of his church,
Against the storms of Romish Anti-Christ!
The hand of mercy overshade her head,
And let all faithful subjects say, Amen!

* *burn*] The 4tos. "*burns.*"
† *Defer*] The 4tos. "*Defers.*"

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FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.

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The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay. As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants. Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. London, Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594, 4to.

This play was reprinted in 1599, 1630, and 1655; and forms a part of the viiith vol. of the new edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

I have not thought it necessary to mark all the variations of the later 4tos.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY THE THIRD,
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales*,
EMPEROR OF GERMANY,
KING OF CASTILE,
LACY, *Earl of Lincoln*,
WARREN, *Earl of Sussex*,
ERMSBY,
RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's Fool*,
FRIAR BACON,
MILES, *his Man*,
FRIAR BUNGAY,
JAQUES VANDERMAST,
BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT, } *Doctors of Oxford*,
LAMBERT, SERLSBY, } *Gentlemen*,
TWO SCHOLARS, *their Sons*,
KEEPER,
THOMAS, RICHARD, } *Clowns*,
CONSTABLE,
A POST,
DEVIL,
HERCULES,

ELINOR OF CASTILE,
MARGARET, *the Keeper's Daughter*,
JOAN, *a Country Wench*,
HOSTESS OF THE BELL AT HENLEY.

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THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY.

Enter EDWARD *the First,* malcontented, with* LACY, *Earl of Lincoln,* JOHN WARREN, *Earl of Sussex, and* ERMSBY, *Gentleman; [and]* RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's fool.*

LACY. WHY looks my lord like to a troubled sky,
When heaven's bright shine is shadow'd with a fog?
Alate we ran the deer, and through the lawnds†
'Stript‡ with our nags the lofty frolic bucks,
That scudded 'fore the teasers§ like the wind.
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield,
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt this hundred years before:
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now chang'd to a melancholy dump.

WAR. After the prince got to the keeper's lodge,
And had been jocund in the house awhile,

* *Edward the First*] During the play, however, he is only Prince of Wales.

† *lawnds*] i. e. *lawns:* "this youthful Lord of the *Lawnds*." Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, ed. 1595, Sig. F 4.

‡ *'Stript*] i. e. outstript.

§ *teasers*] "But these *Teazers*, rather to rouze then pinch the game, onely made Whitaker find his spirits. The fiercest *dog* is behind, even Bellarmine himself," &c. Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 66. ed. 1642.

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Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink
That seem'd so stately in her stammel* red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

ERMS. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amort† live malcontent?

RALPH. Hearest thou, Ned? Nay look if he will speak to me.

EDW. What say'st thou to me, fool?

RALPH. I prithee tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the keeper's daughter?

EDW. How if I be, what then?

RALPH. Why then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive love.

EDW. How, Ralph?

RALPH. Marry, sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy cloaths, and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my fool.

EDW. And what of this?

RALPH. Why so thou shalt beguile love; for love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

EDW. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lively in her country weeds she look'd?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield:—
All Suffolk? nay all England holds none such.

RALPH. Sirrah, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

ERMS. Why, Ralph?

RALPH. He says all England hath no such, and

* *stammel red*] *Stammel* was a kind of woollen cloth. The words "red" and "stammel" were, I believe, seldom used together, the former being the understood colour of the latter.

† *all amort*] More properly *alamort*, i. e. dejected.

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I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

WAR. How provest thou that, Ralph?

RALPH. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to chuse a bonny wench? yes, warrant I thee, by his whole grammar.

ERMS. A good reason, Ralph.

EDW. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair:
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks:
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence:
Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,
Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cleeves.*
Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

LACY. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair,
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield;
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love.

EDW. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

ERMS. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

EDW. Whenas she swept like Venus through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts;

* *cleeves*] i. e. cliffs: Drayton uses the singular, *cleeve*.

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Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine,
As Pallas, 'mongst her princely housewifery:
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her cheese;
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checked with lines of azure, made her blush,
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby,
If thou hadst seen as I did note it well,
How beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl
Like Lucrece laid her fingers to the work,
Thou wouldst with Tarquin hazard Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

RALPH. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?

EDW. Ay, Ralph.

RALPH. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her already.

EDW. I'll give thee a new coat and learn me that.

RALPH. Why, sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon: O, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.

EDW. And how then, Ralph?

RALPH. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him: and because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me into thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock.

EDW. But how shall I have the maid?

RALPH. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when

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she comes into a great prease* of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd;† then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.

ERMS. Excellent policy.

EDW. But how if I be a wrought smock?

RALPH. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

LACY. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

EDW. Ralph shall have a new coat.

RALPH. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

EDW. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For why our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells,
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl:
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar;
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.

WAR. Content, my lord; and that's a speedy way
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

EDW. I am unknown, not taken for the prince:
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game;
Therefore I have devis'd a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is St. James',

* *prease*] i. e. press.

† *plackerd*] more commonly written *placket*, generally means a petticoat, but in the present passage, and in others which might be quoted, it seems to be used for a sort of pocket.

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And then the country flocks to Harleston fair:
Then will the keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids,
That come to see, and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguis'd among the country swains,
Feign th'art a farmer's son, not far from thence,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;
Cote* him, and court her to control the clown;
Say that the courtier 'tired all in green,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid:
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush:
O then she loves, but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

LACY. I will, my lord, so execute this charge,
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

EDW. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news.

RALPH. And, sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells.

LACY. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

RALPH. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him: and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry, that his son, and my master Ned, is become love's morris dance.

EDW. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge,
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
May'st make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

LACY. God send your honour your heart's desire.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Cote*] i. e. keep along side of, accost: Fr. *cotoyer*.

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Enter FRIAR BACON, *with* MILES, *his poor scholar, with books under his arm; with them* BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT, *three doctors.*

BACON. Miles, where are you?

MILES. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.*

BACON. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?*

MILES. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum.*

BACON. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learned skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?
Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.

BURD. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery,
In Pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell by Hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By Aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions, as Apollo did.

BACON. Well, master Burden, what of all this?

MILES. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

BURD. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Th'art making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy:
And by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

BACON. And what of this?

MILES. What of this, master? why he doth speak

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mystically, for he knows if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet mother Water's strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose.

CLEM. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,
But joying that our academy yields
A man suppos'd the wonder of the world;
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Eternize Friar Bacon for his art.

MASON. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.

BACON. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by books,
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What art can work, the frolic friar knows,
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep.
I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass,
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff)
And that by art shall read philosophy;
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground.
The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strond,
From Dover to the market place of Rye.

BURD. Is this possible?

MILES. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.

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BURD. What be those?

MILES. Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils, and good companions as any be in hell.

MASON. No doubt but magic may do much in this,
For he that reads but mathematic rules,
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

BURD. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,*
And tells of more than magic can perform;
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? yet to think,
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

BACON. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting [thus;
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies:
But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

BURD. I will: ask what thou can.

MILES. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack, to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

BACON. Were you not yesterday, master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

BURD. I was; what then?

BACON. What book studied you thereon all night?

BURD. I? none at all; I read not there a line.

BACON. Then, doctors, friar Bacon's art knows nought.

CLEM. What say you to this, master Burden? doth he not touch you?

* To *rove a bow beyond his reach* is equivalent to the proverbial phrase of shooting with a long bow: the bow is too long for the stretch of his arms.—Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

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BURD. I pass not of* his frivolous speeches.

MILES. Nay, master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

BACON. Masters, for that learn'd Burden's skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll shew you why he haunts to Henley oft:
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art,
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll shew you straight,
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

MILES. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

BACON. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll shew you but his book. [*Here he conjures.*

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter a WOMAN *with a shoulder of a mutton on a spit, and a Devil.*

MILES. O, master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all, for here's a she devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit: you have marred the devil's supper, but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

HOSTESS. Oh, where am I, or what's become of me?

BACON. What art thou?

HOSTESS. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

BACON. How cam'st thou here?

* *pass not of*] i. e. care not for. "Since he hath let them passe, I greatly *passe* not."—Chettle's *Kind-harts Dream*, n. d. [1592] Sig. D 3.

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HOSTESS. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst* supper for my guess,†
A motion mov'd me to look forth of door:
No sooner had I pry'd into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

BACON. No? know you not master Burden?

HOSTESS. O yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.
What, master Burden, 'twas but yesternight,
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards.

BURD. I know not what we did. A pox of all conjuring friars.

CLEM. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?

BACON. It is; but, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?

MILES. I'll warrant you, master, if master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

MASON. Burden,
What, are you mated‡ by this frolic friar?
Look how he droops; his guilty conscience
Drives him to 'bash, and makes his hostess blush.

BACON. Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,

* *'gainst*] The 4tos. "*against.*"

† *guess*] Frequently used for *guests* by our old poets: so Chamberlayne;

> "The empty tables stood, for never *Guess*
> Come there, except the Bankrupts whom distress
> Spurr'd on," &c.—*Pharonnida*, 1659, B. IV. C. iii. p. 53.

‡ *mated*] i. e. confounded.

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You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper 'gin. Burden, bid her adieu:
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes.
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

HOSTESS. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley? [*Exeunt Hostess and the Devil.*

BURD. The devil take thee and Henley too.

MILES. Master, shall I make a good motion?

BACON. What's that?

MILES. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send doctor Burden flying after.

BACON. Thus rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And as the college called Brazen-nose,
Is under him, and he the master there,
So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms:
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.

MILES. So be it, *et nunc et semper;* amen.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter MARGARET, *the fair maid of Fressingfield, with* THOMAS [RICHARD] *and* JOAN, *and other clowns:* LACY *disguised in country apparel.*

THOM. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father whoreson: if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.

MAR. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay;
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,

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Then let our fathers prize it as they please.
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield,
Come to buy needless noughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlars shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

LACY. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries,
And seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shews all his glories for to court yourself.

MAR. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before.
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.

JOAN. Margaret,
A farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
But, Thomas, what's the news? what in a dump?
Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's shop;
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.

THOM. Faith, Joan, and shall: I'll bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

[*All this while Lacy whispers Margaret in the ear.*

MAR. Whence are you, sir? of Suffolk? for your [terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.

LACY. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint,
But that he could do courtesy to such dames:

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But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge,
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison,
'Tired in green: he sent you this rich purse,
His token that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

MAR. To me?

LACY. You forget yourself:*
Women are often weak in memory.

MAR. O pardon, sir, I call to mind the man:
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

JOAN. What, Margaret, blush not: maids must have their loves.

THOM. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she were angry.

RICH. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of him; I'll tell you, Margaret, a were good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things the foul hilding† could not abide a dung-cart.

MAR. How different is this farmer from the rest,
That erst as yet have‡ pleas'd my wandering sight!
His words are witty, quicken'd with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court,
Facile and debonaire in all his deeds;
Proportion'd as was Paris, when in gray,
He courted Ænon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love,
Who but the keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son,
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine eye.

* *You forget yourself*] The 4tos. give these words to Margaret.

† *hilding*] i. e. low creature,—a common term of contempt in our old writers.

‡ *have*] The 4tos. "*hath.*"

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But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love:
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To shew the grief wherein thy heart doth burn.
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair?
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

LACY. Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.

MAR. Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,
Make but a step into the keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

LACY. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere long.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter HENRY THE THIRD, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR *his daughter*, JAQUES VANDERMAST, *a German.*

HEN. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the West,
Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is* like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,
To England's shore, whose promontory cleeves†
Shew‡ Albion is another little world:
Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

CAST. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren mounts swelling above the clouds,

* *surge is*] The 4tos. "*surges.*"
† *cleeves*] See note * p. 147.
‡ *Shew*] The 4tos. "*Shewes.*"

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That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus:
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

ELIN. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,*
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links,
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

EMP. Where is the prince, my lord?

HEN. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer:
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-house,
We hear the prince is ridden with his lords,
To Oxford, in the academy there
To hear dispute amongst the learned men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

EMP. Nay, rather, Henry, let us as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk,

* *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait: 'so that if a Painter were to draw any of their *Counterfeits* on Table, he needs no more but wet his pencill, and dab it on their cheeks, and he shall have vermillion and white enough to furnish out his worke."—Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, ed. 1595, Sig. C 4.

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To hold dispute with English orators:
This doctor, surnam'd Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, pass'd into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bologna,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules:
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.

HEN. He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.
We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our academy brings.
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me:
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower.
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland, made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst* then we set† to Oxford with our troops,
Let's in and banquet in our English court. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RALPH SIMNELL, *in Edward's apparel;* EDWARD, WARREN, ERMSBY, *disguised.*

RALPH. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

EDW. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.

RALPH. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to ride on: I'll have another fetch.

ERMS. I pray you how is that, my lord?

RALPH. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord: now upon

* *Whilst*] i. e. until. † *set*] The 4to. of 1594 "*fit.*"

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their backs will I have a fair field bed, with a canopy, and so when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.

WAR. Your honour hath said well; but shall we to Brazen-nose college, before we pull off our boots?

ERMS. Warren, well motion'd, we will to the friar Before we revel it within the town.
Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prince.

RALPH. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting* knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter BACON *and* MILES.

ERMS. Stay, who comes here?

WAR. Some scholar; and we'll ask him where friar Bacon is.

BACON. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee a good scholar? doth not all the town cry out and say, friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

MILES. No, sir? yet,† what is this else; *Ego sum tuus homo*, I am your man: I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

BACON. Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego?*

MILES. *Ego*, that is I: marry, *nomen substantivo.*

BACON. How prove you that?

MILES. Why, sir, let him prove himself and a' will; I can be heard, felt, and understood.

BACON. O gross dunce! [*Here beat him.*

EDW. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two. Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose college?

MILES. Not far from Coppersmith's hall.

EDW. What, dost thou mock me?

* *cutting*] i. e. swaggering. † *yet*] The 4tos. "*yes.*"

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MILES. Not I, sir; but what would you at Brazen-nose?

ERMS. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

MILES. Whose men be you?

ERMS. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

RALPH. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows; mayest thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrel?

MILES. Then here's good game for the hawk; for here's the master fool, and a covey of coxcombs: one wise man, I think, would spring you all.

EDW. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

WAR. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

ERMS. Nor I mine: swones, Ned, I think I am bewitched.

MILES. A company of scabs! the proudest of you all draw your weapon if he can. See how boldly I speak now my master is by.

EDW. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut,
And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist.

[*Strike him a box on the ear.*

MILES. Oh! I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered.

RALPH. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

BACON. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

EDW. To whom speak'st thou?

BACON. To thee.

EDW. Who art thou? [grew fast,

BACON. Could you not judge when all your swords
That friar Bacon was not far from hence?
Edward, King Henry's son, and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself:

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I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast fancied to the keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar;
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left,
To 'treat fair Margaret to allow thy loves:
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

WAR. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

ERMS. Apollo could not utter more than this.

EDW. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly friar
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts.
But, learned Bacon, since thou know'st the cause,
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

WAR. Good friar, help the prince in this.

RALPH. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

MILES. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

ERMS. What, doctor, in a dump! tush, help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

BACON. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will my lord strain out my magic spells,
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield,
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothed each to other fast.
But come with me, we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will shew
What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

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EDW. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy pain.
BACON. But send your train, my lord, into the town:
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn;
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.
EDW. Warren, leave me, and Ermsby take the fool;
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and friar Bacon talk awhile.
WAR. We will, my lord.
RALPH. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest: I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black pots in Oxford. [*Exeunt.*

BACON *and* EDWARD *go into the study.*

BACON. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell;
Here tempers friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory court,
Wherein the devils plead* homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield,
Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.
EDW. Friar, thou glad'st me: now shall Edward try
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.
BACON. Stand there and look directly in the glass.

Enter MARGARET *and Friar* BUNGAY.†

BACON. What sees my lord?
EDW. I see the keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome‡ as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.

* *plead*] The 4to. of 1594 "*pleads.*"

† Perhaps a curtain or traverse put up for the occasion at the back of the stage was withdrawn, and discovered Margaret and Bungay, (who are afterwards joined by Lacy and a devil,) and when the representation in the glass was supposed to be over, the curtain was drawn back again.

‡ *brightsome*] The 4tos. "*bright-sunne.*" Our author in a copy of verses in his *Ciceronis Amor*, has,

"*Brightsome* Apollo in his richest pompe."

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BACON. Sit still and keep the crystal in your eye.
MAR. But tell me, friar Bungay, is it true,
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?
BUN. Peggy, 'tis true, tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both do* fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves:
For he in green that holp you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.
MAR. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust:
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesy.
BUN. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?
MAR. His personage, like the pride of vaunting
Might well avouch to shadow Helen's rape:† [Troy,
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he is England's paramour.
BUN. Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing
Surnamed thee fair maid of Fressingfield? [face,
MAR. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely
Had that in *esse*, that so many sought. [earl
BUN. Fear not, the friar will not be behind,
To shew his cunning to entangle love.
EDW. I think the friar courts the bonny wench:
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
BACON. Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY.

EDW. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!

* *do*] The 4to. of 1594 "*doth*."
† *rape*] The 4tos. "*cape*."

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BACON. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.
BUN. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile.
LACY. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus
And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks, [fast,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception* of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince, but as a man.
Honor bids thee control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die, than see her live disgrac'd.
MAR. Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps.
How cheer you, sir? a penny for your thought:
Your're early up, pray God it be the near.†
What! come from Beccles in a morn so soon?
LACY. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.

* *exception*] The 4to. of 1594 "*acception.*"

† *You're early up, pray God it be the near*] An allusion to the Proverb, "Early up and never the nearer."

"In you yfaith the Proverbs verified:
Y'are earely up, and yet are nere the neare."
Mundy and Chettle's *Death of the Earle of Huntington*, 1601, Sig. F 4.

"In this perplexity," says that mendacious woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, speaking of herself, "she languished for some time, when hearing Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the XXXIX. Articles was in the press, she waited the publication with the utmost impatience. But alas! *never the near*," &c. *Pylades and Corinna*, 1731, vol. i. p. 15.

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I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair,
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.
MAR. A trusty man, that court it for your friend:
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
LACY. Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
MAR. You are very hasty; for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely* ripe, is rotten, too, too soon.
BUN. *Deus hic:* room for a merry friar.
What, youth of Beccles, with the keeper's lass?
'Tis well; but tell me, hear you any news?
MAR. No, friar: what news?
BUN. Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country town?
LACY. For what, gentle friar? tell the news.
BUN. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of [these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguis'd like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln earl shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.
LACY. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad:
It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln! why it cannot be.
MAR. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:

* *timely*] i. e. early.

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The keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your jailor once.
EDW. How familiar they be, Bacon!
BACON. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
LACY. Then am I double prisoner to thyself:
Peggy, I yield, but are these news in jest?
MAR. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah! how these earls and noblemen of birth,
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!
LACY. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln earl:
I not deny, but 'tired thus in rags,
I liv'd disguis'd to win fair Peggy's love.
MAR. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
LACY. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
MAR. I little think that earls will stoop so low.
LACY. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?
MAR. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself:
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
LACY. The Lincoln countess, for it shall be so:
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
EDW. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab them.
BACON. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!
EDW. Choler to see the traitors 'gree so well
Made me [to] think the shadows substances.
BACON. 'Twere a long poniard, my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more.
BUN. Well, lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.
I'll take my portace* forth, and wed you here;
Then go to bed and seal up your desires.

* *portace*] i. e. breviary, *portable* prayer book.

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LACY. Friar, content. Peggy, how like you this?
MAR. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
BUN. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
BACON. What sees my lord now?
EDW. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there,
To wed them both: then am I quite undone!
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd;
Help, Bacon; stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
BACON. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar,
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
LACY. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book. [*Bungay is mute, crying, hud, hud.*
MAR. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
'Reft of thy senses, Bungay? shew by signs
If thou be dumb, what passion* holdeth thee.
LACY. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease, [devils
Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs:
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
MAR. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
EDW. Why stands friar Bungay† so amaz'd?
BACON. I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honour please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
EDW. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.
LACY. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.

* *passion*] The 4to. of 1594 "*passions.*"
† *Bungay*] The 4tos. "*Bacon.*"

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MAR. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a DEVIL, *and carry* BUNGAY *on his back.*

MAR. O help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back.
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad. [*Exeunt.*

EDW. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,*
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere it be long.

BACON. So be it, my lord, but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Doctors, BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT.

MASON. Now that we are gather'd in the regent-house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, trooped with all the western kings,
That lie alongst the Dantzick seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almaine monarch, and the Saxon† duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests resolv'd for Oxford town.

BURD. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shews, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates.‡

* *And I have chatted with the merry friar*] Not in the later 4tos.

† *Saxon*] The 4tos. "*Scocon.*"

‡ *To welcome,* &c.] The 4tos. give this line to Clement.

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CLEM. But more; the king by letters hath foretold,
That Frederick, the Almaine emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.

MASON. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill
The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

BURD. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do:
The devil I think dare not dispute with him.

CLEM. Indeed, Mas doctor, he pleasur'd* you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit,
From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.

BURD. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.

CLEM. Stay, what rumour is this? The town is up in a mutiny: what hurly burly is this?

Enter a CONSTABLE, *with* RALPH, WARREN, ERMSBY *and* MILES.

CONS. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanour.

BURD. What's the matter, fellow?

CONS. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost killed the vintner.

MILES. *Salve*, Doctor Burden:
This lubberly lurden,
Ill shap'd and ill fac'd,

* *pleasur'd*] Qy. "*not* pleasur'd."

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Disdain'd and disgrac'd,
What he tells unto *vobis*
Mentitur de nobis.

BURD. Who is the master and chief of this crew?

MILES. *Ecce asinum mundi,*
Figura rotundi,
Neat, sheat and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.

BURD. What are you?

RALPH. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company: these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

CLEM. Are you Edward, the king's son?

RALPH. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done by no less man than a prince.

MASON. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

WAR. And why so, sir?

MASON. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.

WAR. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

ERMS. Whose face, shining with many a sugar'd smile,
Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

MILES. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you,
What is veriment and true;
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis,
He is great Prince of Walis,

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The chief of our *gregis*,
And *filius Regis:*
Then ware what is done,
For he is Henry's white son.*

RALPH. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the niniversity with a fair wind, to the bankside in Southwark. How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

WAR. Yes, my good lord; and if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles,† and with the cork make you a pinnace of five hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

ERMS. And I, my lord, will have pioneers, to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer walks.

MILES. And I with *scientia*
And great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis*,
Your very great *navis*,
Like Bartlet's ship,‡
From Oxford do skip,
With colleges and schools
Full loaden with fools.
Quid dices ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine Dawcocke?*

* *white son*] See note † p. 104.

† *pantofles*] i. e. slippers.

‡ *Bartlet's ship*] Miles of course means *Barclay's* ship: *The shyp of Folys of the Worlde, translated out of Laten Frenche and Doche into Englysshe Tonge, by Alexander Barclay Preste. London by Richarde Pynson.* 1509, folio.

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CLEM. Why, harebrain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?
Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo: let the roisters* lie
Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame.
ERMS. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?
RALPH. What sayest, Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?
MILES. No, no, out with your blades,
And hamper these jades;
Have a flurt and a crash,
Now play revel, dash,
And teach these sacerdos,
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves.
MASON. To the prison with them, constable.
WAR. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only loved fool:
I, Earl of Sussex,† and this Ermsby,
One of the privy chamber to the King;
Who, while the prince with friar Bacon stays,
Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see.
MASON. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:
But courtiers may make greater 'scapes than these.
Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?
WAR. I will, master doctor, and satisfy the vint-

* *roisters*] i. e. wild fellows, rioters.
† *Sussex*] The 4tos. "*Essex*."

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ner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

MASON. I will, sir.

RALPH. And upon that I will lead the way: only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say, that wisdom must go before majesty.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Prince EDWARD, *with his poniard in his hand:* LACY, *and* MARGARET.

EDW. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far,
As Lynceus from the shores of Grecia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace* forth,
And joining hand in hand had married you,
If friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? is not all this true?

LACY. Truth all, my lord, and thus I make reply.
At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife,
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

* *portace*] See note * p. 169.

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EDW. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephestion?
Did I unfold the passions* of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchained fetters of such private friends?
Base coward! false, and too effeminate,
To be corrival with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I din'd,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

MAR. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry:
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd:
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks.
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cypher out by signs,
But that I lov'd lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are† not of force to bury thoughts of friends.

EDW. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves:
Edward, or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemm'd and incas'd with burnish'd ivory,
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,

* *passions*] The 4to. of 1594 "*passion*."
† *Are*] The 4tos. "*Is*."

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And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams.
Syrens, with harps and silver psalteries,
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their* lays,
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee:
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

MAR. Pardon, my lord, if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danae;
If Phœbus 'tired† in Latona's webs,
Came‡ courting from the beauty of his lodge;
The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercury,
Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
Should make me leave lord Lacy, or his love.

EDW. I have learn'd at Oxford then this point of schools;
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus.
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love,
Nor fix her liking on the English prince:
Take him away, and then the effects will fail.
Villain! prepare thyself: for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.

LACY. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

MAR. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for royal deeds,
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest§ ends, my lord, in courtesy:

* *their*] The 4tos. "*her.*"

† *'tired*] The 4to. of 1594 "tied," that of 1655 "*try.*" We have already had in this play:

"Say that the courtier *'tired* all in green,"

and

"I not deny, but *'tired* thus in rags."

‡ *Came*] The 4tos. "*Come.*"

§ *conquest*] The 4to. of 1594 "*conquests.*"

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Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For soboth you and he do cease your loves.
EDW. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.
LACY. I have deserv'd it, Edward, act it well.
MAR. What hopes the Prince to gain by Lacy's death?
EDW. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.
MAR. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.
LACY. If ought betides to lovely Margaret,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth, nor England's monarchy,
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.
MAR. Rid me, and keep a friend worth many loves. [friends.
LACY. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many
MAR. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage:
Banish thou fancy,* and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.
EDW. Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?
Is't princely to dissever lover's leagues,
To part such friends as glory in their loves?†

* *fancy*] i. e. love.

† *To part such friends as glory in their loves*] Not in the later 4tos.

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Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:
So in subduing fancy's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou get'st the richest spoil.
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand:
The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

LACY. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And rich'd me with the Albion diadem.

MAR. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?

EDW. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

MAR. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts,
As was Aspatia unto Cyrus self,
Yields thanks, and next lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.

EDW. Gramercy, Peggy: now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again: come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife;
I pray God I like her as I loved thee.
Beside, lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute,
'Twixt friar Bacon, and learn'd Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.

MAR. As it please lord Lacy; but loves foolish looks
Think footsteps miles, and minutes to be hours.

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LACY. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.
But please your honour go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret wine:
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace.
EDW. 'Tis cheer, lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in, for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HENRY, EMPEROR, CASTILE, ELINOR, VANDERMAST, BUNGAY.

EMP. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river side:
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The batt'ling* pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art.
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?
VAN. That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can hear.
BUN. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains:
There are within our academic state,
Men that may lecture it in Germany,
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
HEN. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vander-mast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
VAN. Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?
BUN. In what a doctor and a friar can.

* *batt'ling*] i. e. causing to increase, or grow fat.

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VAN. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.
BUN. Let it be this: Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic?
VAN. I say, of pyromancy.
BUN. And I, of geomancy.
VAN. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,
Affirm that 'mongst the quadruplicity
Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squared to the rest;
And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sun,
To hold the rest in his circumference.
If then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and only giveth shapes to spirits,
Then must these demones that haunt that place,
Be every way superior to the rest.
BUN. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence, nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the grounds,
And those strange necromantic spells,
That work such shews and wondering in the world,
Are acted by those geomantic spirits,
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii*.
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends clos'd in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd,
Being more gross and massy in their power.
VAN. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;

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For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him,
Retain'd their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent:
They which offended less hang in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin, and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vild sorcerers;
Whereas the pyromantic genii,
Are mighty, swift, and of far reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force;
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.

BUN. I will.

EMP. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;
We shall see sport between these learned men.

VAN. What wilt thou do?

BUN. Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refin'd gold,
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,*
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.

VAN. Well done.

[*Here Bungay conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.*

HEN. What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

VAN. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd.
But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he liv'd,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,

* *the garden call'd Hesperides*] See note ‡ p. 7.

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And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.
Hercules! *Prodi, Prodi,* Hercules!

HERCULES *appears in his lion's skin.*

HER. *Quis me vult?*

VAN. Jove's bastard son, thou Lybian Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

HER. *Fiat.*

[*Here he begins to break the branches.*

VAN. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

BUN. I cannot.

VAN. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells,
To find a man to match him in his art.
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvaine, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutrech,* and Orleans:
And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON.

BACON. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute.
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
What, hath the German acted more than thou?

VAN. What art thou that questions thus?

* *Lutrech*] Perhaps *Utrecht* is meant.—Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

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BACON. Men call me Bacon. [learn'd;
VAN. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.
HEN. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.
EMP. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.
VAN. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?
BACON. No, unless he were more learn'd than Van-
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done? [dermast:
VAN. Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree,
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.
BACON. Set Hercules to work.
VAN. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task:
Pull off the golden branches from the root.
HER. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?
VAN. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.
HER. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.
HEN. How now, Vandermast, have you met with your match?
VAN. Never before was't known to Vandermast,
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.
EMP. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.
BACON. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast:
I came to have your royalties to dine
With friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose:
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspence,

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I'll send him to his academy hence.
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travel 'gainst the spring,*
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!
[*Exit the Spirit with Vandermast and the tree.*
EMP. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?
BACON. To Hapsburg; there your highness at re-
Shall find the German in his study safe. [turn
HEN. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art, [skill,
I will be English Henry to thyself.
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?
BACON. With me, my lord; and while I fit my
cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

EMP. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.
HEN. Ned, where hast thou been?
EDW. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks
If they could scape the teasers or the toil;
But hearing of these lordly potentates
Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them:
Chief to the Almaine monarch; next to him,
And joint with him, Castile, and Saxony,
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men; but see, Venus appears,
Or one
That overmatcheth Venus in her shape!

* *spring*] The 4tos. "*springs.*"

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Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory, and her wealth at once
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

ELIN. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so, as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

CAS. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes:
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspence, as my adopted son.

HEN. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glory in these honours done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers, and salt.*

MILES. *Salvete omnes Reges,*
That govern your *greges,*
In Saxony, and Spain,
In England, and in Almaine:
For all this frolic rabble
Must I cover the table,
With trenchers, salt, and cloth,
And then look for your broth.

EMP. What pleasant fellow is this?

HEN. 'Tis, my lord, doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

MILES. My master hath made me sewer of these great lords, and (God knows) I am as serviceable at a table, as a sow is under an apple tree: 'tis no

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matter, their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills where the salt stand,* before or behind?

[*Exit.*

CAS. These scholars know† more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Enter MILES *with a mess of pottage and broth, and after him* BACON.

MILES. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop before in my life?
By your leave, *nobile decus*,
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

BACON. Lordings, admire not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign:
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates. [king?

EMP. Presumptuous friar! what, scoff'st thou at a
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasant's fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a‡ pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.

HEN. By Henry's honour, and the royal faith,
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus.

* *what skills where the salt stand*] *Skills* is signifies.—The places at table above the salt cellar (which used to be placed about the middle) were assigned to the more distinguished guests, the places below it, to those of inferior rank.

† *know*] The 4to. of 1594 "*knows.*"

‡ *with a*] The 4to. of 1594 "with *such* a."

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BACON. Content thee, Frederick, for I shew'd thee cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
How little meat refines our English wits.
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.
MILES. Marry, sir, I will: this day shall be a festival day with me:
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit.*
BACON. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater than thyself:
And for thy cates rich Alexandria drugs,
Fetch'd by carvels from Ægypt's richest streights,
Found in the wealthy strond of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king;
Wines richer than th' Ægyptian courtesan
Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feasts.
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes,
Persia, down her Volga by canoes,
Send down the secrets of her spicery:
The Afric dates, mirabolans* of Spain,
Conserves, and suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Judea choiser than the lamp
That fired Rome with sparks of gluttony,
Shall beautify the board for Frederick;
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.
[*Exeunt.*

* *mirabolans*] i. e. dried plums. The 4tos. "*mirabiles*" in italics. "I have eaten Spanishe *Mirabolanes*, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed."—Greene's *Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 2. In the next two lines but one there is some sad corruption.

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Enter two gentlemen, LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY, *with the* KEEPER.

LAM. Come, frolic keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison,
And jacks of wines to welcome passengers,
Know I am in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels, as the moon
Darkeneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies;
I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife,
And I can spend five hundred marks a year.

SER. I am the lands-lord, keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due:
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.

KEEP. Now, courteous gentles, if the keeper's girl
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the question.
It joys me that such men of great esteem
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men than you;
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice.

LAM. Content, keeper; send her unto us.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead?
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out?

SERL. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,

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Nor was I wedded but for life to her;
The grave* ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

LAM. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty temper'd with her huswifry,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

SER. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves;
But this believe me, Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all:
I cannot flatter; try me if thou please.

MAR. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
A keeper's daughter is too base in 'gree†
To match with men accounted of such worth:
But might I not displease, I would reply.

LAM. Say, Peggy; nought shall make us discontent.

MAR. Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire,
Be kindled but by fancy's motion;
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while‡ I have debated with myself,
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.

SER. Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,
The meads environ'd with the silver streams,
Whose batt'ling§ pastures fatten‖ all my flocks,

* *grave*] The 4to. of 1594 "*graves.*"
† *'gree*] i. e. degree.
‡ *while*] i. e. until.
§ *batt'ling*] See note * p. 181.
‖ *fatten*] The 4to. of 1594 "*fatneth.*"

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Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool,
As Lemnster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnish'd* heads,
With strouting dugs that paggle to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy if thou wed with me.

LAM. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroider'd silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head attire:
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife. [fair,

MAR. Content you, gentles, you have proffer'd
And more than fits a country maid's degree;
But give me leave to counsel me a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault:
Give me but ten days respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.

SER. Lambert, I tell thee, thou art importunate:
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire;
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

LAM. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier single in the field.

SER. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouch'd.
Margaret, farewell, another time shall serve. [*Exit.*

* *burnish'd*] The editor of the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays* alters this word into "*furnish'd*," which, he says, "in reference to their horns, seems to be the true reading: besides Greene rather 'affected the letter,' and the change affords an alliteration." I see no necessity for rejecting the reading of the 4tos.: Herrick has;

"a lustie steere
With gilded hornes, and *burnisht* cleere."
Hesperides, 1648, p. 286.

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LAM. I'll follow. Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. [*Exit.*

MAR. How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expir'd,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies, and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a POST, *with a letter, and a bag of gold.*

POST. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the keeper's lodge?

MAR. Your way is ready, and this path is right:
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield;
And if the keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

POST. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord,
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens,
The Lincoln earl hath sent you letters here,
And with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.
Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

MAR. The scrolls that Jove sent Danae,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well, how fares my lovely lord?

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POST. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

The Letter, and Margaret reads it.

The blooms of the almond tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean dainties: eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honourable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds, and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much.

Farewell. Not thine, nor his own,
EDWARD LACY.

MAR. Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wraps proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars,
As lighten'd mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To shew on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.

POST. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forc'd
To love the lady by the king's command.

MAR. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves,
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from her lord.

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POST. What answer shall I return to my lord?

MAR. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I
(Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought!) [lov'd,
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent;
For Margaret's resolution craves no dower:
The world shall be to her as vanity;
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for th' art Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.

POST. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl.

MAR. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortunes may be hers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Friar BACON, *drawing the curtains, with a white stick, a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him; and the Brazen Head, and* MILES, *with weapons by him.*

BACON. Miles, where are you?

MILES. Here, sir.

BACON. How chance you tarry so long?

MILES. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself, that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.

BACON. Miles,
Thou know'st that I have dived into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends,
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell:
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,

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When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
That by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest:
If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak; then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work,
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now for thy life,
Be watchful and— [*Here he falleth asleep.*

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon, and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days: now this is the night, and 'tis my task and no more. Now, Jesus bless me! what a goodly Head it is and a nose! You talk of *nos autem glorificare;* but here's a nose, that I warrant may be called *nos autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me if I chance to slumber. I thought, goodman Head, I would call

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you out of your *memento*. Passion a' God, I have almost broke my pate! Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown bill* in your hand, here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

[*With this a great noise. The* HEAD *speaks.*

HEAD. Time is.

MILES. Time is! Why, master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, Time is? is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about Time is? Well, sir, it may be, we shall have some better orations of it anon: well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! Up, Miles, list how they rumble.

HEAD. Time was.

MILES. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven years study well, that can make your Head speak but two words at once, Time was. Yea marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while† your arse ache, and your Head speak no better. Well, I will watch and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. What! a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

[*Here the Head speaks, and a lightning flasheth forth, and a hand appears that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.*

* *brown bill*] A *bill* was a weapon formerly borne by our foot soldiers, and afterwards by watchmen: it was a sort of pike or halbert, with a hooked point.

† *while*] i. e. until.

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HEAD. Time is past.

MILES. Master! master! up, hell's broken loose! your Head speaks! and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

BACON. Miles, I come. O passing warily watch'd! Bacon will make thee next himself in love. When spake the head?

MILES. When spake the head! did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

BACON. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

MILES. Oft! ay marry hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

BACON. As how?

MILES. Marry sir, the first time he said, Time is, as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounced a sentence; [the second time] he said, Time was; and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, Time is past.

BACON. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave,
That watch'd, and would not when the Head did will.
What said the Head first?

MILES. Even, sir, Time is.

BACON. Villain! if thou had'st call'd to Bacon then,
If thou had'st watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,
The Brazen Head had utter'd aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass:
But proud Astmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep commanding spells,

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Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match:
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast;
But now the braves of Bacon have* an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.†
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight:
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

MILES. Why then, sir, you forbid me your service.

BACON. My service? villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

MILES. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb, the more the fox is cursed, the better he fares. God be with you, sir: I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion. [*Exit.*

BACON. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell:
For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his Head. [*Exit.*

Enter EMPEROR, CASTILE, HENRY, ELINOR, EDWARD, LACY, RALPH.

EMP. Now, lovely prince, the prince of Albion's wealth,
How fares the lady Elinor, and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

EDW. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus 'scape those piercing amorets,

* *have*] The 4to. of 1594 "*hath.*"
† *to some fatal end*] The 4tos. "*fatal to some end.*"

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That Daphne glanced at his deity?
Can Edward then sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we 'gree.

HEN. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

ELI. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,*
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I come not, troop'd with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate,
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.

CAS. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love:
Men must have wives, and women will be wed.
Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.

RALPH. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

HEN. Ay, Ralph, how then?

RALPH. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

CAS. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

RALPH. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

CAS. What's that, Ralph?

RALPH. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me. Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

HEN. What's that, Ralph?

RALPH. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? no: but when egg-pies grow on apple trees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag-piper.

EMP. What say† the lord of Castile, and the earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

* *counterfeit*] See note * p. 160.
† *say*] The 4tos. "*says.*"

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CAS. I stand, my lord, amazed at his talk:
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd for beauty's excellence,
The fair maid of merry Fressingfield.
HEN. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned have* told me miracles.
CAS. What says lord Lacy? shall she be his wife?
LACY. Or else lord Lacy is unfit to live.
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue.
HEN. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn:
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass.
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.
ELI. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon:
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln earl
With being partner of his marriage day.
EDW. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to myself‡ in love.
RALPH. You love her? Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.
ELI. Why, Ralph?
RALPH. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho.† Nay, Ned, never wink upon me, I care not, I.

* *have*] The 4to. of 1594 "*hath*."
† *out of all ho*] i. e. out of measure. See my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 205.
‡ *myself*] Qy. "*yourself*."

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HEN. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him.
But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage day will be at hand.
LACY. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
EMP. How shall we pass this day, my lord?
HEN. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR BACON *with* FRIAR BUNGAY *to his cell.*

BUN. What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell,*
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?
BACON. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.
BUN. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame,
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.
BACON. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill,
I find this day shall fall out ominous.
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.
BUN. My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.
[*Knock.*
BACON. Who's that knocks?
BUN. Two scholars that desire† to speak with you.
BACON. Bid them come in.

* *To sit as melancholy in his cell*] This line is printed twice over in the 4to. of 1594.
† *desire*] The 4to. of 1594 "*desires.*"

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Enter two SCHOLARS, *sons to Lambert and Serlsby.*

Now, my youths, what would you have?
FIRST SCHO. Sir, we are Suffolk men, and neighbouring friends,
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires:
Their lands adjoin; in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live* as friends.
BACON. To what end is all this?
SECOND SCHO. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see,
What so their thoughts, or hearts' desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.
BACON. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.†
Meanwhile, tell me your names.
FIRST SCHO. Mine Lambert.
SECOND SCHO. And mine Serlsby.
BACON. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY, *with rapiers and daggers.*‡

LAM. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:
Th'art worthy of the title of a squire;
That durst for proof of thy affection,
And for thy mistress' favour prize thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook.

* *live*] The 4to. of 1594 "*lives.*"
† *fathers live*] The 4to. of 1594 "*father lives.*"
‡ See note † p. 165.

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Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby: one of us will die.
SER. Thou seest I single [meet] thee [in] the field,
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out;
And if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
LAM. And Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.
BACON. Now, lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.
FIRST SCHO. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers
To combat with my father in the field. [wrong,
SECOND SCHO. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is the abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.
BUN. How goes it, sirs?
FIRST SCHO. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.
BACON. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.
LAM. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby, doubt'st thou of thy life?
A veney,* man! fair Margaret craves so much.
SER. Then this for her.
FIRST SCHO. Ah, well thrust!
SECOND SCHO. But mark the ward.
[*They fight and kill each other.*
LAM. Oh, I am slain!
SER. And I: Lord have mercy on me!
FIRST SCHO. My father slain! Serlsby, ward that.
[*The two Scholars stab one another.*

* *a veney*] A technical term for a *hit* or *thrust*, in fencing, &c. See my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 54. Here it seems equivalent to *a bout*.

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SECOND SCHO. And so is mine: Lambert, I'll quite thee well.

BUN. O, strange stratagem!

BACON. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead.
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes,
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once.
The poniard that did end the fatal lives,
Shall break the cause efficiat of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows,
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
[*He breaks the glass.*

BUN. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass?

BACON. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore,
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and albe, and strange pentageron;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd,
For using devils to countervail his God.
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair.
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much:
Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,

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And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God,
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET *in nun's apparel,* KEEPER, *her father, and their* FRIEND.

KEEPER. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows.
O bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forego his lovely Margaret.

MAR. Ah! father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seem* odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I loved once; lord Lacy was my love,
And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doated more on him than on my God.
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents;
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty us'd for love is vanity.
The world contains nought but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed:
And for to wish all maids to learn of me,
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

FRIEND. And will you then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

* *Seem*] The 4to. of 1594 "*Seemes.*"

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MAR. Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! welcome Christ.
Adieu to dainty robes; this base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God,
Than all the shew of rich habiliments.
Love, oh love! and with fond love farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I loved once so dear:
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell.

Enter LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY, *booted and spurred.*

LACY. Come on, my wags, we're near the keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.
WAR. Sirrah Ned, is not this the keeper?
LACY. 'Tis the same.
ERM. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton* to him; a nun, my lord. [cheer?
LACY. Keeper, how far'st thou? holla, man, what
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?
KEEPER. Ah, good my lord! oh, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham:
She leaves the world, because she left your love.
Oh, good my lord, persuade her if you can!
LACY. Why, how now, Margaret, what a malcon-
A nun! what holy father taught you this, [tent?
To task yourself to such a tedious life,
As die a maid? 'twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

* *mutton*] A cant term for a prostitute.

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MAR. Lord Lacy, thinking of my* former 'miss,†
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent
In love, (O fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!)
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him.

LACY. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence,
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.

MAR. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?

LACY. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?

MAR. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?

LACY. Why then, Margaret will be shorn a nun.

MAR. Margaret hath made a vow which may not be revok'd. [strict,

WAR. We cannot stay, my lord: and if she be so
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.

ERMS. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is
Either a solemn nunnery, or the court; [yours,
God, or lord Lacy: which contents you best,
To be a nun, or else lord Lacy's wife?

LACY. A good motion. Peggy, your answer must be short. [well,

MAR. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whatsoe'er betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,

* *my*] The earlier 4tos. "*thy*."
† *miss*] For *amiss*. See note † p. 50.

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And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham,
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell:
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.

LACY. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.
How say'st thou, keeper? art thou glad of this?

KEEP. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.

ERM. I pray thee, my lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?

WAR. To see the nature of women; that be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.

LACY. What have you fit for breakfast? We have
And posted all this night to Fressingfield. [hied

MAR. Butter and cheese, and umbles* of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

LACY. And not a bottle of wine?

MAR. We'll find one for my lord.

LACY. Come, Sussex, let's in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a DEVIL, *to seek* MILES.

DEVIL. How restless are the ghosts of hellish sprites,†
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold trenched Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post,
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,

* *umbles*] i. e. the inward parts.
† *sprites*] The 4to. of 1594 "*spirits.*"

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For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones,
For careless watching of his Brazen-head.
See where he comes: O, he is mine!

Enter MILES, *with a gown and a corner cap.*

MILES. A scholar, quoth you; marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker, when I was made a scholar, for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster; no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus I am tormented, that the devil and friar Bacon haunt* me. Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him. What, master Plutus, how cheer you?

DEV. Dost thou know me?

MILES. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

DEV. Yes, marry, am I.

MILES. Good Lord, master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute. I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or guard. But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

DEV. Ay, marry; how then?

MILES. Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tippling-houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair† of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a

* *haunt*] The 4tos. "*haunts.*"

† *pair*] i. e. pack: "out commeth an old *paire* of Cardes, whereat the Barnard teacheth the Verser a new game." &c. Greene's *Notable Discouery of Coosnage*, 1591, Sig. A 4.

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brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

DEV. All this you may have there.

MILES. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

DEV. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

MILES. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

DEV. Thou shalt.

MILES. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

DEV. Thou shalt ride on my back.

MILES. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself. But I pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

DEV. What's that?

MILES. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

DEV. An amble.

MILES. 'Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot: but 'tis no matter, I'll prevent it.

DEV. What dost?

MILES. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot, or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

DEV. Get up upon my back.

MILES. O Lord! here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back.

[*Exeunt roaring.*

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Enter the EMPEROR *with a pointless sword; next the* KING OF CASTILE *carrying a sword with a point;* LACY *carrying the globe;* EDWARD; WARREN *carrying a rod of gold, with a dove on it;* ERMSBY *with a crown and sceptre; the* QUEEN,* *with* [MARGARET] *the fair maid of Fressingfield on her left hand;* HENRY, BACON, *with other lords attending.*

EDW. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

HEN. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceived joys,
And vows requital, if his men at arms,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Elinor, may quite his favourites.
But all this while what say you to the dames,
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

EMP. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images,
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

MAR. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee,
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove,
For lifting up his handmaid to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love,
As may a handmaid to such mighty men. [crown,

ELIN. Thou martial man, that wears the Almaine

* *the Queen*] i. e. Elinor, now married to the Prince of Wales.

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And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, countess to the Lincoln earl,
Attends on Elinor: gramercies, lord, for her,
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

HEN. Seeing the marriage is solemniz'd,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.
But why stands friar Bacon here so mute?

BACON. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

HEN. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

BACON. I find* by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king,
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then, Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strond that gladded wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves,
That gorgeous beautify† this matchless flower.
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,

* *I find*, &c.] One of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth, often occurring at the conclusion of dramas acted during her life time.

† *beautify*] The 4tos. "*beautifies.*"

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And Venus' hyacinth shall vail her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation in consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

HEN. This prophecy is mystical.
But glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make * fair England like that wealthy isle,
Circled with Gihon, and first Euphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness,
Let's march: the tables all are spread,
And viands such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of nought but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.†

* *make*] The 4tos. "*makes.*"

† Greene's favourite motto: see the titles of his prose works, in the list appended to the account of his life.

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The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon on which Greene founded his drama has been already noticed in the Prefatory Essay to this work, and a specimen of it is now subjoined:

"How Fryer Bacon made a Brasen Head to speake, by the which hee would have walled England about with Brasse.

FRYER BACON reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himselfe how he might keepe it hereafter from the like conquests, and so make himselfe famous hereafter to all posterities. This (after great study) hee found could be no way so well done as one; which was to make a head of brasse, and if he could make this head to speake (and heare it when it speakes) then might hee be able to wall all England about with brasse. To this purpose hee got one Fryer Bungey to assist him, who was a great scholler and a magician, (but not to bee compared to Fryer Bacon) these two with great study and paines so framed a head of brasse, that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a naturall mans head: this being done, they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they were before, for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speake: many bookes they read, but yet could not finde out any

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hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attaine to by their owne studies. To do this they prepared all things ready and went one evening to a wood thereby, and after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of coniuration, which the Devill straight obeyed and appeared unto them, asking what they would? know, said Fryer Bacon that wee have made an artificiall head of brasse, which we would have to speake, to the furtherance of which wee have raised thee, and being raised, wee will here keepe thee, unlesse thou tell to us the way and manner how to make this head to speake. The Devill told him that he had not that power of himselfe: beginner of lyes (said Fryer Bacon) I know that thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else wee will here bind thee to remaine during our pleasures. At these threatnings the Devill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuel fume of the six hotest simples it should have motion, and in one month space speak, the Time of the moneth or day hee knew not: also hee told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost: they being satisfied, licensed the spirit for to depart.

Then went these two learned fryers home againe, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fume, and with continuall watching attended when this Brasen head would speake: thus watched they for three weekes without any rest, so that they were so

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weary and sleepy, that they could not any longer refraine from rest: then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him, that it was not unknown to him what paines Fryer Bungey and himselfe had taken for three weekes space, onely to make, and to heare the Brazen-head speake, which if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great losse thereby: therefore hee intreated Miles that he would watch whilst that they slept, and call them if the head speake. Feare not, good master (said Miles) I will not sleepe, but harken and attend upon the head, and if it doe chance to speake, I will call you: therefore I pray take you both your rests and let mee alone for watching this head. After Fryer Bacon had given him a great charge the second time: Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and Miles, alone to watch the brasen head: Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this song to a Northren tune:

OF CAM'ST THOU NOT FROM NEW-CASTLE.

To couple is a custome,
all things thereto agree:
Why should not I then love?
since love to all is free.

But Ile have one that's pretty,
her cheekes of scarlet die?
For to breed my delight,
When that I ligge her by.

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Though vertue be a dowry,
yet Ile chuse money store:
If my love prove untrue,
with that I can get more.

The faire is oft unconstant,
the blacke is often proud:
Ile chuse a lovely browne,
come fidler scrape thy crowd.

Come fidler scrape thy crowd,
for Peggie the browne is she,
Must be my Bride, God guide
that Peggy and I agree.

With his owne musicke and such songs as these spent he his time, and kept from sleeping at last. After some noyse the head spake these two words, TIME IS. Miles hearing it to speake no more, thought his master would be angry if hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner: Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all this paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, TIME IS: had hee watched with a lawyer so long as he hath watched with thee, he would have given him more, and better words then thou hast yet, if thou canst speake no wiser, they shal sleepe till doomes day for me: TIME IS: I know TIME IS, and that you shall heare good man Brazen face.

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TO THE TUNE OF DAINTIE COME THOU TO ME.

Time is for some to plant,
Time is for some to sowe;
Time is for some to graft
The horne as some doe knowe.

Time is for some to eate,
Time is for some to sleepe,
Time is for some to laugh,
Time is for some to weepe.

Time is for some to sing,
Time is for some to pray,
Time is for some to creepe,
That have drunke all the day.

Time is to cart a bawd,
Time is to whip a whore,
Time is to hang a theefe,
And time is for much more.

Do you tell us copper-nose, when TIME IS, I hope we schollers know our times, when to drinke drunke, when to kisse our hostes, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it, that time comes seldome. After halfe an houre had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were these: TIME WAS. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better

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words, and have such a tutor as his master: and in scorne of it sung this song.

TO THE TUNE OF A RICH MERCHANT MAN.

Time was when thou a kettle
wert fill'd with better matter:
But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle,
when he thy sides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwelled
with men of occupation:
Time was when Lawyers did not thrive,
so well by mens vexation.

Time was when kings and beggers
of one poore stuffe had being:
Time was when office kept no knaves:
that time it was worth seeing.

Time was a bowle of water,
did give the face reflection,
Time was when women knew no paint:
Which now they call complexion.

TIME WAS: I know that brazen-face, without your telling, I know Time was, and I know what things there was when Time was, and if you speake no wiser, no master shall be waked for mee. Thus Miles talked and sung till another halfe houre was gone, then the brazen head spake again these words; TIME IS PAST: and there with fell downe, and pre-

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sently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare: at this noyse the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake, but that being vanished they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground: at this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles halfe dead with feare, said that it fell downe of itselfe, and that with the noyse and fire that followed he was almost frighted out of his wits: Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not speake? yes (quoth Miles) it spake, but to no purpose, Ile have a parret speake better in that time that you have been teaching this brazen head. Out on thee villaine (said Fryer Bacon) thou hast undone us both, hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had been walled round about with brasse, to its glory, and our eternal fames: what were the wordes it spake: very few (said Miles) and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither: first he said, TIME IS. Hadst thou call'd us then (said Fryer Bacon) we had been made for ever: then (said Miles) half an hour after it spake againe and said, TIME WAS. And wouldst thou not call us then (said Bungey?) Alas (said Miles) I thought he would have told me some long tale, and then I purposed to have called you: then half an houre after he cried, TIME IS PAST, and made such a noyse, that hee hath waked you himselfe mee thinkes. At this Fryer Bacon

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was in such a rage that hee would have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey: but nevertheleſse for his punishment, he with his art struck him dumbe for one whole months space. Thus the greate worke of these learned Fryers was overthrown (to their great griefes) by this simple fellow."

END OF VOL. I.

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